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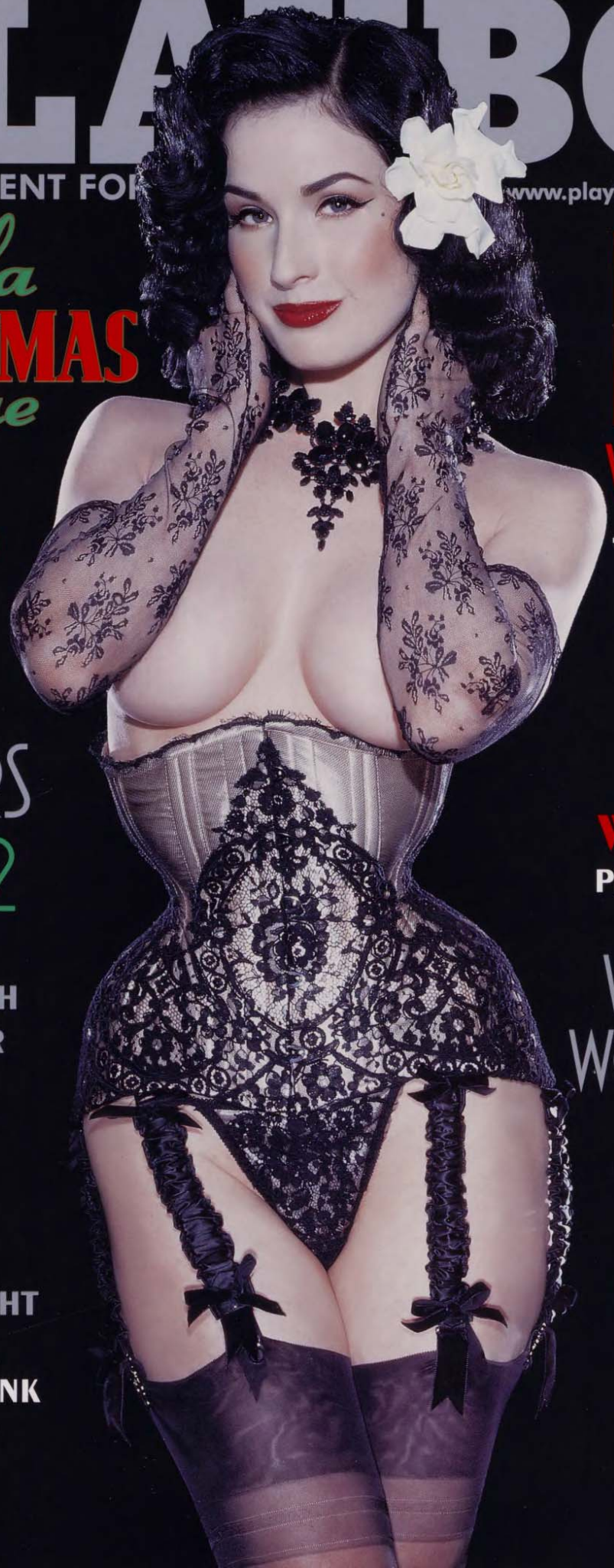

Gala CHRISTMAS Issue

DITA VON TEESE

THE RETURN OF FETISH

BLOODY NEW FICTION FROM SCOTT TUROW

SEX STARS 2002

DENZEL WASHINGTON

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

WOMEN OF WORLDCOM NUDE

PLUS: 20Q WITH GREG KINNEAR

TOM ARNOLD

HOLLYWOOD'S UNSOLVED MURDERS

DMX STYLE

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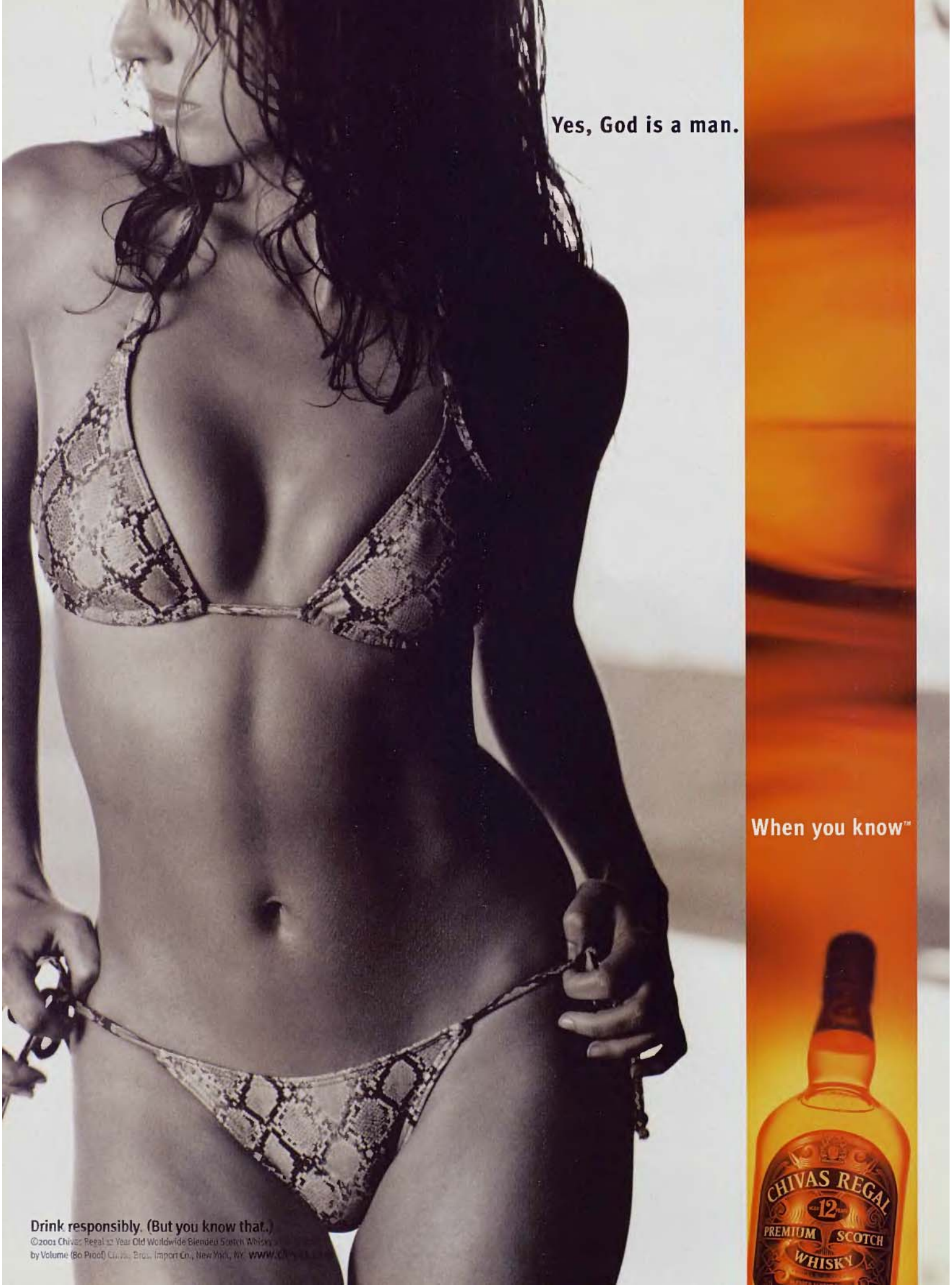
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Playbill

PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY ISSUE is a family reunion of sorts. Back in 1981 we asked **Robert Crane,** a writer in Los Angeles, to talk to Joan Rivers for a feature called *20Q*. A deft and lively contributor to the magazine—he once turned in an incredible Q. and A. with Koko the Signing Gorilla—Crane returns this month with a singularly astounding entry: a *20Q* with **Greg Kinnear,** who plays Crane's father in *Auto Focus*, the new film directed by Paul Schrader. Robert Crane Sr., of course, was the star of *Hogan's Heroes* who was murdered in 1978 (one day after he called his son to wish him a happy 27th birthday). The elder Crane enthusiastically recorded his sexual conquests on tape, assisted by his friend, the man suspected of killing him, John Carpenter. More than two decades later his son again addressed this emotional subject as a technical consultant to the film. "I think it's a great movie," says Crane. "I've been a fan of Paul Schrader dating back to *The Yakuza* and *Taxi Driver*. I'd say it is his best work yet, and Kinnear nailed my dad in essence and flavor. There is some stuff I don't agree with, but it's his movie." And so the stage was set for a fascinating conversation between Kinnear and Crane—read it. For details of Crane's tragic death, turn to *Hollywood's Unsolved Mysteries* by **Steve Pond.** There are ghosts haunting the mephitic corners of Los Angeles, and some of them are not too happy. As the Robert Blake–Bonnie Lee Bakley story unfolds in the media and *C.S.I.* rules TV, Pond tours the West Coast necropolis.

Like many of our contemporary writers, best-selling novelist **Scott Turow** was a fan long before he was a contributor. His most recent piece for us was an assessment of Marilyn ("Her initial appearance in the magazine embodied the first truly open communication in America about sexuality," he says). It's particularly fitting this month that he's delivered a piece of his new novel that starts with a hotel tryst and ends with a clue-laden crime scene. *The Detective* is an excerpt from *Reversible Errors* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

With every passing year—and with every new book, anniversary special or E documentary—the cult of *Saturday Night Live* grows in stature. "It's incredible how things on SNL have entered America's vocabulary," says **Anne Beatts,** who won two Emmys as a writer for the original *SNL*. "It was one of the few times in TV that a show was produced without market research. Lorne Michaels was ingenious in airing the show live." Beatts took a break from working on an animated pilot featuring John Waters for MTV to assemble *Live From New York: SNL Still Kills*, a raucous backstage review of the freaks, flops and superstars who've peopled the show. She was there and she knows who deserves the noogies. Another of our finest contributors, **Jules Feiffer,** provided the illustration for *Downed and Dirty*, a sensualist's guide to drinks such as the G spot shot, nuts and nipples and your bent banana. Feiffer is a Pulitzer Prize–winning cartoonist. Make sure you save some admiration for the rest of our bright and shiny stuff: *The Best Damn Job Period*, a big-boned excerpt from *How I Lost Five Pounds in Six Years* (St. Martin's) by **Tom Arnold;** *How to Save Your Ass in a Scandal*, a timely survival guide written by **Jamie Malanowski** and illustrated by Senior Art Director **Scott Anderson;** *Playboy's College Basketball Preview* by the unerringly accurate team of **Gary Cole** and **David Kaplan;** and a lip-smacking chat with **Pink** by **Alison Prato. Denzel Washington** is the subject of a *Playboy Interview* by **Michael Fleming,** and **Dita Von Teese** adorns our cover. She's a whip-smart fetish model with an advanced degree in leather, so go easy on the polish.

CRANE

POND

TUROW

BEATTS

FEIFFER

ARNOLD

MALANOWSKI

ANDERSON

KAPLAN AND COLE

PRATO

FLEMING

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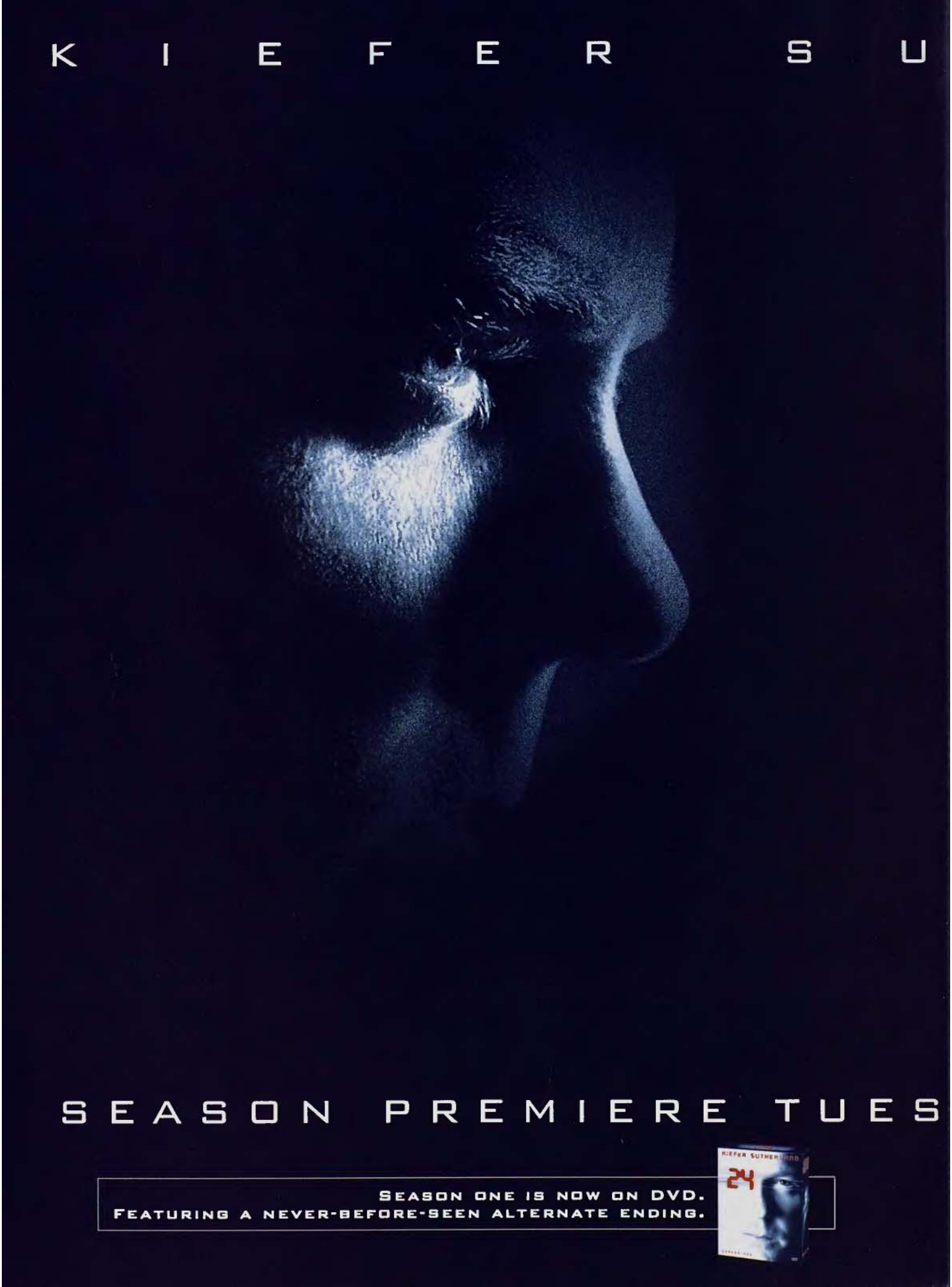

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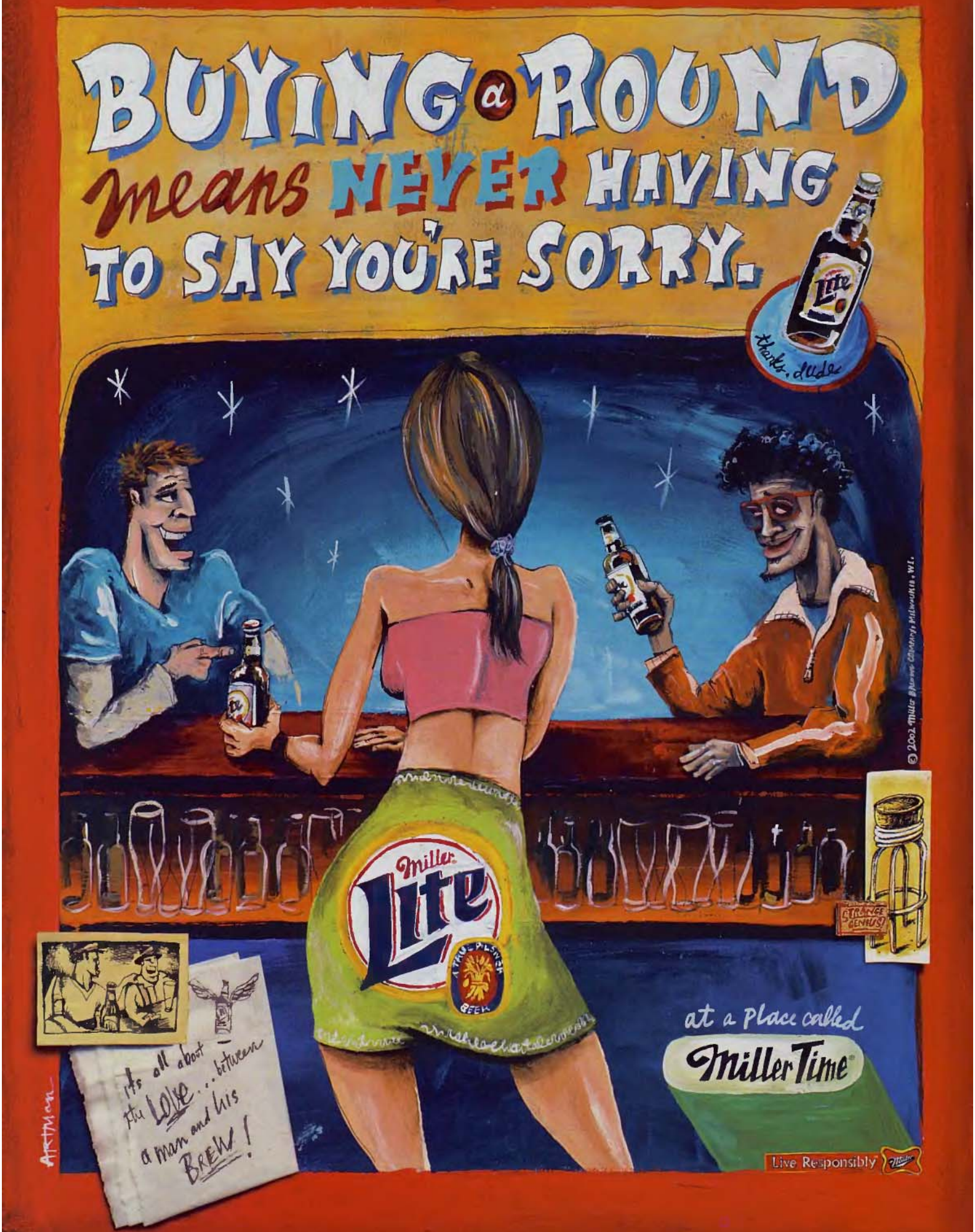
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PLAYBOY

contents

features

74 **HOW TO SAVE YOUR ASS IN A SCANDAL**
We're human. Sooner or later we all make mistakes. And somebody always knows about them. Be sure to memorize these rules—it's the only way to avoid the stockade. **BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

102 **CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS**
It's that time of year again. Dick and W reconsider career choices, Mike Piazza dons gay apparel and Cardinal Law hums "What Child Is This." **BY ROBERT S. WIEDER**

104 **HOLLYWOOD'S UNSOLVED MYSTERIES**
Who bludgeoned Bob Crane? Did Natalie Wood fall, or was she pushed? How did Superman die? Tinseltown's longest-running hits are all about death with a whiff of scandal. **BY STEVE POND**

110 **LIVE FROM NEW YORK: *SNL* STILL KILLS**
A writer for the original Saturday Night Live runs down every cast member of every year. For fans of American comedy, this one's a keeper. **BY ANNE BEATTS**

128 **THE BEST DAMN JOB PERIOD**
Fox' Best Damn Sports Show Period, the TV tailgate party, was tailor-made for Tom Arnold. "I get to show America my humor—dick, gay and fat jokes," he writes. An exclusive excerpt from the year's funniest book. **BY TOM ARNOLD**

131 **SNOW FEAR**
Maybe you watched those death-defying Olympians scream down the ice on skeletons. How about speed skiing at 140 mph? If you're an adrenaline buckaroo, here's your chance to join the fun. **BY LARRY OLMSTED**

137 **PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW**
Our hoops experts have an amazing record in picking the brackets—so don't bet a buck until you've read this. **BY GARY COLE AND DAVID KAPLAN**

142 **PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL MUSIC POLL**
It's time to assess the past year's music scene—and we want to hear from you.

147 **PINK AND HER AMAZING WONDERDOG, FUCKER**
Pink talks about sex, drugs and getting arrested. (And her crazy canine.) **BY ALISON PRATO**

151 **CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: HEIDI MARK**
Heidi likes nipple clamps and handcuffs. But tattoos? Ouch, they hurt!

158 **HOW TO MOTOR IN A MINI**
Secrets to getting busy in BMW's tight little box. **BY DONALD ERICKSON**

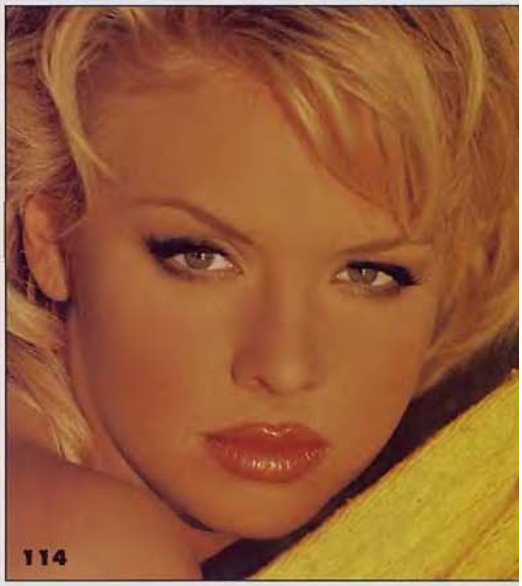
160 20Q **GREG KINNEAR**
The star of Auto Focus and As Good As It Gets describes running through machine-gun fire in Lebanon, swears he didn't pay for those Loverboy tickets and says Arizona girls knock the socks off rival Arizona State girls. **BY ROBERT CRANE**

fiction

94 **THE DETECTIVE**
Detective Larry Starczek worried about the usual things—getting a new garden hose, the line on tomorrow's hockey game. Then his job threw him into the dark realm of a gruesome triple murder at the local diner. **BY SCOTT TUROW**

interview

67 **DENZEL WASHINGTON**
He's won a Best Actor Oscar and gets $20 million a picture. That's given him the power to direct his first feature and sound off on racism and some other isms in Hollywood, as well as on the rumor he won't do sex scenes. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**



cover story

Not since Bettie Page has a fetish model inspired such passion as cover girl Dita von Teese. She's the queen of kinky pleasures (bow down). PLAYBOY had Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag strap on a camera while she slipped out of her handcuffs and vinyl—and out of her clothes. Our Rabbit is armed for fun.

vol. 49, no. 12—december 2002

PLAYBOY

contents continued

pictorials

80 **WOMEN OF WORLDCOM**
You've watched their company unravel. Now comes the fun part.

114 **PLAYMATE: LANI TODD**
Lani loves to "change skins—a dominatrix one day, a rodeo girl the next." Our kind of lady.

152 **SEX STARS**
Nelly, Halle, Angelina, Anna K and Anna Nicole helped 2002's temperature rise.

162 **DITA VON TEESE**
The world's top fetish model turns us on.

notes and news

14 **CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'**
Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream party is the Oscars in lingerie.

16 **CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' CONTINUED**
Britney Spears, Matthew Perry and Ali Landry party like Puck.

57 **THE PLAYBOY FORUM**
Lenny Bruce, our hero; the United States of porn—an update.

199 **PLAYMATE NEWS**
The evolution of Anna Nicole, Hef's crib on MTV.

departments

3 **PLAYBILL**

19 **DEAR PLAYBOY**

23 **AFTER HOURS**

40 **WIRED, GAMES, LIVING ONLINE**

44 **PLAYBOY TV**

46 **PLAYBOY.COM**

48 **MEN**

51 **MANTRACK**

55 **THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**

126 **PARTY JOKES**

184 **WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**

203 **ON THE SCENE**

204 **GRAPEVINE**

206 **POTPOURRI**

lifestyle

88 **PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE**
A Fiat 500, Nike driver, BMW bike—got your credit card out?

98 **FASHION: MY BIG, FAT OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY**
Act bad and look good—and hands off the boss' wife.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

134 **DOWNED AND DIRTY**
You know the naughty names. Now learn how to mix the girl-friendly drinks. **BY RAY FOLEY**

148 **DMX STYLE GUIDE**
The star rapper's look is as uncompromising as his music.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

reviews

32 **MOVIES**
Halle is hot in 007, Leo is bad in Gangs of New York.

36 **VIDEO**
Holiday horrors, Star Wars.

38 **MUSIC**
Dot Allison, Ruben Blades and Tom Petty.

42 **BOOKS**
S&M, booze, bowling, cigars and cars—life's good at Christmas.

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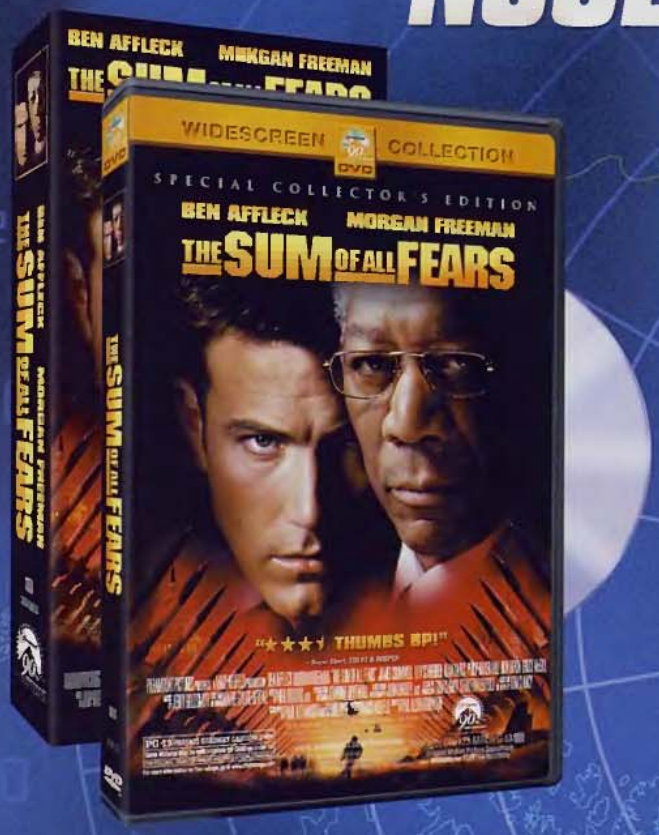

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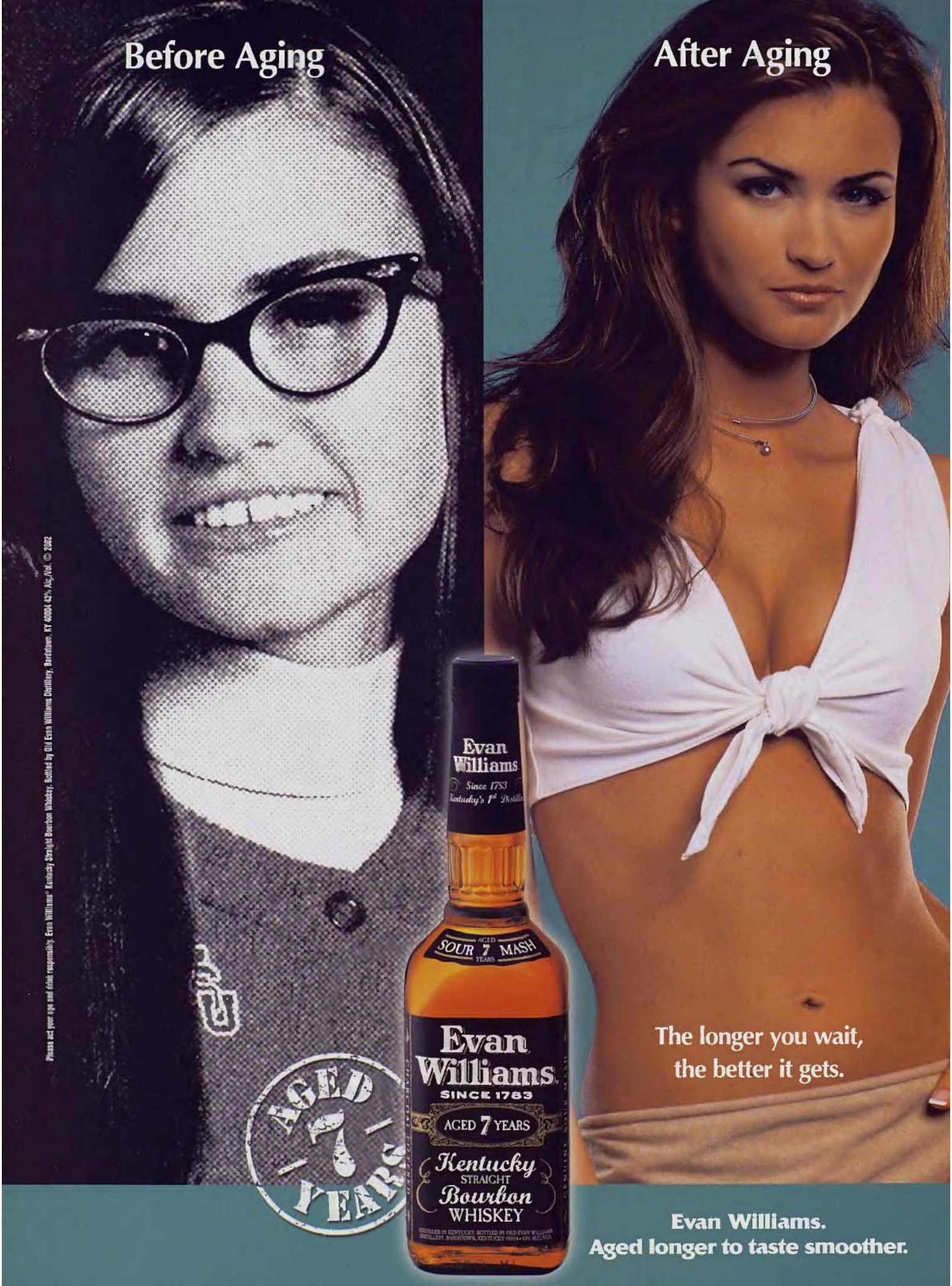
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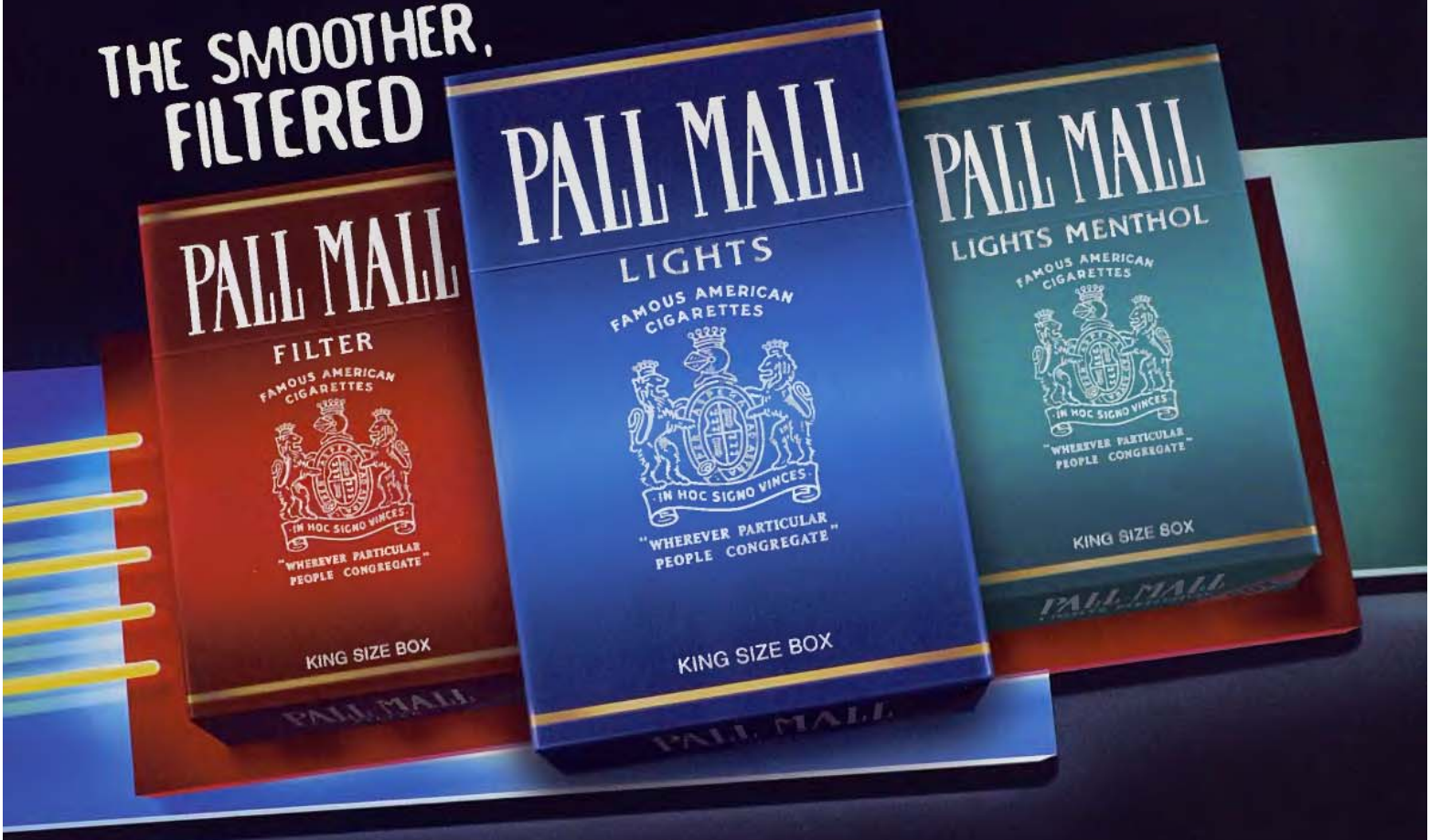

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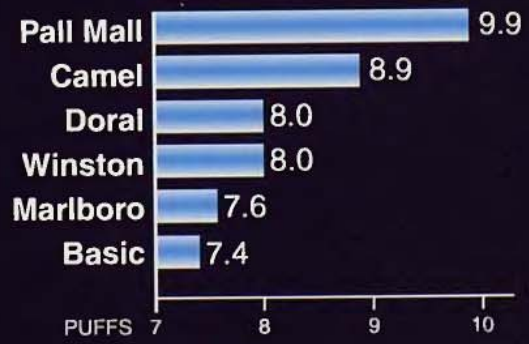

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

JORDAN MEETS THE PRESS

Hef and British wild child Jordan welcomed reporters to Ye Olde King's Head pub in Santa Monica for a party celebrating her September cover. A game of darts, a pint of ale and plenty of press from across the pond made for a fabulous party.

MOVIEMAKING AT THE MANSION

George Clooney, Sam Rockwell (playing Chuck Barris) and Playmates Victoria Fuller and Deanna Brooks filming *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*—a Barris bio directed by Clooney—at the Playboy Mansion.

MTV'S COOLEST CRIB

MTV launched the fall season of *Cribs*, the show that visits the homes of rock stars and celebrities, with a day at Hef's hutch. In the master bedroom with Hef and his girlfriends, Holly pointed out the assorted panties that happen to be hanging from the chandelier.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Hef welcomes retro diva and PLAYBOY cover girl Dita von Teese and the inimitable Marilyn Manson to his annual Midsummer Night's Dream party (far left). And comedian Jeffrey Ross, Thora Birch and Drew Carey toast the host with the most.

CALIFORNIA Dreamin'

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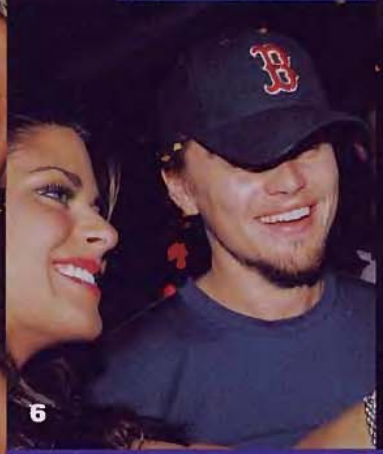
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Hef's annual Midsummer Night's Dream party—where the girls wear lingerie or less and the guys get whiplash from ogling the scenery—is Hollywood's hottest ticket. This year's list included Tobey Maguire, Leo DiCaprio, Drew Barrymore and Britney Spears. Dreamy indeed. (1) The host and his girlfriends relaxing by the dance floor. (2) *Alias* star Michael Vartan and Matthew Perry. (3) Bum advice. (4) A guest gets painted. (5) Fox TV Centerfolds Shallan Meiers and Christina Santiago with co-contestant Jill Scott. (6) Leo incognito. (7) Drew Carey kissing up to Bob Saget. (8) Shanna Moakler sparkles. (9) Summer Altice with 'N Sync's J.C. Chasez. (10) Ali Landry of *Spy TV* and Mario Lopez of *The Other Half*. (11) The Dahm triplets, looking luscious in leather. (12) Jaime Bergman, John Harrison and Angelica Bridges. (13) Soap stars Eddie Matos (*Port Charles*) and Thad Luckinbill (*Young and the Restless*). (14) *American Idol* dudes Ryan Seacrest, Randy Jackson and Simon Cowell. (15) Kim King, Kristen Wilkie, Natasha Daniel and Rachel Elizabeth playing peekaboo.

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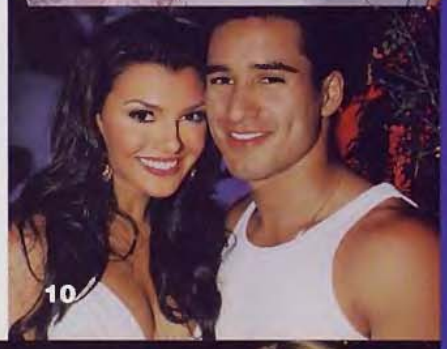
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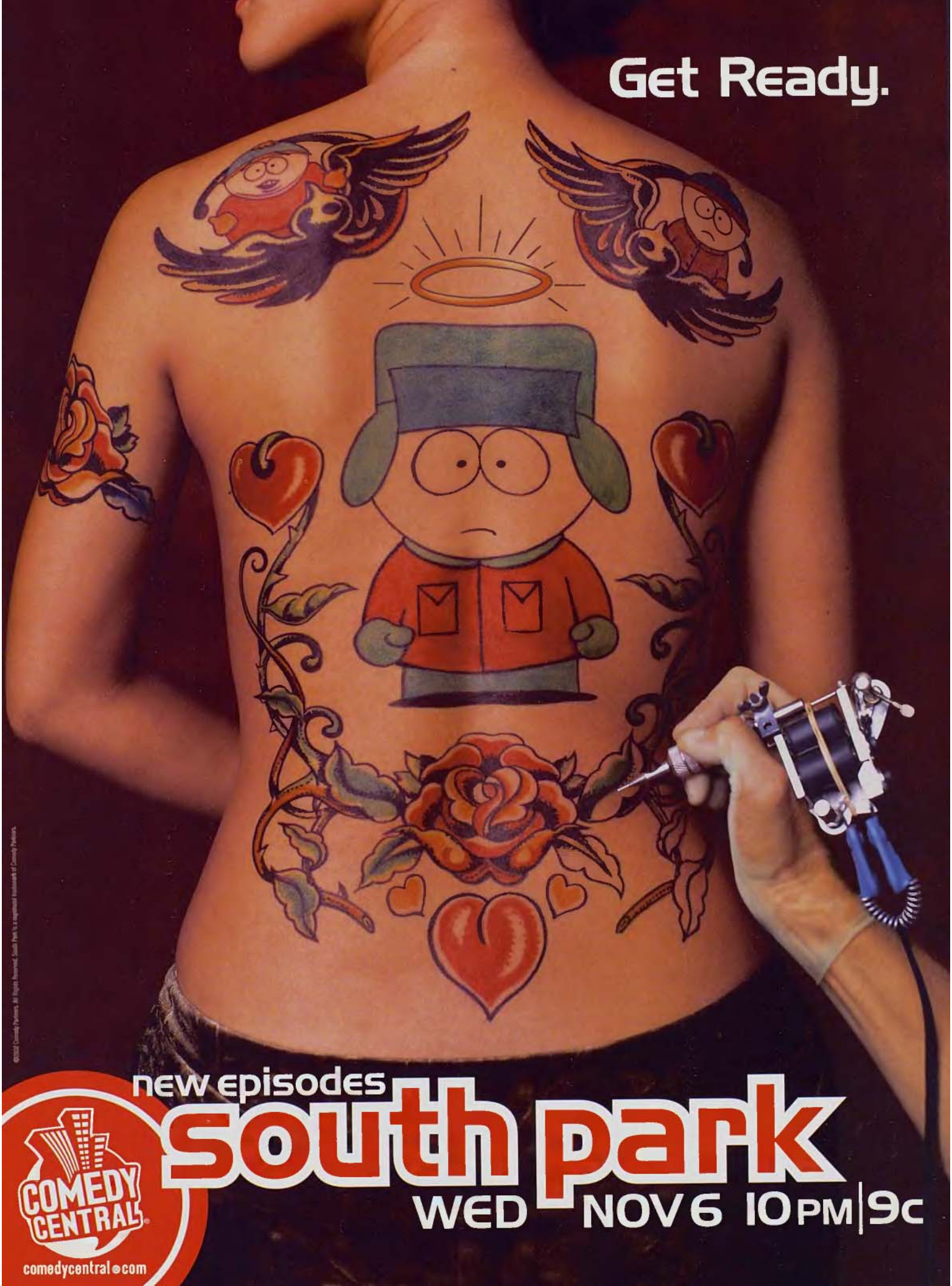
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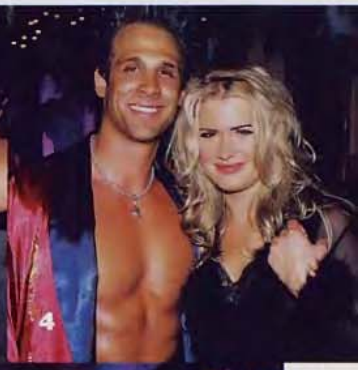
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(1) A passel of painted pretties with a Midsummer Night's Dream poster by Mark Frazier. (2) Kylie Bax, Sean Walsh and Carey Lessard. (3) *Shanghai Knights*' Owen Wilson getting romantic. (4) The original Buffy the Vampire Slayer and November cover girl Kristy Swanson with Jeff Bozz. (5) Verne Troyer with Genevieve Gowman. (6) Britney Spears taking a breather. (7) Sam Rockwell, star of *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, with Deanna Brooks. (8) Randy revelers agree with Nelly's "It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes." (9) Cris Judd, J. Lo's ex-husband, with model Jewls Roy. (10) The formidable Black Eyed Peas. (11) Mr. Playboy smooching September cover model Jordan. (12) Drew Barrymore—who came with Fabrizio Moretti of the Strokes—chatting up Crispin Glover. (13) *The Bachelorette*'s Trista Rehn with *The Other Half*'s Dorian Gregory. (14) Hef, Tiffany and Fred Durst with friends who flew in from New York for the party. (15) Jamie Foxx freaking on the dance floor. (16) Who needs lingerie when you have body paint?

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Dear Playboy

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ORACLE OF SILICON VALLEY

I'm 82 years old and have been reading PLAYBOY since the beginning. David Sheff's *Playboy Interview* with Larry Ellison (September) was the best. It was presented in a skilled, fluent style that spelled out how PCs evolved—and you picked the perfect guy to teach PC users the history.

Dick Asbury
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ellison says, "It's mind-boggling how much we don't trust our government." We have an administration in which the vice president implies that criticizing government regarding the war on terror is un-American. The press secretary says people should watch what they say and do in sensitive times, and the attorney general expands his powers to further intrude on citizens in the name of security. The distrust Americans have for our government is not mind-boggling. Ellison's naivete is.

Colin Seiler
Denver, Colorado

Ellison should be characterized as the corporate apologist for the national surveillance state. We at the Independent Institute can't simply discredit his views, because this time he fabricated a quote attributed to us: "Anything that hurts Microsoft hurts America." We'd like to set the record straight. Antitrust has nothing to do with consumer protection and everything to do with corporate welfare. Our website reveals our consistently Jeffersonian mission to protect civil liberties and the right of all to privacy.

David Theroux
President, Independent Institute
Oakland, California

Yikes!

ENGLISH MUFFIN

Jordan is smokin' (*Britain's Bad Girl*, September). Thanks for a great pictorial, and please bring her back soon.

Anil Singh
New York, New York

The British are coming. Paul Revere, eat your heart out.

Brian Collins
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

With her pouty lips and those gorgeous gray-brown eyes, Jordan is nothing short of delicious.

Daniel Subacz
Covina, California

Jordan is beautiful, but her oversize breasts are over the top. She's a living example of too much of a good thing.

Tad DeOrio
Kansas City, Missouri

Too big? That's so un-American. John Ashcroft may want to talk to you.

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REVEALING SECRETS

As a card-carrying Catholic, I would like to thank Charles J. O'Byrne for setting the record straight in *Sex and Sanctity* (September). The article explains the true fundamental principles of Christian faith and how, over the centuries, misguided church leaders have lost sight of them. I am very pleased that he understands his responsibilities as a Jesuit priest, regardless of whether he is able to practice them. We could certainly use more priests like him.

Rob Daisley
Tampa, Florida

Nice try, but O'Byrne didn't shed any light on outdated Catholic dogma.

Alban Cook
Winnipeg, Manitoba

It's ironic that the Catholic church is riddled with sex scandals while requiring its priests to remain celibate—especially since the Bible doesn't teach this doctrine.

Ray Hightower Jr.
Snyder, Texas

O'Byrne's article is accurate. I was also a Jesuit for 12 years and a seminarian four years earlier—a total of 16 years spent in the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church. I left, too. It became clear to me in my final years that Roman Catholicism and other organized religions are the simple products of our psychological yearnings. Having said that, I still have nothing but admiration for the truly dedicated men I knew in the seminary and priesthood. As for me, I'm married now with two children and happily perusing PLAYBOY.

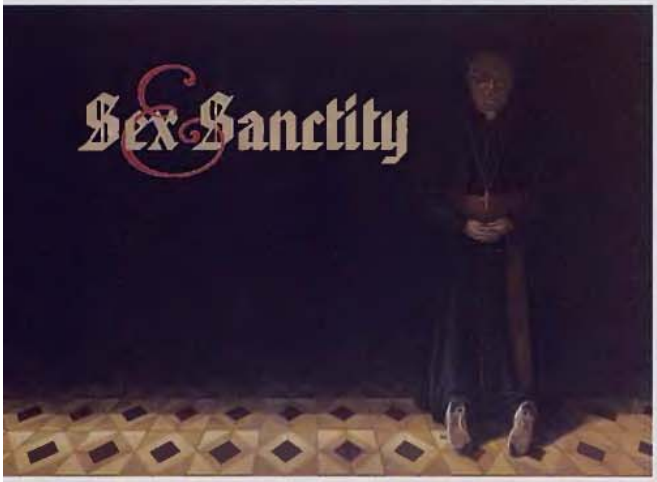
Jack Leahy
Twain, California

WILD OATS

When I read "Sowing Wild Oatmeal" (*After Hours*, September), I jumped out of my chair. I sent PLAYBOY this story several years ago, as recounted to me by a friend—a nurse—who'd witnessed it. It happened in Bordeaux, France, not Romania, and it was a hot crepe that he was flipping that landed on her head, causing her to bite down. I'm not asking for my 15 minutes of fame. I just want to set the record straight.

William Peterson
Nay, France

Another urban legend bites back.



Bad Father.

CAPITAL BRAT

As a fan of Steve Spurrier since his days with the San Francisco 49ers, I found Geoffrey Norman's profile of the Brat (*The Brat Comes to the Big Time*, September) very interesting. I have been bored out of my skull with deadly dull NFL offenses for numerous seasons, so I know that I'm not alone in welcoming Spurrier's fresh, wide-open, pass-happy offense that promises to knock NFL defenses on their butts. Regardless of team loyalty, how can any fan of professional football wish the Redskins anything but success?

Simon Gin
San Francisco, California

SPROUTS ARE OUT

Please tell me what is so romantic about brussels sprouts (*Continental Cooking in Your Crib*, September)? They look like large green gonads to me. I'll leave them off my menu.

Marshall Weiss
Seattle, Washington

BALI HI

I applaud the Fox executive who spotted Shallan Meiers (*Shallan's Sheer Beauty*, September). Thanks for uncovering this gorgeous woman.

James Curtis
Atlanta, Georgia

I'm curious to know what is tattooed on Shallan's back. I know that it's Hindi.

Sarabdeep Gill
Patiala, India

For a few moments we were flabbergasted, but then we realized Shallan's tattoo, Avedh, means illegal in Hindi. We're students from India at Western Michigan University and send Shallan our best wishes on her path to success.

Nisarg Sutaria
Shabbir Khambati
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Shallan says that it's a symbol of protection. Our sources agree with the scholars from Michigan.

Shallan Meiers is *cantik sekali*, which means very beautiful in Balinese. I look forward to seeing the knockout Playmate who dreams of visiting Bali, the island of the gods and my new home since I moved from the States.

William Ard
Sanur, Bali

JUST THE FACTS

Your Fact of the Month (*Raw Data*, September) states that Nascar pit stops take only 20 seconds. I can assure you that a 20-second pit stop would be considered very slow. These days the average is closer to the 14-second mark. Six seconds may not sound like much, but when you're competing, it makes a huge difference.

Nat Elam
New London, Connecticut

The 20 seconds came from Nascar's official website, but when we called our buddies there, sure enough, they said a full pit stop takes between 13 and 18 seconds. The crew of Bobby Hamilton's number 55 Schneider Electric/Square D Chevrolet broke the 13-second barrier this past June in Michigan.

HIGH MARKS

Do the Miami Fury ever go to Seattle to play? Anita Marks (*The Quarterback Is a Lady*, September) is a number one pick for my team. I hope she has a long-lasting football career. Thanks for the game-breaking pictorial.

Travis Dorr
Tacoma, Washington

Seen my shoulder pads?

After seeing Anita Marks' incredible photo spread, I can tell she'd make a fabulous wide receiver.

Alan Gittelson
Miami Beach, Florida

I'm an old-fashioned guy, but an active woman who is also an athlete is my idea of the perfect woman. Anita, you have my attention and my highest marks.

Nick Nazare Jr.
Oxford, Maryland

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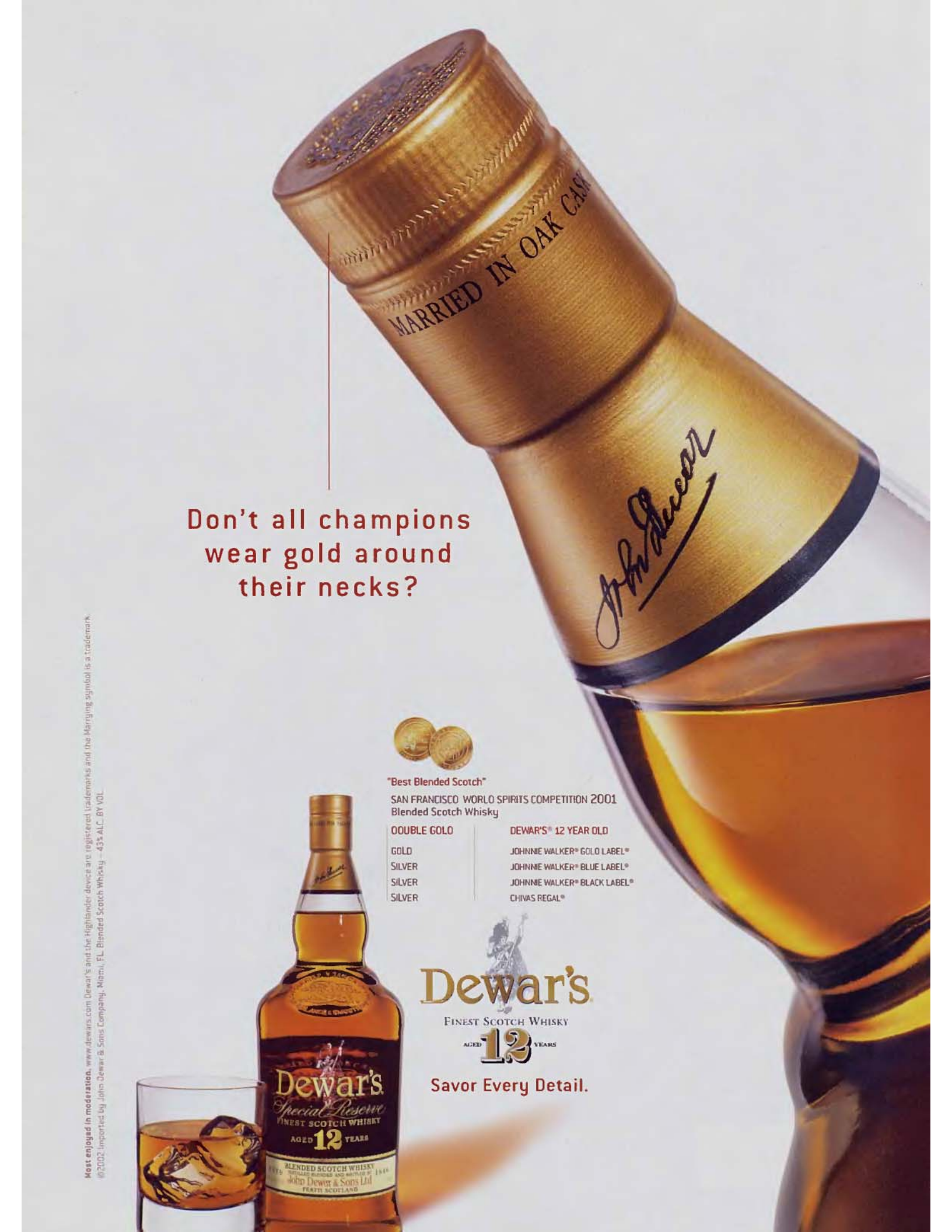

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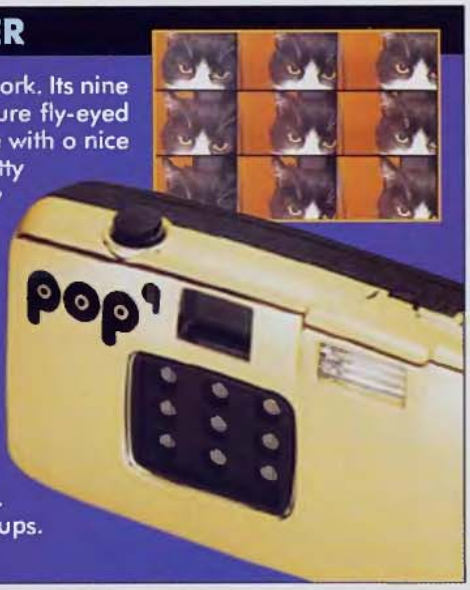
PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

BIONIC BUNNY

There's a reason a rabbit is our mascot. According to an article in *The Journal of Urology*, researchers at Harvard Medical School have found a way to grow a penis in a lab that doesn't involve cute assistants in mini lab coats, a camera crew or a fluff girl. In a feat of astounding organ engineering, scientists grew rabbit penis tissue in a lab and later rebuilt penises by inserting the material into a few lucky bunnies. After rest and recuperation, the rabbits had no problem penetrating and copulating with the lapin equivalent of candy stripers. Though the bioengineered hard-on was described as somewhat compromised (researchers compared the pressure of the tissue to that of a happy 60-year-old man), rabbits with the retooled organs produced adequate levels of sperm and even higher levels of rabbit self-esteem.

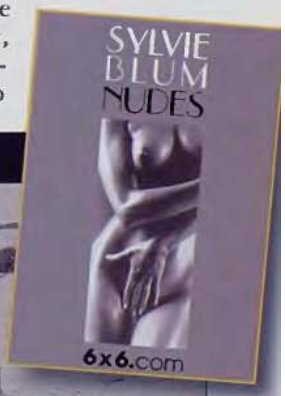
MAKE HER SHUTTER



The Pop 9 camera is a sharp piece of work. Its nine tiny lenses turn snapshots into miniature fly-eyed works of pop art. Find a willing female with a nice pair, and soon you'll be in disco-ball titty heaven. The camera was conceived by designers at the Lomographic Society International (the camera is available at www.lomography.com). It's the latest in a series of inexpensive cameras (the Pop 9 sells for $50) they've produced for DIY photographers. It uses ordinary 35mm film, which can be developed by any photo lab, but be sure to tip off the printers that you used a special camera, to avoid confusion. So go out and shoot your roll. The Pop 9 is also a perfect tool for pickups. "Nine pop shots? Amazing!"

CROSS FIRE

Shut Up, You Fucking Baby is the title of the sick and wrong comedy double CD from David Cross (the bald half of *Mr. Show With Bob and David*). We expect no less from a guy who refers to September 11 as "the week football stopped." On his CD Cross shares his opinions on lip liner ("The worst fucking fashion choice I've ever seen in my life. It makes a mouth look like an asshole. Every time you talk, all I can think of are six different types of shit coming out of your mouth.") and gay men ("It's genetic. There's no fucking 16-year-old going, 'Everyone hates me, the girls don't like me, but, you know, maybe it's time I invited even more nonstop



WOMEN IN FULL BLUM

Sylvie Blum worked as a model, studied art and fashion design, met photographer Günter Blum and became his favorite subject. She also became a photographer herself. When Günter died two years after they were married, Sylvie took over the publication of his work—and built on the stark Germanic eroticism for which he was known. With her first book, *Nudes*, we can see how she's doing—blisteringly fine. These women need SPF 45.

harassment into my life. Getting the shit kicked out of me for no reason—yeah, that will be fun!'"). He saves most of his vitriol for morning radio. "I'd rather get attacked by a shark and be treated with no anesthetic than have two DJs interview me," says Cross. "They're the same two motherfucking asshole clowns, the Zoo Crew or some shit, in Hawaiian shirts, huge Jimmy Buffett fans, telling the same Lewinsky jokes from three years ago. You can tell they did a pound of blow two hours earlier." Good luck promoting the disk during drive time, David.

BOARD STIFFIES

She wants more romance. You want more sex. Adult board games can bring you together like Eminem and Christina Aguilera, with only a tad less wailing. Fans of traditional games will like the erotic activities of A Lover's Touch. Wildly Sexy Dares urges men to stuff a sock in it, Sensations has massage oil and a blindfold, while Strip Chocolate includes candy frosting. You provide your own cherry.

CLAMS CASINO

According to Dr. Elizabeth Stewart, author of the new *V Book: A Doctor's Guide to Complete Vulvovaginal Health*, K-Y jelly contains chlorhexidine, which causes burning for some women. Astroglide contains the preservative propylene glycol, which bothers others. And vitamin E can be a good lubricant, but it, too, can trigger an allergic reaction. "My vote for a handy, safe choice for every woman is ordinary olive oil," says Dr. Stewart. "It's pure, without added ingredients or preservatives. A little dab is all you need." We suppose you'll want to use extra virgin, at least the first time.

WHY WITCHES STAY SINGLE

Here's a Harry Potter tie-in we weren't expecting. Mattel's toy version of Harry's flying broom doesn't actually soar when you climb on—but it does vibrate. And that's enough to please the kids,

GIRLS WITH TATTOOS LIKE TO GET PRICKED

IMAGE	MEANING	IMPLICATIONS	SEX?	BONUS
Butterfly above bikini line	The meandering, colorful, soft leaf-muncher of spring.	Hippie sensibilities. Possible vegan.	Gentle hand job on second date. May be open to non-equipment-oriented kinkiness.	Rainbow-colored markings may indicate sapphic leanings.
Tiny rose on ankle	Beautiful yet dangerous. Or at least prickly.	Daddy's little girl gone bad.	A few drinks are all she needs to get her to do things she "usually never does."	Maybe the drinks will stop her from talking about her tattoo—or her father—all night.
Sacred heart on shoulder	Religious symbol of torment, House of Blues.	Doesn't fuck around with sex and relationships.	Prognosis: excellent. But look out for her morning-after desire to move in.	Is most certainly not religious.
Tribal design above ass crack	Jagged expression of an inner aesthetic circa 1994.	Dramatist. Has something to fucking say, damn it.	Insane. She has something to prove, remember?	No-brainer foreplay: Trace the curlicues with your fingertips.
Pin-up girl on back	Appreciation of idealized womanhood, pussy worship.	Complete sex machine.	Crazed monkey-bar high jinks. Multiple orgasms. Be very, very nice to this girl.	Her best friend's bi, too.
Yin and yang on big toe	Asian symbol of balance.	Neither one nor the other. Lukewarm. Tepid. Namby-pamby. The ancient oriental concept of, er, zzzzzz . . .	Uh, sure, we guess.	Unlikely to interfere with post-coital nap time.
Sorority letters on ass cheek	Greek for "bitch club."	Will do anything to be socially accepted, including body mutilation.	Tell her the BMW is yours and she'll be naked in no time.	Can chug a beer in five seconds. May be spotted on *Girls Gone Wild* tape.
Another guy's name on knuckles	Been around the block.	"I belong to [another guy's name]."	Good God, are you kidding? Get outta there!	Will cook for you. Specialty: boiled rabbit.

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WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #19

Because he was a great single dad. "I was at a karaoke party when a young bay toak the stage to sing Venus. When the music started, he was petrified. His father jumped onstage with him, changing the lyric to 'penis' and making his son forget his fear. Then the dad starting singing to me in vintage launge style. It made me want him because he wasn't afraid ta goof it up. I met him in a narrow hallway. 'I enjoyed yaur sang,' I said. He laughed and put his hands on my hips to help me slide by him and said, 'Maybe you and I could do a duet sometime? I could use some adult time.' I gave him my number on the spot and when we went out, I gave him that adult time he wanted."—G.T., Greenwich, Connecticut

judging from some recently deleted (and possibly dubious) customer reviews on Amazon.com. "My 12-year-old daughter is a big Harry Potter fan," wrote one mom. "I was afraid she would think it was too babyish, but she loves this toy. Even my daughter's friends enjoy playing with this fun toy. I was surprised at how long they can just sit in her room and play with this magic broomstick." Said another parent: "When my 12-year-old daughter asked for this for her birthday, I kind of wondered if she was too old for it, but she seems to love it. Her friends love it, too! They play for hours in her bedroom. They seem to like the special effects it offers (the sound effects and vibrating). My oldest daughter (17) likes it, too!" A less clueless parent, however, was not amused. "What were the creators of this toy thinking?" she wrote. She went on to vow that her daughter would be using the broom only "with the batteries removed." While she's at it, she should get rid of the pulsating showerhead and the bed pillows, too.

THE HOMERIC TRADITION

Minnesota, Land of 10,000 Lakes, also has numerous drainage ponds at highway interchanges. While most states name these stagnant puddles of runoff by map details like the exit or mile number, the Minnesota Department of Transportation calls them things like Bart, Maggie, Itchy, Apu and Scratchy—character names from *The Simpsons*. "It's just something fun," says hydrologist Patrick McLarnon of the ponds along the interchange between Interstate 494 and U.S. Highway 61. McLarnon has also named ponds Richie, Joanie, Chachi and Fonz along Interstate 94 and after *Star Wars* characters along Highway 12. And while the names do not appear on or by the bodies of water, they are part of the official state databases that track water quality and runoff flows.

HOW TO TURN HER INTO A TUSHY GIRL

Call in reinforcements: Find a female friend who will put in the good word to your girlfriend. It's best if she says something like, "Sure, I had some painful experiences. Then I met a guy who knew what he was doing, and it was awesome." Note: That guy had better not be you.

Feign indifference: Act like it's no big deal, but find a few opportunities to mention a long-ago ex who was just gaga for the back door. That will make your new woman curious.

Spin it: No woman wants to be a plain vanilla lover. She wants to feel exotic and erotic. Exert a little pressure by saying, "It's more common in Europe, but they're a lot more sexually open-minded and adventurous over there, I guess."

"I think of myself as a highly sexual creature. I have to use that. I have no choice. I like it. I didn't grow up with a mother telling me what was under my clothes was bad or evil."—Charlize Theron

Play the intimacy card: There's a special intimacy with anal sex that can appeal to a woman. It's an area that's sensitive and vulnerable, and it's special to let someone go there. You can bond over the fact that you're breaking a taboo together.

Use a stand-in: Don't even talk about spelunking until she's used to slippery fingers or cute little toys.

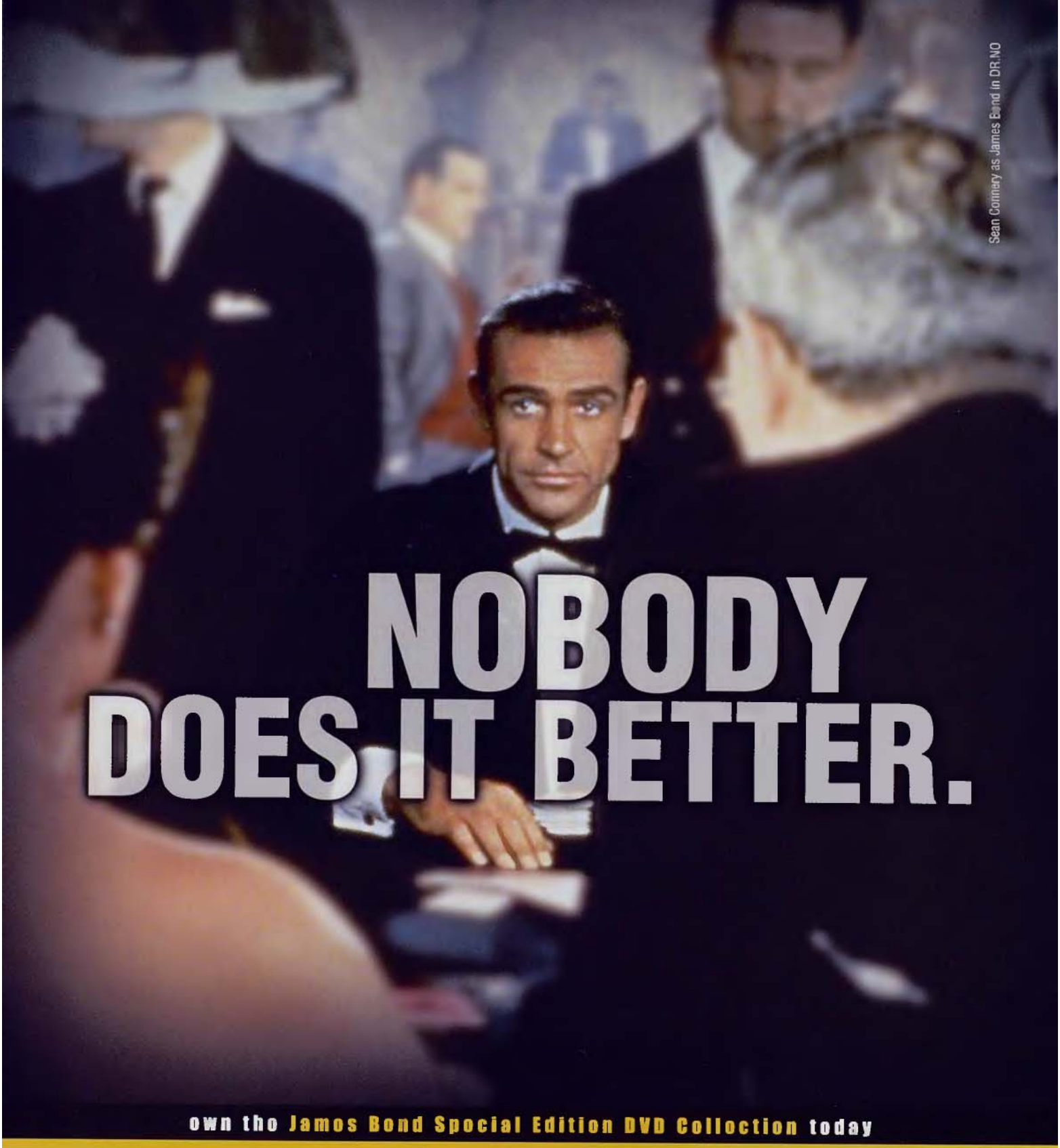
Let her drive: If she's on top, she's in control and can take it at her own pace. It may take a while to figure out a good position for her, but any position will be great for you.

THE LATE LATE SHOW

The latest trend in the funeral business—an industry that shouldn't need

BIC BITING BABES (AND OTHER DELIGHTS)

Artist Fred Beltran likes a mixture of "sweetness and provocation" in his pin-ups. "I believe that pin-ups graphically represent the seduction that women ploy on men, who are more or less naive," he says. Which is why, presumably, he drew *Pin-Up Girls From Around the World* (Humanoids)—an amusing collection of pneumatic girls in some preposterous situations. His publisher says it is a tongue-in-cheek look at pop culture, and we should think of the girls as Barbie dolls on steroids. OK, we will. But we won't require any testing.



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I hate rich people who complain about being rich. They're insane. I pay, like, 50 percent taxes, and I am very proud of that."

—SEAN COMBS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The winning bid for a 1992 Ford Ghia Focus roadster, a concept car that is essentially a design model and is not certified as street legal, was $1.1 million at a recent auction.

POND SCHEME

Of the average price—$1.50—for a bottle of water, the percentage represented by costs such as bottling, packaging, marketing, retailing and other nonwater expenses: 90. According to studies, estimated percentage of bottled water that is simply tapped from municipal water systems: 33.

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

According to a survey by Blockbuster, percentage of people who regift, or give as a gift something they received as a gift: 25. Of people who regift, average number of pre-owned presents they give per year: 4.

DOH!

Of newborn babies conceived by men in their late 20s, ratio that are a result of unintended pregnancies: 1 to 2. Portion of newborns conceived by men in their 30s and early 40s that are a result of unintended pregnancies: 1 of 3.

MINT RECONDITION

Number of coins processed by individual U.S. citizens, using Coinstar machines, that were reintroduced into circulation in 2001: 29 billion. Number of coins issued by the U.S. Mint that year: 19 billion. Estimated value of coins considered idle and stashed in homes: $10.5 billion.

FIVE-FINGERED RAISE

According to a study by the University of Florida, percentage of inventory losses attributed by retail security managers to shoplifting: 31. Percentage of inventory losses attributed to employee theft: 46.

OFFICE SPACE

The percentage of U.S. and Canadian workers who toil in open-plan offices: 75. Percentage by which the workspace per person shrank during the past seven years: 31.

PUBLIC LIP SERVICE

The percentage of Americans who agree with President Bush's call for volunteers as part of the war on terrorism: 84. Percentage who admit they have no plans to volunteer: 60.

DOMINO EFFECT

According to the National Restaurant Association, percentage of Super Bowl watchers who order takeout or delivery food for game day: 28. Percentage of viewers age 18 to 24 who order food: 52. Of food orders, percentage who order pizza: 64. Percentage who order wings: 45. Percentage who order subs: 20.

RUBBER SOUL

According to an Alan Guttmacher Institute study, among young men who became sexually active in the early Eighties, percentage who used a condom for their first act of intercourse: 25. Among young men who became sexually active in the mid-Nineties, percentage who used condoms for their first time: 67.

TALK SOUP

In a Public Agenda poll, percentage of recent job applicants rated by potential employers as excellent or good in terms of computer skills: 70. Percentage rated as excellent or good in terms of grammar: 27.

HOMOPHILIA UP

In a national survey by the Kaiser Family Foundation, percentage of respondents who say they have a gay friend or acquaintance: 62. Percentage who said so in a similar survey in 1983: 24.

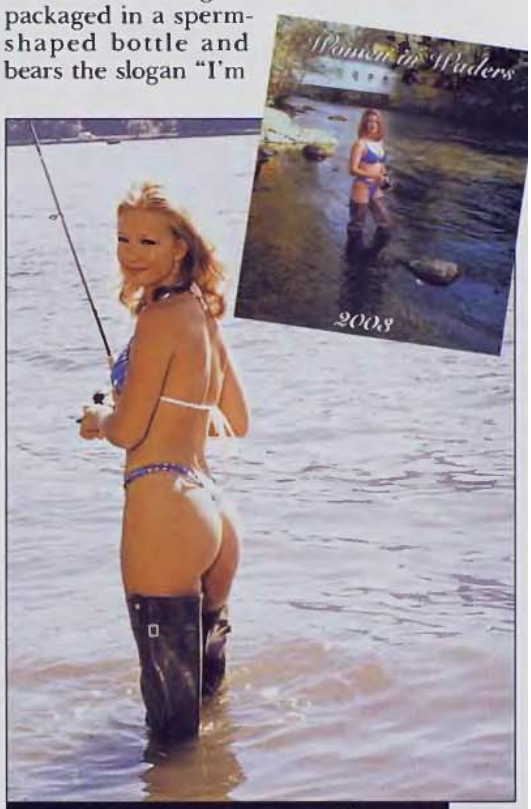
—BETTY SCHAAL

trends to boost business—is the personal funeral, especially a concept that's called themed viewing. You can now be laid out in your favorite couch-potato chair in front of the big screen with your remote, cigar and beverage close at hand. Or you can kick back in your shades on a patio lounger by a barbecue grill and a cooler of longnecks. We already know how we'd like to be sent to our final reward, but even if the funeral home were willing to cooperate, Halle Berry probably wouldn't be.

THE TIP SHEET

Decks and the City: A new entry in the DJ-mix CD category, this series on Takeout Records offers more than just a cool name. Volume One is mixed by the musical aces behind New York's Plant Bar and the weekly Plant night at Centro-Fly.

Popsy: A vanilla-and-caramel-flavored alcoholic beverage in Holland that is packaged in a sperm-shaped bottle and bears the slogan "I'm coming." Whether your Dutch cutie takes a sip or a healthy gulp is a good indication of where the evening is headed.



105-POUND TEST

The Women in Waders 2003 calendar gives fans of smallmouth and red snapper a different trophy to mount each month. It's the real deal. We're told most of the models are true anglers and adept with all types of flies. Set your hook, bubba.

Asymmetry alert: According to *New Scientist*, asymmetrical people—those with one hand, foot, ear or other body part larger than the other—are more prone to jealousy. So while mismatched tits may

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LIEGE BELGIUM
1905
ANGLO AMERICAN EXPOSITION
LONDON 1914
STAR OF EXCELLENCE
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AND
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suit your taste for novelty, they may be more trouble than they're worth.

Sexy Beast of the Month: The male marine iguana greets comely passing females by masturbating and doesn't even have to stop since he has—count 'em—two penises. And when he dies, you can make a belt out of him.

Fish meds: Penicillin, tetracycline and other antibiotics formulated for fish are sold in pet stores without prescription. It's a fact that's widely known to U.S. Special Forces troops who, presumably, use them for their own special purposes.

That was just foreplay. The peak is yet to come: It's the campaign slogan of the incumbent Social Democrat party for the national elections in Germany. It's topped only by the slogan of the former Communist Party of Democratic Socialism—"Today I'll have a shag. Tomorrow I'll smoke a joint. The day after that I'll vote." And the day after that they'll invade Poland.

SUMMER SAUSAGE

They want to do some more testing (and we would be happy to volunteer), but researchers at the Arizona Cancer Center say the drug Melanotan not only heightens one's desire and sexual ability, it also gives the user a healthy tan if taken often enough (20 times a month), which we're betting it would be. We forgot to ask if it cures cancer.

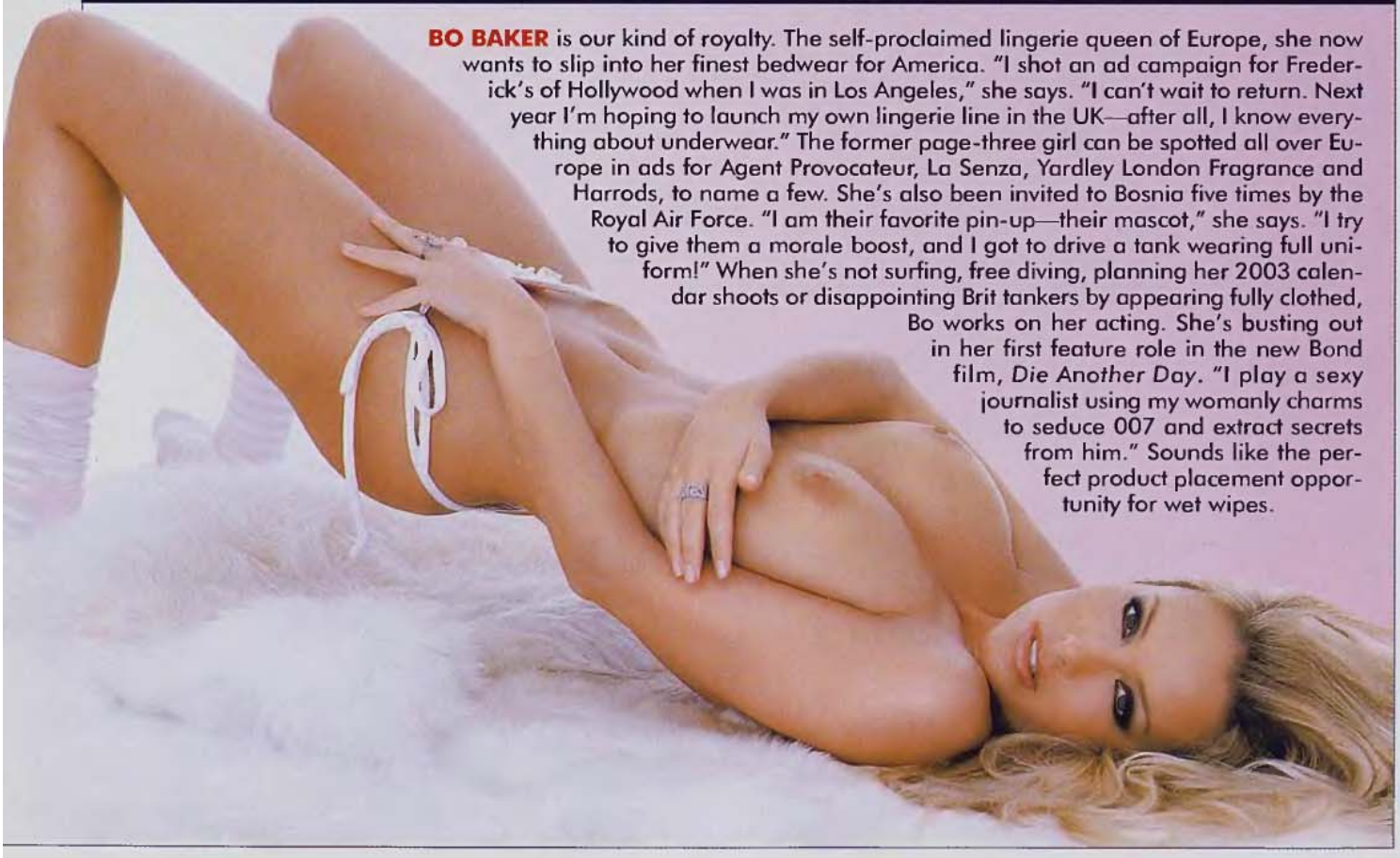
DRINK OF THE MONTH

It's a universal truth, or at least something we've noticed: Rich girls with B.A.s in art history often end up working at auction houses. Keeping this observation in mind, we recently paid a visit to Bid Brasserie, situated in Manhattan, in the same building as Sotheby's. The bar is elegant, the light is warm and, aptly enough, the walls are richly decorated. The real draw, however, is the drinks. Apparently, after you're done raising your paddle for the fossil of a T. rex and have spent your money the old-fashioned way, the only way to cool down is with the most traditional drinks available, restyled in modern barware. Establishing a trend of sorts, the whiskey sour (pictured in front) at Bid is mixed with egg whites—something to try at home. And the sidecar (rear), a speakeasy standard, had a fan in Busta Rhymes this summer. Subtlety, and cognac, will do that to a guy.

SILENCE SHIPS GOLDEN

Our favorite recent litigation threat began after the British group Planets included on their last CD a 60-second track of complete silence, which sparked the ire of representatives of the estate of composer John Cage. Cage's estate alleges that the Planets pilfered the copyrighted concept of Cage's composition *4'33"*, which was 273 seconds of silence. (Of course, there's a question about which 60 seconds were lifted.) Planets producer Mike Batt was defiant, declaring, "Mine is a much better silent piece. I am able to say in one minute what took Cage four minutes and 33 seconds."

BABE OF THE MONTH



BO BAKER is our kind of royalty. The self-proclaimed lingerie queen of Europe, she now wants to slip into her finest bedwear for America. "I shot an ad campaign for Frederick's of Hollywood when I was in Los Angeles," she says. "I can't wait to return. Next year I'm hoping to launch my own lingerie line in the UK—after all, I know everything about underwear." The former page-three girl can be spotted all over Europe in ads for Agent Provocateur, La Senza, Yardley London Fragrance and Harrods, to name a few. She's also been invited to Bosnia five times by the Royal Air Force. "I am their favorite pin-up—their mascot," she says. "I try to give them a morale boost, and I got to drive a tank wearing full uniform!" When she's not surfing, free diving, planning her 2003 calendar shoots or disappointing Brit tankers by appearing fully clothed, Bo works on her acting. She's busting out in her first feature role in the new Bond film, *Die Another Day*. "I play a sexy journalist using my womanly charms to seduce 007 and extract secrets from him." Sounds like the perfect product placement opportunity for wet wipes.

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movies

PREVIEWS

The sight of a bikini-clad Halle Berry rising from the sea in ***Die Another Day*** should guarantee that audiences will be leaving theaters a little moist themselves this holiday season. But the latest James Bond sex-and-spy vehicle, the 20th in the series, also boasts such other deluxe appointments as Pierce Brosnan playing 007, breakneck action sequences shot in Iceland, Spain and Hawaii and the new Aston Martin V12 Vanquish. And what's this about Madonna not only singing a song in the flick but also doing a cameo playing, we hear, a lesbian? We're so there. . . . The blood-spattered, romantic period epic ***Gangs of New York*** finds director Martin Scorsese and stars Leonardo DiCaprio, Cameron Diaz, Liam Neeson and (especially) Daniel Day-Lewis gunning for Oscars. As thick with prestige as the Irish brogues in the movie, the saga tells of Irish and Italian turf warfare in New York from 1846 to the draft riots of 1863. . . . ***Catch Me If You Can*** makes this season a regular Leo-palooza, with the *Gangs of New York* star going head-to-head with himself in Steven Spielberg's latest, in which DiCaprio plays a real-life con artist who became the youngest guy ever to land on the FBI's Most Wanted list. Tom Hanks is the fed hell-bent on busting him, Jennifer Garner is in for a bit as a comely hooker and Christopher Walken plays the hero's dad. . . . ***Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*** roars into theaters on a blast of major hype. Insiders say that the upside to this sequel to last year's epic fantasy sensation includes bigger battle sequences, scarier monsters and more spectacular magic from director Peter Jackson, who put the zing in part one of J.R.R. Tolkien's fantasy classic. On the downside, most of the action separates our band of brothers Frodo and Sam (Elijah Wood, Sean Astin) from Strider and Legolas (Viggo Mortensen, Orlando Bloom). . . . In ***Chicago,*** a *Moulin Rouge*–meets-*Cabaret* screen version of the sexy stage musical, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Renée Zellweger sing, dance and tear up the joint as Twenties-era murderesses who get turned into showbiz divas by a charismatic lawyer played by a high-stepping Richard Gere. (Preview audiences have been talking Oscars.) . . . ***Analyze That*** reunites Robert De Niro and Billy Crystal as the anxiety-wracked Mafia don and his beleaguered shrink, respectively, in this inevitable sequel to *Analyze This*, the 1999 box-office hit. This time out, De Niro gets sprung from prison and before you can say bada bing, he is forced to help Crystal cope with the stress that comes from inheriting his family business. . . . What would the holiday season be without a *Cinderella*-style romance? This year it's ***Maid in Manhattan,*** in which Jennifer Lopez plays a hotel maid who's swept off her feet by senatorial candidate Ralph Fiennes.

Bond, bikini, Berry.

CURRENT FILMS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

Salma Hayek has made it her personal mission to bring the story of Mexican artist Frida Kahlo to the screen, and she has done herself proud, as actress and co-producer. If ***Frida*** falls short of greatness, it may be because it tries to cover so much ground in a long, difficult and colorful life. Director Julie Taymor has tried to layer visual innovations onto the narrative, in an unsuccessful attempt to invoke some of Kahlo's flamboyant spirit in the telling of her life. But *Frida* remains a challenging and compelling film despite its flaws, and Alfred Molina is simply great as Kahlo's serially unfaithful lover and husband, Diego Rivera; he so embodies the character that it doesn't seem like a performance at all.

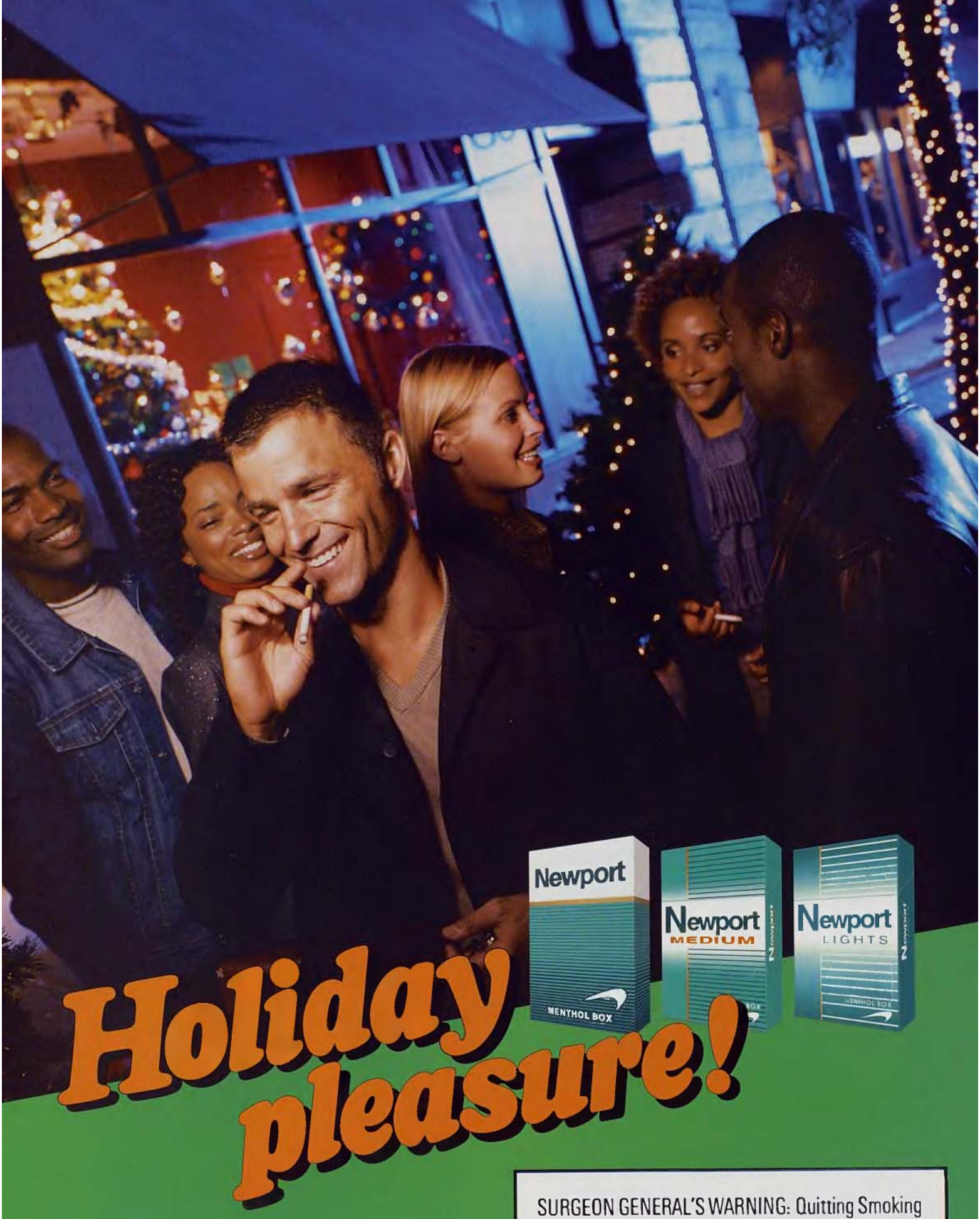
FLAVOR OF THE YEAR

No question, Vin Diesel is hot, so hot that even though he's only a co-star, his presence in the gangland comedy ***Knockaround Guys*** boosted that modest movie's profile by several hundred percent. But he wasn't hired because of his summer smash, ***XXX,*** or his star-boosting role in ***The Fast and the Furious.*** *Knockaround Guys* was filmed three years ago and, like Diesel, it has been around awhile. Diesel was forceful and charismatic in the Australian-made science-fiction movie ***Pitch Black*** (2000), but the film was a flop, so the actor had to wait for a more successful film to make his name known. His co-star in *Pitch Black*, Radha Mitchell is also overdue for recognition. The fact that she's more interested in challenging films like ***High Art*** and ***Everything Put Together*** than star vehicles may explain why she's not yet on the A list.

Other current household names paid their dues for years before they were discovered. Russell Crowe appeared in 10 Australian movies before making his American debut—and even then, hardly anyone noticed. Catherine Zeta-Jones was an overnight sensation in ***The Mask of Zorro,*** but American television viewers had already seen her in a miniseries about the *Titanic*, and British audiences knew her well from both movies and television (she starred in *The Darling Buds of May*). James Gandolfini was one of those character actors whose face was familiar—from nearly 20 feature films, including ***True Romance*** and ***Crimson Tide***—but whose name was unknown until *The Sopranos* came along.

The story is as old as show business itself: It takes the right part in the right movie to launch a star. An actor (like George Clooney) can be in front of the audience's collective nose for years, but until the proper vehicle comes along, neither the public nor the media are likely to take notice. —L.M.

Vini, vidi, vici.



Holiday pleasure!

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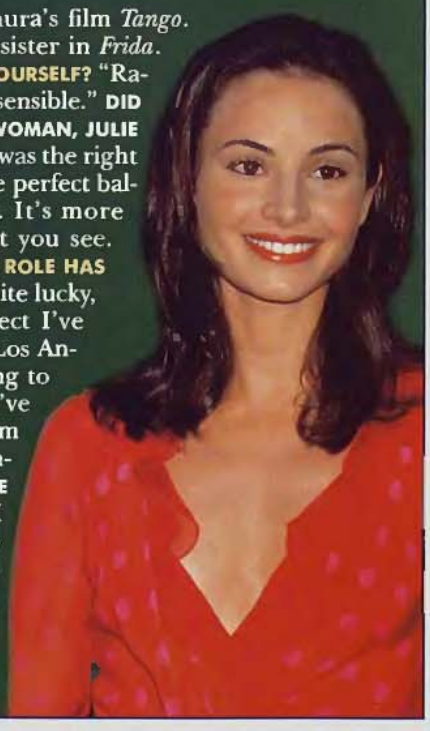
Heavens: Blanchett, Ribisi; Quaid, Moore.

Heaven is, as you might infer from the title, an ethereal film, and it must be embraced in emotional rather than logical terms. Directed by Tom Tykwer (*Run Lola Run*) and written by the late Krzysztof Kieslowski with his partner Krzysztof Piesiewicz (*The Decalogue*, *Three Colors: Red, White, Blue*), it stars Cate Blanchett as a schoolteacher in Italy who becomes so enraged at a local drug lord that she sets off a bomb in his office building. She is ready to pay for her actions, until a police translator, played by Giovanni Ribisi, falls hopelessly in love with her. Some viewers will go along as the story takes off on its unpredictable flight, while others won't. Either way, everyone will worship the luminous Blanchett.

Far From Heaven is a play on the title of the 1955 Jane Wyman–Rock Hudson movie *All That Heaven Allows*, which was directed by that master of the multilayered soap opera, Douglas Sirk. Director Todd Haynes has attempted to replicate the look and feel of a Fifties Technicolor weepie while infusing it with contemporary subject matter—namely, repressed homosexuality and progressive race relations. What might have been merely a filmmaking exercise is provocative and entertaining, thanks to first-rate production design and a perfect cast that's led by Julianne Moore, Dennis Quaid, Dennis Haysbert and Patricia Clarkson.

One might call ***The Man From Elysian Fields*** a modern-day fable, with Andy Garcia as a failed novelist whose adoring wife (Julianna Margulies) is willing to endure poverty as long as her husband stays true to his artistic goals. But he accepts a job offer from the mysterious Mick Jagger and finds himself working as a male escort—one client is the beautiful Olivia Williams, whose husband is a world-renowned author (James Coburn)—and life takes off on unexpected paths. Directed by George Hickenlooper and written by Philip Jayson Lasker, this is an intriguing if flawed film.

SCENE STEALER



MÍA MAESTRO. **FIRST SEEN:** In Carlos Saura's film *Tango*. **NOW ON-SCREEN:** Playing Salma Hayek's sister in *Frida*. **WHAT WORDS WOULD YOU USE TO DESCRIBE YOURSELF?** "Rational, demanding, critical, sensitive and sensible." **DID YOU ENJOY BEING DIRECTED IN *FRIDA* BY A WOMAN, JULIE TAYMOR?** "It was interesting, and I think it was the right thing for the film, because Julie found the perfect balance between sensuality and sexuality. It's more about the story and not just about what you see. Everything is there for a reason." **WHAT ROLE HAS LUCK PLAYED IN YOUR CAREER?** "I've been quite lucky, because I'm really proud of every project I've done. I've been living for three years in Los Angeles, and there's always that fear of going to the States and turning into everything you've always despised—especially coming from Argentina, such a European-minded country. But it hasn't been like that." **WHAT'S THE BEST PART OF LIVING IN LA?** "Sushi. And I love having nature nearby: You can go fishing, you can go hiking, you have the ocean. That's something I'm not used to because I come from Buenos Aires, which is a cosmopolitan city. Everything is six hours away." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Auto Focus Greg Kinnear gives an impressive performance as Sixties TV star Bob Crane, whose life disintegrated as he became obsessed with sex—and making pornographic videos. Willem Dafoe co-stars. ¥¥¥

Barbershop Ice Cube presides over a barbershop that is the focal point of his hood in this likable comedy. ¥¥¥

The Four Feathers Heath Ledger flexes his muscles as the hero of this oft-filmed tale of cowardice and courage, with Kate Hudson as his fiancée and Wes Bentley his friend and rival. No match for the 1939 classic. ¥¥½

Knockaround Guys Vin Diesel co-stars with Barry Pepper and Seth Green in this diverting, if not entirely successful, story of second-generation mobsters who want to prove their worth to their fathers. ¥¥½

The Man From Elysian Fields Andy Garcia stars in this intriguing story about a failed author who takes a job as an escort—and unexpectedly opens the door to a new and exciting life. ¥¥¥

Punch-Drunk Love Adam Sandler drops his trademark nebbish character to play a strange, self-loathing guy who doesn't know how to respond when a woman (Emily Watson) is attracted to him. Paul Thomas Anderson goes off-course with this sick version of a romantic comedy. ¥¥

Red Dragon FBI agent Edward Norton needs Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) to help him trap a serial killer in this needless remake of *Manhunter*. It's slick and well cast but obvious. ¥¥

Secretary James Spader and Maggie Gyllenhaal give extraordinary performances in this potent portrait of two needy people drawn together by sadomasochism. ¥¥¥

Swept Away Madonna turns in her best screen performance to date in this OK remake of the 1974 hit about a rich bitch shipwrecked with a macho sailor she's mistreated. ¥¥½

The Tuxedo Jackie Chan somehow manages to maintain his charm in the stupidest movie of his career—with an obnoxious Jennifer Love Hewitt at his side. ¥

White Oleander Newcomer Alison Lohman is just right as the teen daughter of free-spirited artist Michelle Pfeiffer who bounces from one foster home to another. Robin Wright Penn and Renée Zellweger co-star in this terrific adaptation of Janet Fitch's best-selling novel. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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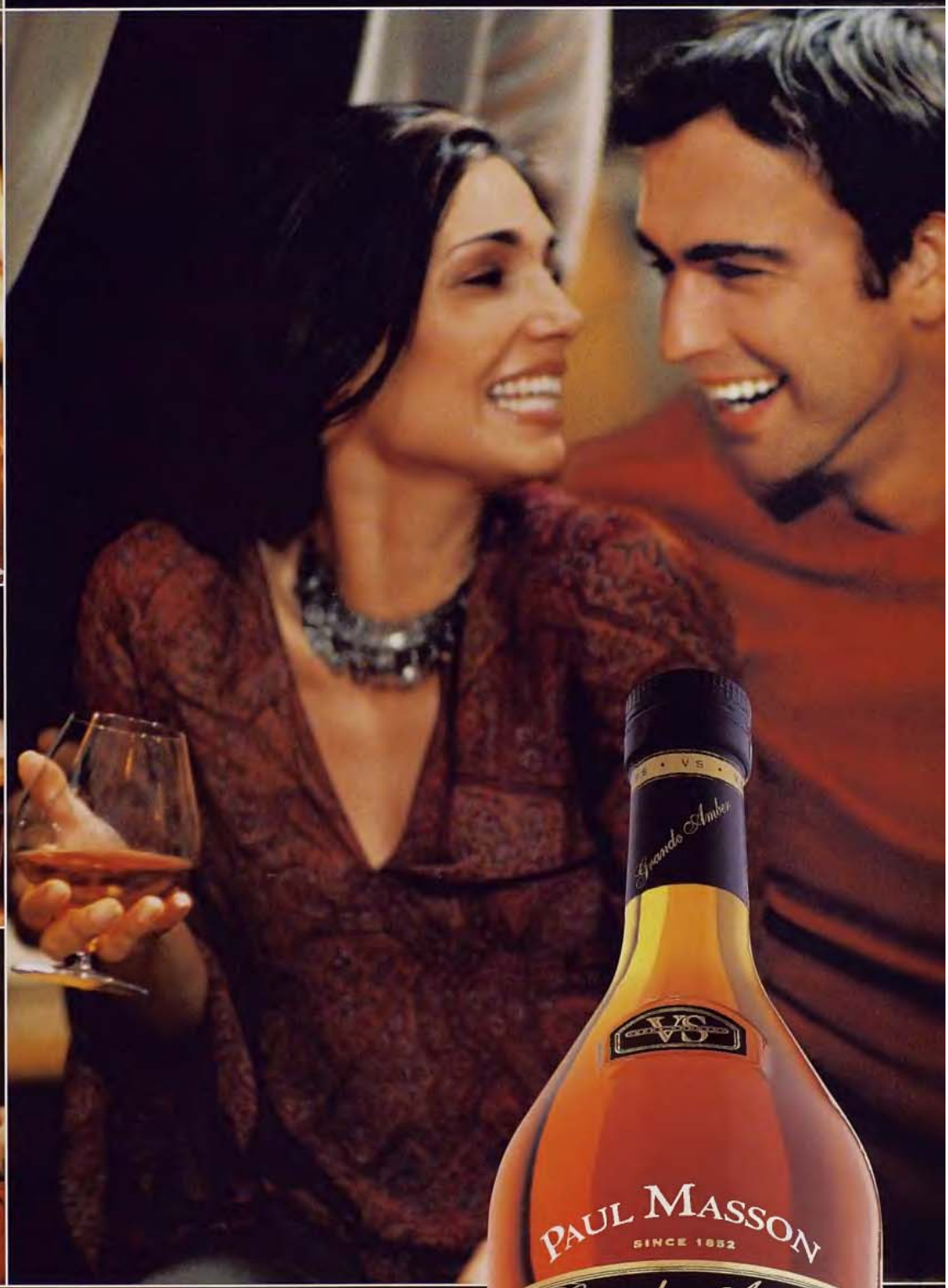

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video

GUEST SHOT

Chef **Sara Moulton** (Food Network's *Sara's Secrets*, *Gourmet* magazine and saramoulton.com) is the next miniconglomerate to rise like a soufflé. To relax, she curls up with a snack and a DVD. Not surprisingly, she loves films featuring food. Among her favorites are Stanley Tucci's *Big Night*, Ang Lee's *Eat Drink Man Woman* (which was Americanized with *Tortilla Soup*) and *Babette's Feast*, "which is a nonstop foodfest," says the diminutive Moulton, licking her lips. "I would also add *Annie Hall* for the lobster scene with Woody Allen and Diane Keaton and *Tom Jones* for the chicken-eating scene."

—ROBERT CRANE

HOLIDAY HORRORS

Ah, home for the holidays. So idealistically romantic. All the family gathered round, having traveled from near and far to be together. It sounds so . . . homey. But, of course, we know it's bullshit. Just watch the movies:

The House of Yes (1997): Josh Hamilton and twin sister Parker Posey are very close—her hand was holding his penis when they came out of the womb—and jealousy is the hot entree when Hamilton brings girlfriend Tori Spelling home for Thanksgiving. An excellent, if uncomfortable, indie.

Home for the Holidays (1995): "Nobody means what they say on Thanksgiving, Mom," says Holly Hunter. "That's what the day's supposed to be all about, right? Torture." And for this brawling, bawdy family of mixed sexualities, it certainly is.

Hannah and Her Sisters (1986): Most hosts are happy if you bring cranberry sauce on Thanksgiving. In Woody Allen's sexually and romantically deranged family, a sperm donation for the infertile Allen is also welcome.

Planes, Trains and Automobiles (1987): Businessman Steve Martin has three days to get home for Thanksgiving from New York to Chicago—which should be easy enough—but then he meets human roadblock John Candy. Hilarity amid the holiday drama.

The Myth of Fingerprints (1997): "It's been long enough that I can't quite remember I shouldn't go," says Noah Wyle, an emotionally wounded brother in a dysfunctional clan pondering Thanksgiving at home. It's not long, however, until it all comes painfully back to him.

The Ref (1994): Burglar Denis Leary makes the mistake of robbing the house of Kevin Spacey and Judy Davis and taking them hostage on Christmas Eve. The thief finds himself in the middle of a violently hostile, emotionally impaired family—together for the holidays, of course.

Mixed Nuts (1994): On Christmas Eve, when landlord Garry Shandling is shot during a holiday argument, his body is disguised as a Christmas tree. His character's name? Mr. Tannenbaum. Oy.

What's Cooking? (2000): It's a multicultural Thanksgiving fiesta, with tamales and spring rolls on the table and giggling lesbians in the bedroom (Julianna Margulies and Kyra Sedgwick—now that's some dessert).

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Anyone who is eager to sink cash into DVDs this holiday season will find loads of maxed-out special editions, restored classics and savory new collections to devote weekends to. From the $50 ***Spider-Man*** gift set to snazzy packages of ***E.T.*** and the ***Back to the Future*** trilogy, there are few excuses to give lame gifts. For the euphonically inclined film fan, though, the coolest disc may be Criterion's three-DVD release of ***The Complete Monterey Pop Festival*** ($80). The 90-plus minutes of outtake performances more than double the clips included in D.A. Pennebaker's outstanding documentary, ***Monterey Pop***. A common gripe with this seminal flower-power production was that, at a mere 78 minutes, it barely scratched the surface of the June 1967 festival. Resurrected performances include three more songs from the Who's blistering set, plus a trio of tracks from the Byrds, two from Laura Nyro, the Jefferson Airplane firing up *Somebody to Love*, and more from such acts as Country Joe and the Fish and Al Kooper.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

For 15 years, Andy Sidaris' spy spoofs have been described as part James Bond and part *Baywatch*—and the reason late-night cable programming was invented. Consider ***Savage Beach*** and ***Guns*** ("Locked, Cocked and Ready to Rock"). The plots are blissfully unrigorous and there's lots of shooting and things that blow up—plus, there are oodles of Playmates who, because it is integral to the story, are required to take off their clothes. Sidaris' oeuvre is being rolled out on DVD (Ventura). These films are great fun. —JOHN REZEK

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
SECONDS	***Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*** (the man who will be Darth gets nasty, does nasty; visually dazzling, better than Episode I), ***Men in Black II*** (Smith and Jones crack wise and blast aliens again; as fun as *MIB*, but no surprises).
ACTION	***The Sum of All Fears*** (Affleck, as Clancy's Jack Ryan, finds out who nuked Baltimore; preposterous and chilling), ***The Bourne Identity*** (Damon, as Ludlum's amnesiac superspy, dodges assassins across Europe; preposterous and fun).
ART HOUSE	***Y Tu Mamá También*** (horny buds on the road with an older babe learn *mucho*; coming-of-age magic by Mexico's Alfonso Cuarón), ***Baran*** (Iranian laborer notices something different about that tea boy; fine romance from Iran's Majid Majidi).
DRAMA	***Insomnia*** (Pacino's anguished cop resists call to kinship from creepy killer Robin Williams; a smoky, satisfying, Alaskan-set thriller), ***Band of Brothers*** (from Normandy to Berlin in 10 heroic hours; HBO's acclaimed miniseries, without HBO).
COMEDY	***About a Boy*** (Hugh Grant feigns single fatherhood to snag chicks, but gets a son; deft take on Nick Hornby's novel), ***Life or Something Like It*** (vapid TV newsie with one week to live wakes up, smells Seattle; Angelina Jolie fix? Sure).

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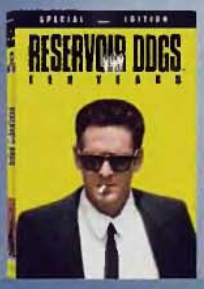
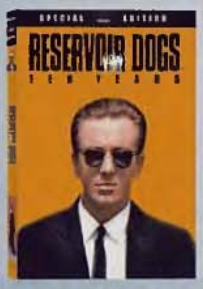


RESERVOIR DOGS: MR. BLONDE VERSION

RESERVOIR DOGS: MR. PINK VERSION



RESERVOIR DOGS: MR. ORANGE VERSION

RESERVOIR DOGS: MR. BROWN VERSION

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BASIC INSTINCT
R
FOR STRONG VIOLENCE AND SENSUALITY, AND FOR DRUG USE AND LANGUAGE

THE DOORS
R
FOR HEAVY DRUG CONTENT AND FOR STRONG SEXUALITY AND LANGUAGE

TOTAL RECALL
R

FIRST BLOOD
R

RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II
R

RAMBO III
R

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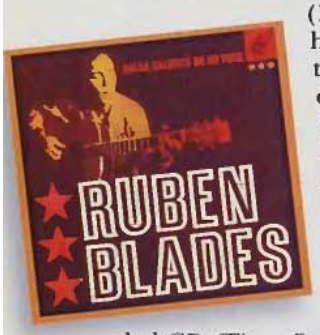
music

IT WOULD be easy for Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers to rest on their Rock Hall of Fame laurels. Instead, they keep cranking them out. ***The Last DJ*** (Warner Bros.) is a friendly batch of tracks that range from rootsy (*Have Love Will Travel*) to vaudevillian (*Men Who Love Women*). —ALISON PRATO

ALLISON LEFCORT

For his first solo release, Violent Femmes leader Gordon Gano inspired Lou Reed, P.J. Harvey, They Might Be Giants and others to perform songs he wrote for them. ***Hitting the Ground*** (Instinct) demonstrates Gano's songwriting dexterity, playing to each guest's strengths. —ANAHEED ALANI

Dot Allison helped rewrite the rule book for chill-out music with her band One Dove. Her second solo album, ***We Are Science*** (Mantra), marks a spectacular return to form. She deadpans her lines over slow, murky electronic backdrops and live instrumentation. The effect is extremely sexy. —TIM MOHR



Ruben Blades' ***Salsa Caliente de Nu York*** (Nascente) covers his first 17 years in the States, but it doesn't contain his best-known stuff. Still, his singing is amazing, and the rhythm is relentless. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

On its self-titled CD (Tiger Style), ***Broken Spindles*** (a.k.a. Joel Petersen, bass player for the Faint) arranges incongruous sounds—staccato breakbeats, droning synth, twinkly glockenspiel and what sounds like a dentist's drill—to create pretty melodies and unexpected patterns. —A.A.

fast tracks

CROSSOVER ARTIST DEPARTMENT: The success of the **Tenacious D** debut—it's gone gold—prompted the record label to declare: "Not since the success of **Scott Baio's** debut have we seen this kind of crossover from film to music stardom." **REELING AND ROCKING: Gavin Rossdale** has a role in the British gangster movie *Red Light Runners*, along with **Harvey Keitel** and **Dennis Hopper.** Rossdale will also be on the soundtrack. **NEWSBREAKS: Priscilla Presley** will co-produce a musical on her relationship with **Elvis.** She plans an *American Idol*–like search for the leads in *Priscilla and Elvis*. . . . According to *Rock and Rap Confidential*, **Al Kooper** reports that he and **Mike Bloomfield's** family have reached an agreement with Sony Legacy to produce a boxed set of the guitarist's music in the fall of 2003. . . . If you're going to Memphis, you must have *Kreature Comforts: The Lowlife Guide to Memphis*. For only $4 (P.O. Box 40106, Memphis, TN 38174) you'll get everything you need to know about the Bluff City. . . . There will be a third season of the *Chris Isaak Show*, airing next spring. . . . Just so you'll know: Consumers age 14 and older downloaded 5.2 billion audio files in the U.S. in 2001. . . . Zappanalia at Bad Doberan, Germany's annual **Frank Zappa** festival, features music, theater, a new bronze bust and a visit from his relatives. —BARBARA NELLIS

Adding ***Echo*** (New Line) to your CD repertoire scores cool points with the neojazz cats. Its remakes of standards will give a groovy vibe to your next martini soiree. —A.P.

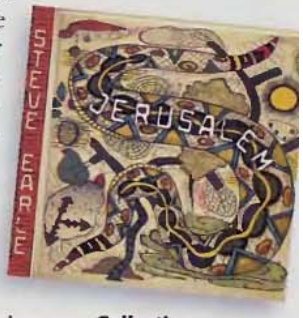
Because of their limited range, jazz trios can wear thin fast. Spaceways Inc., a bass-drums-sax project, stands up to extended listens. On ***Version Soul*** (Atavistic) a forceful rhythm section supports Ken Vandermark's expressive sax. —L.F.

Beck's ***Sea Change*** (Geffen) is galaxies away from his trademark space-age funk. It's more like couples skate at the roller rink, and we're thrilled to see Mr. Hansen lace up. —A.P.

Some of the best new laptop music is neither New Age tranquil nor hopped-up clubby. Murcof's ***Martes*** (Leaf) is hauntingly melancholy. Köhn's ***Koen*** (Kraak) is dreamy techno: desultory at times, but always hypnotic. On the eponymous ***System*** (Scape), three Danes lay down righteous electronic dub. All are great late-night fare. —L.F.

Johnny Cash is toasted on two new tribute CDs. Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan and Sheryl Crow contribute to ***Kindred Spirits: A Tribute to the Songs of Johnny Cash*** (Sony). Dwight Yoakam twangs through *Understand Your Man* and Little Richard rocks on *Get Rhythm*. ***Dressed in Black: A Tribute to Johnny Cash*** (Dualtone) finds Hank Williams III and the Reverend Horton Heat, among others, delivering classics. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Steve Earle worried that he would be "fuckin' deported" for his song *John Walker's Blues*, about the American Taliban, but Earle pulls it off with the same sympathetic lean for the underdogs that populate ***Jerusalem*** (Artemis). This is not his strongest stuff, but he pits his skills against tough topics. —J.B.



The BMG set ***Sun Records: The 50th Anniversary Collection*** includes 44 R&B and country hits and near misses that showcase the genius of producer Sam Phillips. Recorded on a single track with minimal accompaniment and fuss, songs such as Elvis' *That's All Right, Feelin' Good* by Little Junior's Blue Flames and *Folsom Prison Blues* by Johnny Cash still sound powerfully alive. —A.A.

The Bees have all the playful inventiveness of the Beta Band or Looper. On the mellow ***Sunshine Hit Me*** (Astralwerks), dub, ambient electronica, indie and neofolk come together with vintage organs and synths, peppered with percussion and sampled horns. —T.M.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
Dot Allison *We Are Science*	5	3	6	9	4
Ruben Blades *Salsa Caliente*	8	5	8	7	7
Steve Earle *Jerusalem*	4	7	5	6	6
Gordon Gano *Hitting the Ground*	7	3	4	5	5
Tom Petty *The Last DJ*	3	7	3	5	7

11:59pm
12:59am
2:09am
3:19am
2:19am
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wired

YOUR BALLS SAY "SELL"

Between your sports bets and your stock picks, a crystal ball would have saved you some cash last year. A new device called the Ambient Orb ($300) won't predict Super Bowl winners, but it will warn you when your tech stocks take a turn for the worse. Created by Ambient Devices, a Massachusetts-based company with ties to the MIT Media Lab think tank, the arty-looking Orb displays a range of colors coded to the channel being tracked. If it is set to monitor a stock index or portfolio, green means the commodities are rising. Red suggests you get on the phone with your broker. To accomplish this, the Orb employs pager technology—no phone line or computer is needed. Once the device has been plugged into a wall outlet, information is delivered from Ambient Devices servers, which change the Orb's colors. Switching channels is as simple as logging on to a webpage and selecting new information to monitor. The Orb will track the Dow Jones industrial average and report the weather in a few cities for free. Channels that relay traffic density and instant-message status (notification if buddies are online) require a subscription of $6 per month or $52 per year; a lifetime subscription costs $300. Ambient Devices has already begun to expand services and will offer a "smart table" that allows users to leave an audio message for other family members. A cube on the table glows a specific color to identify who has a message. —ANDY EDDY

JOHN LASSE

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, DOWNLOAD MOVIE

Eighteen hours on an airplane without in-flight entertainment is certain death. Maybe somebody pinched your favorite game, movie, CD, book or other distraction. No problem. Before boarding you can download entertainment to your PDA or cell phone from a nearby nReach Mobile Content Kiosk. In a few seconds, with no laptop or PC involved, you'll have a movie to watch, an e-book to read or a game to play. The kiosk provides 250 programming choices to keep you amused (content is the decision of the kiosk lessee), and there are plans to provide electronic versions of newspapers, magazines, current-release television and other goodies. The company feeds the kiosk overnight by data line and you transfer the programming by inserting your media card or disc and swiping your credit card. It'll cost anywhere from $2 for a cell phone chime to $20 for a studio movie. The nReach kiosk is already installed at LAX, with some 500 more headed to malls, restaurants, retailers and museums around the country by next spring. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

Wild Thing

What ever happened to keeping your eyes on the road? With the Joyride auto entertainment system from Clarion you can crank CDs, watch DVDs (in 5.1 surround sound), tune in radio stations, play MP3s from CD-Rs or Compact Flash cards and, with extra equipment, access GPS directions. All main functions can be controlled by voice commands and Jayride will respond with verbal acknowledgment. Better yet, the system's dual-zone contral can deliver multiple signals simultaneously so your GPS vaice prompts don't blow the moad of the movie viewers in the backseat. The basic system is $3000, but you'll want to ante up for the JoyNavi 12-channel GPS navigation system ($800) and eight-inch flip-down LCD monitor (about $1000) for the guys in the backseat. —DARREN GLADSTONE

UNCLE SAM WANTS SUPERHEROES

Creation of America's next-generation soldier has already begun at an MIT research center known as the Institute for Soldier Nanotechnologies. Funded by a $50 million grant from the U.S. Army, a staff of 150 people (including 35 MIT professors) produces battle suits that will transform regular men into Robocops. Designed to operate as multifunction exoskeletons, these outfits can harden when and where needed to stop or slow bullets, apply pressure to a wound and function as temporary splints. The suits will also send wireless injury alerts to a command center. Within seconds, doctors could hit a "send" button to administer painkillers through a skin patch inside the uniform. Scientists have also begun work on artificial muscles. With tiny optical and magnetic materials, researchers hope to harness the energy generated by walking and release it as giant leaps, bursts of speed and other acts of superhuman strength. The ultimate goal is to get the uniform's weight down to less than 44 pounds (20 kilograms). Once that happens, it will be ideal protection for firefighters, police officers and even hikers in bear country. Don't place your order yet; the director of the center estimates it will take 10 years to realize these goals. —JAMES OLIVER CURY

games

Tony Hawk Pro Skater 4 (by Activision, for PlayStation 2, GameCube and Xbox): Skateboarding is not a crime—at least not online. The fourth installment of Tony Hawk Pro Skater moves the skate session to the Net via recently launched online play from both PlayStation 2 and Xbox. Build a "Homey List" of buddies and up to eight of you can hit spots simultaneously to play skate games such as King of the Hill and Slap. The new spine transfer maneuver will help you blast from ramp to ramp without bottoming out, and the recovery technique will save you from overrotating and blowing your reentry. Developers also ditched the time limits enforced in previous versions, so you're free to skate all day. We plan on it.

Star Wars Bounty Hunter (by LucasArts, for PlayStation 2 and GameCube): To hear George Lucas tell it, the galaxy far, far away is a cesspool of crime lords, corrupt politicians and other scum. That's right—intergalactic society sucks, but it's damn good business for bounty

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184

hunters. Playing as Jango Fett (the father of Boba), you'll pursue prey across the six worlds Star Wars Bounty Hunter comprises in hopes of beating your rival to the ultimate bounty—the leader of a deadly cult. Fugitives won't always come quietly, so Fett is armed with his distinctive jet-pack and blaster pistols, plus gadgets such as a wrist-mounted cutting laser for removing door locks. If you find yourself outgunned in a Tatooine cantina, use the game's innovative targeting to track two separate enemies with Fett's dual blasters. Just remember: You rack up more Republic credits for prisoners than for corpses, so be careful who you gun down. It might not be Boba Fett, but this game rocks.

Ghost Master (by Empire Interactive, for PC): Scaring the pants off sorority girls is no spring break. It's hard work even with the team of spooks, gremlins and other beasties under your control in Ghost Master. Spiders work wonders, or try leaving glowing goo on the walls. Once you have spooked the sorority sisters into abandoning their house, move on to the mansion, asylum and summer camp. Just don't let any teenage witches or paranormal investigators exorcise you. Our tip: Creative camera control can earn you a gratuitous panty shot in the sorority house.

Metroid Prime (by Nintendo, for the GameCube): Hard-core Metroid fans remember the dark science-fiction game for its incarnations on previous Nintendo systems and for its shocking secret: Inside that kick-ass robot suit, our hero Samus was actually a woman. Metroid Prime finds her reborn for the GameCube and, thanks to a new first-person perspective, you get to climb in with her and explore a crippled spaceship that is crawling with insect aliens. Sounds like a challenge on *Fear Factor*. When the Wave Beam, Freeze Beam and other weapons won't cut it, roll up into a ball and evade enemies or attack them with bombs. The gorgeous graphics are the best display of the GameCube's processing muscle we've seen yet.

COMICS: THE BEST OF THE WEB

There are a few comic gems on the web. One is Jason Little's *Bee*, a "bubblegum noir" thriller about a curious girl who works at a one-hour film shop and gets tangled up in a murder mystery. The artwork is superb. *Bee*, posted once a week at **beecomix.com**, was recently published by Doubleday as *Shutterbug Follies*. Another wonderful web-only comic strip is *The Spiders*, written and illustrated by Patrick Farley. An alternative history of the U.S.–Afghan conflict, *The Spiders* (**e-sheep.com/spiders**) makes great use of the web's multimedia capabilities to present comics in an entirely new way. Both *Bee* and *The Spiders* are free (although Farley accepts donations through PayPal and Amazon). One company that's trying to make money by publishing comics online is **modern tales.com**, which charges $2.95 a month for unlimited access to about 30 up-and-coming cartoonists, including one of my favorites, James Kochalka, creator of Fancy Froglin, a megalomaniacal amphibian with a persistent erection.

TRUE PORN CLERK STORIES

A young woman named Ali Davis works at a video store in Chicago. In the course of a single day Davis is shocked, mystified and amused. She rents lots of porn. She is so fascinated by her customers that she started an online journal, True Porn Clerk Stories (**tinyurl.com/ypc**). Davis is an observant, insightful writer. I've become a faithful reader, and everybody I've told about the journal has become hooked.

TAUNT A TELEMARKETER

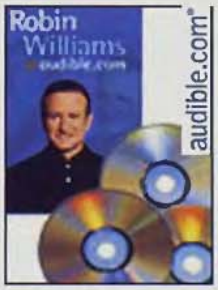
I'm certain the lowest levels of hell are reserved for the jackasses who work as telemarketers—especially the ones who needle me for donations to a police or firefighters' fund. The truth is, most telemarketing firms keep up to 75 percent of the money they collect. If you despise these con artists as much as I do, you'll have a great time at **antitelemarketer.com**, a site that offers hundreds of delightful ways to give telemarketers a taste of what will be in store for them in the afterlife. Using the ideas presented here is much more satisfying than simply hanging up the phone. One excellent method is to instruct the telemarketer to "hang on for just a second," while you set the phone down and go back to the dinner table. The longer that they have to wait for you, the fewer calls they will be able to make that day.

QUICK HITS

Some of the smallest, slickest consumer tech never makes it to the U.S., but you can load up on ultralight laptops and tiny cell phones normally reserved for the Japanese market only at dynamism.com. . . . Share in one man's obsession for girls macking girls at girlskissing.co.uk. . . . Remind yourself of appointments at onlinehomebase.com.

LISTEN UP

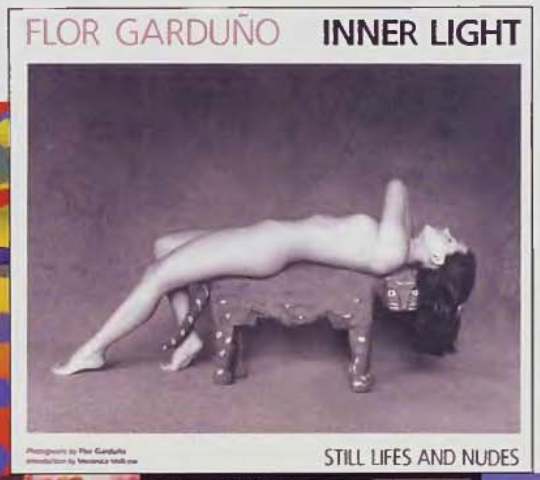
A few months ago, I started downloading audiobooks and news from **audible.com**. Besides offering more than 20,000 audiobooks, Audible has original daily, weekly and monthly shows. The best of Audible's original programs include an exclusive talk show that's hosted by Robin Williams and a witty sex education program called *In Bed With Susie Bright*. You can download Audible's content to a variety of handheld devices or you can listen to it on your computer. Two warnings: First, the good stuff doesn't come cheap. A Robin Williams show compilation can set you back $20. Second, the file sizes for unabridged books are huge. I start the downloading process before I go to bed. I let my computer download the files while I sleep. —MARK FRAUENFELDER

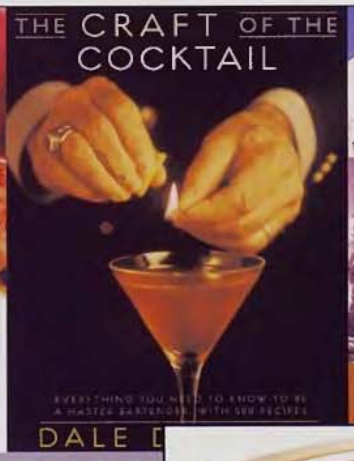


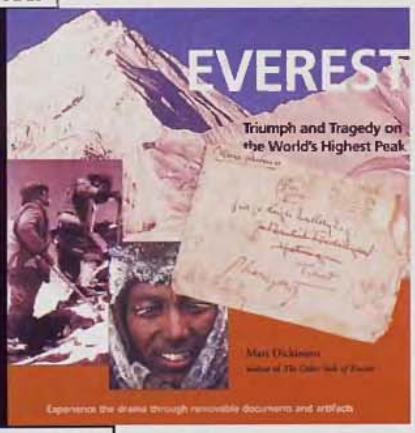
books

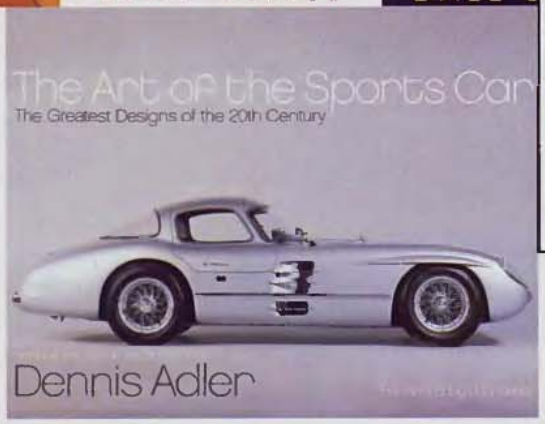
BOOKED FOR THE HOLIDAYS

See things from Santa's perspective in ***Planet Earth*** (Knopf), a collection of satellite images taken from space. For a glimpse of the world's highest peak, tackle ***Everest*** (Becker and Mayer), Matt Dickinson's collection of photographs, stories and pull-out maps of the Himalayan mountains. Then journey back to a better Cuba in ***Cuba Style*** (Princeton Architectural), a compilation of graphics and advertisements from the pre-Castro era. Vahé Gérard's ***Cigars*** (Flammarion) may fool your friends into thinking they're getting a box of Cubans, but this two-volume set looks like a cigar box and rates more than 90 cigars. Friends who debate foreign policy will find fuel in ***Shooting Under Fire*** (Artisan)—war photographs that show the harrowing and often touching side of life on the front lines. For pure kitsch, roll down a happier lane with ***Bowled Over*** (Chronicle). The retro connoisseur on your list will flip for these photos of bowling lanes, neon signs and memorabilia. If the lanes are packed, you and your pals can get wasted at home with ***The Craft of the Cocktail*** (Clarkson Potter). Expert bartender Dale DeGroff provides 500 recipes for drinks, as well as serving tips. Those who are more interested in ingredients than how the cocktail is presented will prefer the encyclopedia ***Booze*** (Cassell). You can't drink and drive, but you can peruse ***The Art of the Sports Car*** (Harper) while sipping whatever you like. Automobile historian and photographer Dennis Adler has amassed more than 300 images of kickass sports cars—from early roadsters to modern Ferraris. The only accessory to improve the way these cars look would be the nudes from Flor Garduño's ***Inner Light*** (Little, Brown) posed on the hoods. On a slightly rougher note, British fetish photographer Trevor Watson presents some of the kinkiest and hottest pictures of nude and vinyl-clad women in ***Exposed*** (Edition Skylight). ***Sex in the City*** (Universe), a 350-year pictorial history of sex in the Big Apple, has nothing to do with Carrie and her pals and everything to do with New York's lusty legacy. ***The Art of Peter Max*** (Abrams) might be a more appropriate coffee-table book, although his trippy illustrations, like the one he did for the cover of our January 2000 issue, may induce flashbacks. The man who prefers a movie theater over an art museum will be careful not to spill buttered popcorn on ***James Bond Movie Posters*** (Boxtree), a collection from every Bond film produced around the world. Check out devious women and tough men of the silver screen in ***The Art of Noir*** (Overlook). The 275 images reflect the unique style of film noir—shadowy, sexy and violent. Sci-fi aficionados won't space out while reading ***Bradbury: An Illustrated Life*** (Morrow). Jerry Weist, Sotheby's expert on science-fiction, fantasy and comic books, has created a visual biography of Ray Bradbury's work and influences. As for music, ***Kiss: The Early Years*** (Three Rivers) contains tons of photos of the band, as well as hilarious commentary by Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley. The original bad boys of rock are commemorated in ***Rolling Stones 40 x 20*** (Billboard), published in conjunction with an exhibition at the Govinda Gallery in Washington, D.C. that celebrated their 40th anniversary. If you didn't see the current tour, this will soften the blow. Many music snobs will listen to tunes only on LPs, but ***45 RPM*** (Princeton Architectual) presents hundreds of covers of seven-inch records produced between the 1950s and today. Stereo systems, from antique transistor radios to slick MP3 players, are featured in ***Sound Design*** (Mitchell Beazley). But be sure to play something upbeat while you are reading director Tim Burton's ***The Melancholy Death of Oyster Boy and Other Stories*** (Morrow). These anti–Dr. Seuss tales could make even Santa blue. —PATTY LAMBERTI









"DURING A GAME OF FIVE-CARD STUD, I POURED

EVERYONE A MAKER'S.

SOME OF THE GUYS THANKED ME LATER FOR PUTTING AN

ACE IN THEIR HANDS."

A.P., Yuma, AZ

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Thanks for the story, A.P. If anyone else out there has a Maker's story they'd like to share, please visit www.makersmark.com.

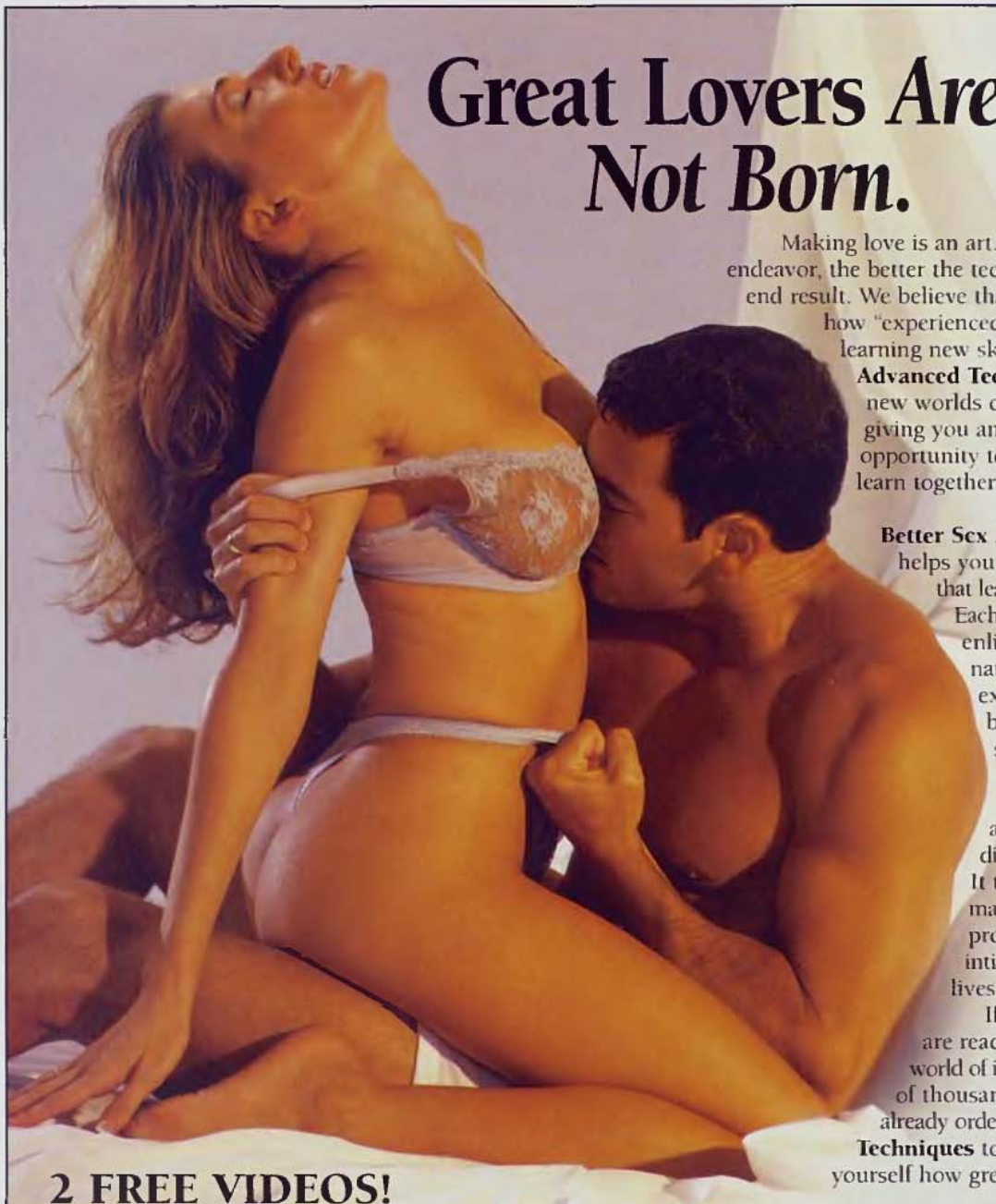
HOUSE PARTY

When Playboy TV's reality series *7 Lives Xposed* debuted last year, its horny housemates made the dorks on *Big Brother*, *The Real World* and *The Bachelor* seem flaccid. This season, the show is even raunchier. No move will go unrecorded. More than 50 cameras and 100 microphones have been placed in the Malibu party house, an ideal setting for the anticipated sexcapades. "We have way more cameras than last year," says Wicked Pictures adult star Devinn Lane, who is returning to the show as housemother. "We want to catch all the action. Our parties will blow the viewers away. Last year it was like, 'Let's talk about this and see what we want to do.' Now I'm calling the shots—the show is being run Devinn Lane style. It will be more sexually revealing." To ensure sufficient debauchery, Devinn oversaw a talent search for the perfect housemates. What sorts of guys and girls are lucky enough to share screen time—and bedtime—with Devinn? "The bottom line: I have to want to fuck them," she says. "I'm going to have sex with all of them, so they have to be attractive and adventurous. Being sexually open is not an issue for me, but I have to get everyone else to step up. These people are already somewhat uninhibited for wanting to appear naked on my show, but I want to make sure they are comfortable having sex on camera." Encouraging seven strangers to get it on in front of millions of viewers can be tricky. To help put them at ease, Devinn enforces a number of house rules. "First and foremost, everything is consensual," she says. "No means no. No one enters the house without permission from me, so it boils down to their overall fuckability. I do play Cupid a bit to make sure that things happen. We go out on the town more often than we did last year." Devinn hopes a few of the first season's alums drop by for a kinky cameo. "Some won't be invited back, but others might," she says. "It depends on what they bring to the group. Conflict is the hallmark of the show. Without conflict, you can't capture the viewers' interest. I am striving to produce the hottest show in TV history. I hope people watch and say, 'This show is nasty, the best thing I've seen on TV in a long time.'" *7 Lives Xposed* airs every Sunday at 10 P.M. ET/11 P.M. PST.

Scenes from *7 Lives Xposed* (clockwise from above): Devinn interviews potential housemates. "I'm not looking for guys with small dicks," she soys. "They have to give me something to work with." Devinn and Amy relax. Logan and Pam get busy.

INSIDE THE 7 LIVES CRIB

For the new season of *7 Lives Xposed*, Playboy chose a five-bedroom, six-bothroom, 7000-square-foot Malibu mansion in which Devinn Lane and her housemotes can get it on. "It's a wocky, high-energy house with opproximately 50 colors," says owner ond orchitect Howard Hatfield, a 25-year PLAYBOY subscriber who designed and built the house ond lives there with his wife, Heidi. "It's bright and cheerful. There's on infinity pool, o hot tub, a studio with a 27-foot-high ceiling and a view of the Sonta Monica mountains. There's a Jacuzzi in the middle of the master suite. There's o shower with doors that open to the backyard, so you can experience the sensotion of showering outdoors." Since completing construction two years ago, the Hatfields have opened their doors to mony different projects. "We've done as many os six productions in a week," says Hotfield. "We've had adult shoots, commercials and music videos. I spend an hour or two a day on the set of *7 Lives*." Can you blome the guy? The house, worth an estimated $3 million, is on a five-ocre plot; the closest neighbors ore 360 yards away. "It's definitely a party house," he says. "I designed it that way."



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BEFORE THEY WERE PLAYMATES

Contrary to popular belief, we don't grow our Playmates in Rabbit-shaped petri dishes in the Mansion basement. They're girls next door, and before we discovered them, most were just pretty girls leading normal lives. What did we see in them? That certain spark, an indescribable star quality. Look for yourself in the Cyber Club, where we've published the original test shots that persuaded us to make them Playmates. First up, and pictured here: PMOYs Victoria Silvstedt (left) and Jodi Ann Paterson. You'll also get the scoop on the gals' pre-PLAYBOY goings-on: Ola Ray, Miss June 1980, was singing in Japan with her twin brothers. "We called ourselves the Soul Train Pups, and we would hop on the train and head down to the clubs in the Ginza, singing and dancing to songs by LTD, Earth, Wind and Fire and the Dramatics," she says. Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks was raising a lot more than interest rates as a teller at a small bank in Ohio. "I had customers who would stall in line so I could wait on them. I got a lot of requests for small bills and change," she says. Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler spent a wild, weird year as Miss USA 1995. "My favorite moment was signing autographs at Bob's Backyard Used Furniture Depot in Wichita, Kansas. One guy even gave me a homemade back scratcher. I swear I heard the theme from *The Twilight Zone* playing in the background," she says. And Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott was—we kid you not—a pizza delivery girl. "I went to the same house four times in one week," she says. "For some reason, the owner kept requesting me." Hold the pepperoni.

WHO WANTS TO BE A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER?

Herb Ritts. Helmut Newton. David LaChapelle. Since 1953, we've showcased groundbreaking work from the world's most lauded photographers. Think you have something to add? If you're a college student who has dreamed of taking pictures for us—and what libido-boasting dude hasn't?—here's your chance. We are looking for an artful series of nudes. Turn to this month's Playmate and you'll get the idea. But try not to imitate our Centerfolds—we would rather see something visually innovative, a new take on our trademark style. We'll judge your photos on both creativity and skill, so go wild: Make your model look movie-star glamorous or strip her down to the bare essentials. Do it outside on campus or inside your apartment. Your model does not have to be a college student; maybe she's your girlfriend, or perhaps she's that gorgeous specimen from your figure study class. You can even photograph groups of women. The payoff? The winner receives $500, photo publication on Playboy.com and every guy's to-die-for gig: a trip to our Chicago headquarters to photograph a Playmate. Your model will also get $500 for her efforts. Log on to playboy.com/on-campus for more details. The contest ends December 15, so get snapping. We will announce the winner early in 2003.

RAYNE OF TERROR

Do bad girls make you lose your cool? We know a sexy, hot-tempered chick who's half human and half vampire—she'd just as soon kill you as pass the salt. Her name is Bloodrayne, and she is the star of the eponymous blood-and-gore video game that everyone in our office is addicted to. As the story goes, she was born with the powers of a vampire—and without all the weaknesses. The hell-raising heroine may not be the kind of girl you'd bring home to mom, but we dig the game so much that we are hosting the Bloodrayne in the Bayou Sweepstakes. Enter at Playboy.com to win a date with a Playmate—the two of you will tour New Orleans' vampire hangouts.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

KATE BRENNER'S birth date is January 7, 1980. Her dog's name: Baris. Vice: PlayStation. Hobby: Surfing. Why she's fun on a road trip: "I know the words to every song on the radio. I don't care how old or even how bad it is." Destiny's child: "My parents have a videotape of me when I was three years old saying I wanted to be in PLAYBOY when I grew up." A guy's best quality: "A sense of humor—but not life-of-the-party, lampshade-on-the-head humor. I mean intelligent, subtle humor, the kind that leaves you in awe of his mind."

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By ASA BABER

INVASION OF THE FACE SNATCHERS

NO DOUBT about it, the forces of evil are making the game of seduction more difficult every year. Quite unfairly, the odds are stacked against those of us who view pussy as life itself and wooing women as a universal art form.

Until recently, we had legions of puritanical feminists standing like bar bouncers between us and the nookie that we yearned for (mean and snarling women garbed in men's suits and combat boots, who saw themselves as guardians and charged us with various crimes and misdemeanors if we so much as looked at the wondrous cooz we lusted after).

Those were hard, bitter times. Men were classified as pigs, women as angels, and the twain were never supposed to meet. Nevertheless, we survived with our horniness intact, braving rejection, mockery and lawsuits to get our little dickies dunked whenever we could. And we survived with distinction, keeping boredom at bay by suiting up for the love game and tracking our prey with precision. We wined and dined our targets carefully, leading up to the important agenda and looking deeply into the faces of our potential paramours to read the signals thereon (a pouting mouth, twitching nose, raised eyebrow, quivering chin—all the nonverbal facial expressions that mean something specific and could be charted and exploited), finally making our move when the time seemed ripe and permission seemed to have been granted. Those were the days, my friends.

Think for a moment about the ways in which women practice deception and try to hide their true selves from us. It makes life hard, but that doesn't stop us. We are a hardy crew of rogues and rebels, primed to plunge through the scrims and veils, lies and misdirections, boob jobs and nose jobs and all other complicated feminine camouflage so we can uncover the woman within and ravish her.

This holiday season, however, finds me in a snit because something has recently appeared on the contemporary sexual scene that could really cramp our style and turn women into impenetrable objects. I speak of that pox called Botox, a drug that is the enemy of any aggressive and acquisitive male who yearns for frequent foreplay, a drug that allows women to give you no more clues about their state of mind and desire than that of the Sphinx or one of those monolithic statues on Easter Island.

Botox is the trade name for botulinum toxin type A, a protein produced by the bacterium *Clostridium botulinum*. It is a drug currently in heavy demand, especially among women, and this is why:

When Botox is injected by a cosmetic surgeon into strategic spots on a woman's face, it paralyzes or weakens the targeted muscles, leaving her with a wrinkle-free appearance (as well as leaving her with a limited capacity to show emotion, which can ruin the interpretive abilities of any Casanova).

When it is properly administered by a physician, Botox creates a temporarily smooth and neutral visage. The face becomes an inert surface of skin. The frozen countenance offers no inkling about what the patient thinks or feels. According to the FDA, Botox injections can lead to headaches, pain, droopy eyelids, respiratory infections, nausea and redness of skin, but none of these potential effects has quelled the public's insatiable demand for it.

Women of all ages and professions are lining up to receive extended Botox treatments. They're even holding Botox parties, much like Tupperware parties, where an entire group of friends gets Botox injections, knowing that the drug can peel back the years, while rendering them enigmatic to the rest of us. In short, women have become more inscrutable to us than ever before. Any man who thinks that is a good thing is out of his mind.

Imagine: It's a beautiful evening, your senses are on high alert, the hours you have spent learning to read women's faces have given you confidence in your chances of seducing her—when suddenly you realize you are staring into the face of a Stepford wife, a pod person, a 21st century freak with the emotional expression of a robot. "I love you, darling," you murmur as you gaze into her blank face, receiving no feedback, losing your energy and momentum, coming to the realization that there will be no end-zone celebration, because communication has faded like the signals from a satellite that's on the dark side of the moon. You need her active participation to make the conquest worthwhile. But she looks like she resides somewhere beyond La-la land.

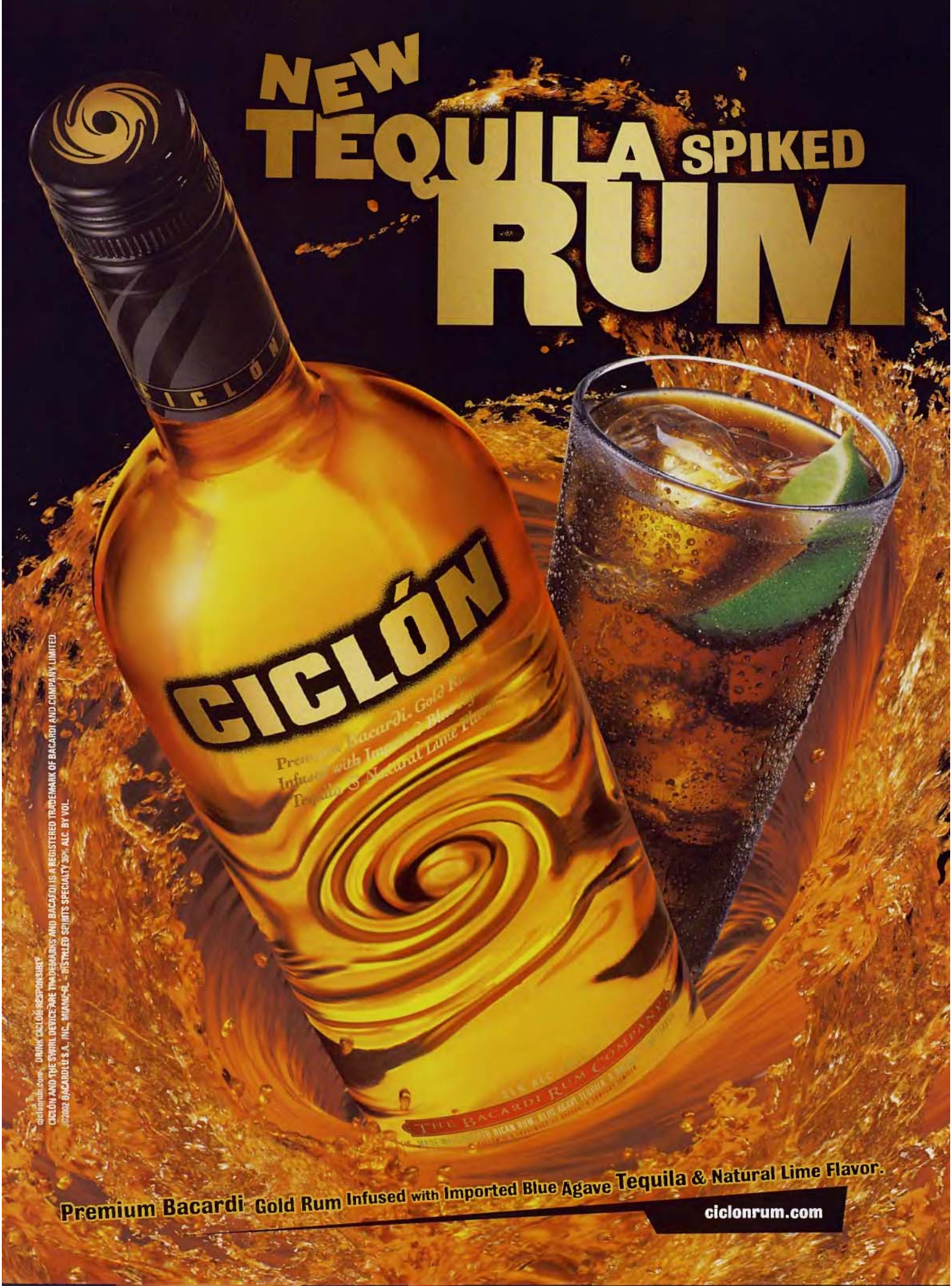
What can be done about this tragic turn of events? How can those of us who love the rituals of seduction bring the game back into play? The answer, dear friends, is obvious: If you can't read her face, go to the body. That's right, fellow scoundrels and reprobates, you must be an opportunist. When one target leaves the range, you have to believe another one will appear.

My book on this tender subject (*The Invasion of the Face Snatchers: The Philanderer's Guide to Beating Botox by Reading Female Body Language*) will be out soon. In it, I list the physical postures by which Botoxed women unconsciously convey their moods and dispositions. Two sample chapter titles and synopses should whet your appetite:

Leg Spreaders and Stretch Walkers (chapter 7): Some women on Botox are unable to keep their legs closed when they meet a man who excites them. This phenomenon is still being researched at prestigious medical schools, but studies show that, once injected, these women cannot even walk in a straight line, let alone sit primly in a chair with their legs closed. It is as though the sexual inclinations locked in their paralyzed facial muscles are transferred to their legs. These wenches walk spread-eagled, sit spread-eagled and flop spread-eagled if you play your cards right.

Hip Twitchers With Butt Blisters (chapter 11): Similar in physiological interactions to the Leg Spreaders, Hip Twisters appear to be twirling invisible hula hoops. If they are in the presence of men who appeal to them, this particular group of women twirls night and day, tirelessly, in all seasons (which makes them easy to spot and easier still to seduce). One drawback: Their constant motion may make you seasick if you stay in bed with them too long.

Botox has its place in the world and can legitimately help people with certain medical problems. But the way it is being used indiscriminately to allow women to hide emotions is unprincipled and should be stopped immediately. Unless you like being flashed by some gash from a near distance while she wiggles on her belly like a reptile in a hoop.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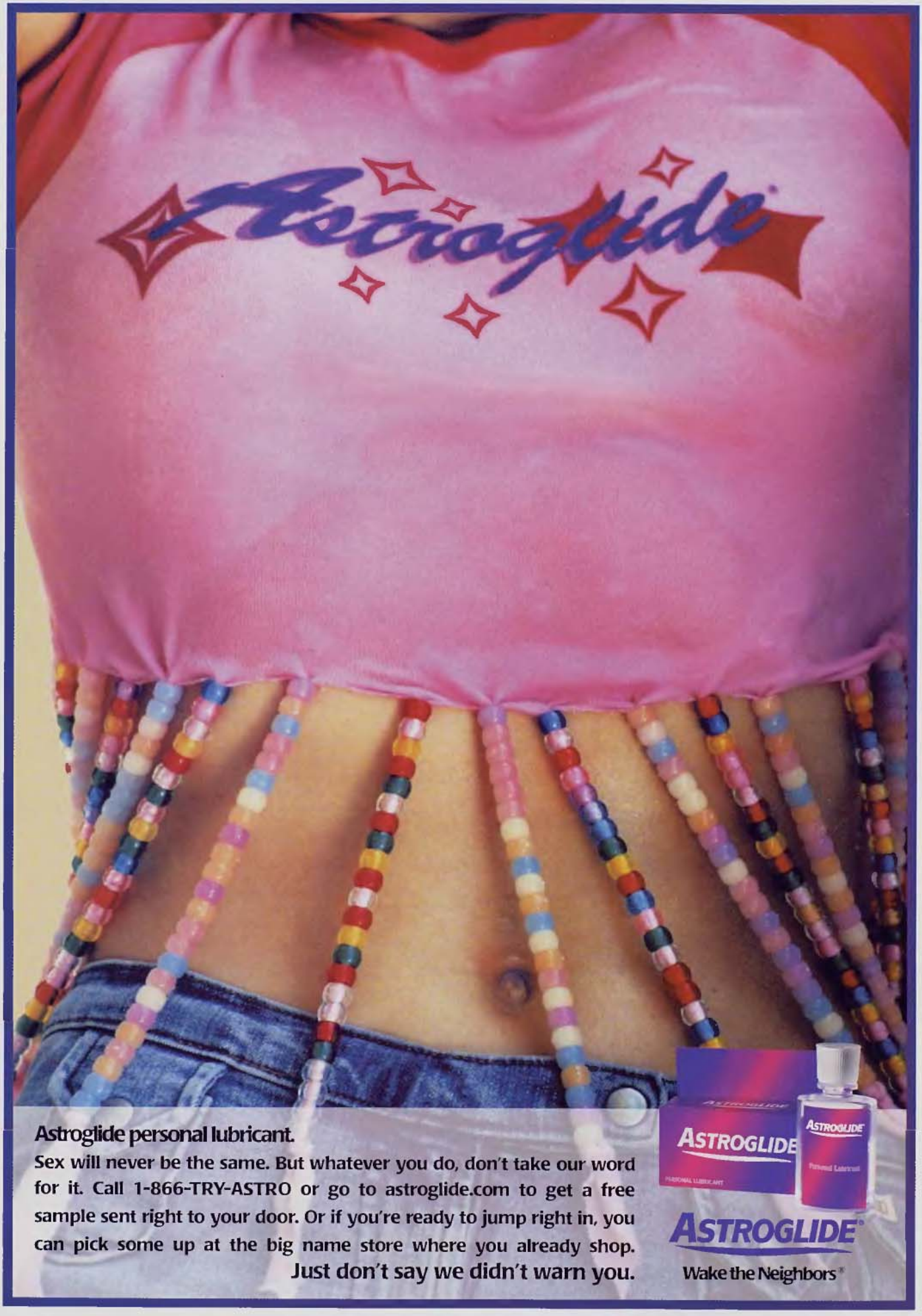
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Montana's Last Best Place

Triple Creek Ranch, nestled in Montana's Bitterroot Mountoins, is the kind of resort where you'd expect to meet Rolph Louren ot the bar. Nineteen luxury cobins fitted with wood-burning fireploces, Jacuzzis, steam showers ond other omenities ore just down the troil from the cedor-timber moin lodge. No wonder *USA Today* nomed Triple Creek one of the "10 greot ploces to snuggle by the fire." In winter, you con snowmobile, ride horses, snowshoe, cross-country ski, sook in o hot tub or just curl up with a good book before dinner by condlelight. In summer, ride the rapids on the Salmon River, go fly-fishing or do nothing at oll—which the ronch claims may be its "single greatest activity." Cabin prices (for two) per doy ronge from $510 to $995, including meals, beverages and mony of the recreational offerings.

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SUGAR
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BOURBON
BRANDY
2 ADD SALT TO THE EGG WHITES AND BEAT UNTIL ALMOST STIFF. WHIP THE CREAM UNTIL STIFF. FOLD THE WHIPPED CREAM INTO THE YOLK MIXTURE, THEN FOLD IN BEATEN EGG WHITES. CHILL FOR AN HOUR OR TWO.
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We're Talking Status

Wont to get noticed ot Spago? Put the Porsche keys bock in your pocket and pull out Motorolo's new V70 cell phone. Rotate the cover and use voice octivotion to coll thousonds of your closest friends. That's the number of phone book entries the V70 holds. Plus, there's "alwoys on" Internet occess, exteri-or caller ID, SMS text copo-bility ond, in cose you get bored with oll this, built-in games. Electronics oddicts will appreciate the V70's TrueSync copobility—which meons it's de-signed to synchronize with Personol Infor-mation Monogement softwore and hard-ware. All for about $400, including your choice of 32 different ring tones.

MONTRACK

Spin City

MotoArt has taken furniture to o new height. The company scours aviotion graveyards for propellers, turbine fans, rear stabilizer wings ond other parts of historic planes thot can be reconditioned into tables, desks, chairs and sculptures. The DC-3 Mortini Table pictured here was creoted from a Thirties aluminum propeller polished to a mirror finish and has a B-29 gear dome bose. MotoArt's products ore labor-intensive—hence the table's stratospheric price: $5500. A refurbished pilot's chair originally instolled in a C-130 Hercules transport plane is $2750, and a DC-3 propeller sculpture with originol finish and a Plexiglas base is $5700.

Clothesline: Chris Bruno

The star of Stephen King's *The Dead Zone* on the USA Network, Chris Bruno grew up shopping ot Marshalls and Bob's Surplus in Milford, Connecticut. "Those stores sold designerish clothing that was just o little off. I used to think there was something wrong with my body, but it was just the clothes. It made me appreciate a good Armoni suit." When Bruno left the TV show *Another World*, the producers gove him his wardrobe as o going-away present. "That was great because my chorocter was worth like $60 million. Everything is out of style now, but it doesn't matter because I'm kind of an Eighties throwback. I still wear acid-washed jeans with jean jackets, work boots ond shiny leather ties."

Wine on the Web

Looking for classic or unusual wines to add to your cellar? Try going online. USWineAuction.com hos signed as the exclusive wine auctioneer on Yahoo's U.S. plotform. Go to Yahoo.com and click on "auctions" or punch up USWineAuction.com. The site brings together bottles (often with a reserve price) from private collectors willing to sell. USWA checks each bottle for clarity, level of fill, etc., and then photographs it for the web. Lots are up for seven to 14 days and there are deols to be had. One buyer recently acquired 10 cases of 1990 Dom Pérignon for $80 a bottle. Not bad, considering that a bottle retails for twice that amount. If you prefer to show off your bidding acumen in person, USWA holds several live wine auctions each year at its Newcastle, Delaware facility. Just remember to add 12.5 percent to your bid for commission, shipping and insurance.

Guys Are Talking About...

The winter blahs. Beat them with an Ott-Lite such as the Carrara Banker's Lamp pictured here (about $130). Under its opaque shade is a 13-watt swirl tube bulb (see insert) that replicates sunlight, thus reducing eyestrain. Na wonder the campany has trademarked "VisianSaver" ta describe its entire line af lamps, which includes floor madels in contemparary trims. An Ott-Lite bulb should last abaut 10,000 hours. • *Fiji.* The islands are cool, but it's Fiji Water in its distinctive square battle that's on everybady's lips these days. In fact, natural artesian Fiji Water is young Hollywaod's status sip and has appeared in episodes of *Friends*, *Sex and the City*, *The West Wing* and *Everybody Loves Raymand*. A Fiji Water 12-bottle Party Pack is about $12. • *Ski hotels.* The best are reviewed in *Hip Hatels: Ski*, Thames & Hudsan's latest addition ta its Hip Hotels series. *City*, *France*, *Escape*, *Budget* and *Italy* are the ather titles, and *Hip Hatels: USA* is in the warks. Price: $30 each.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

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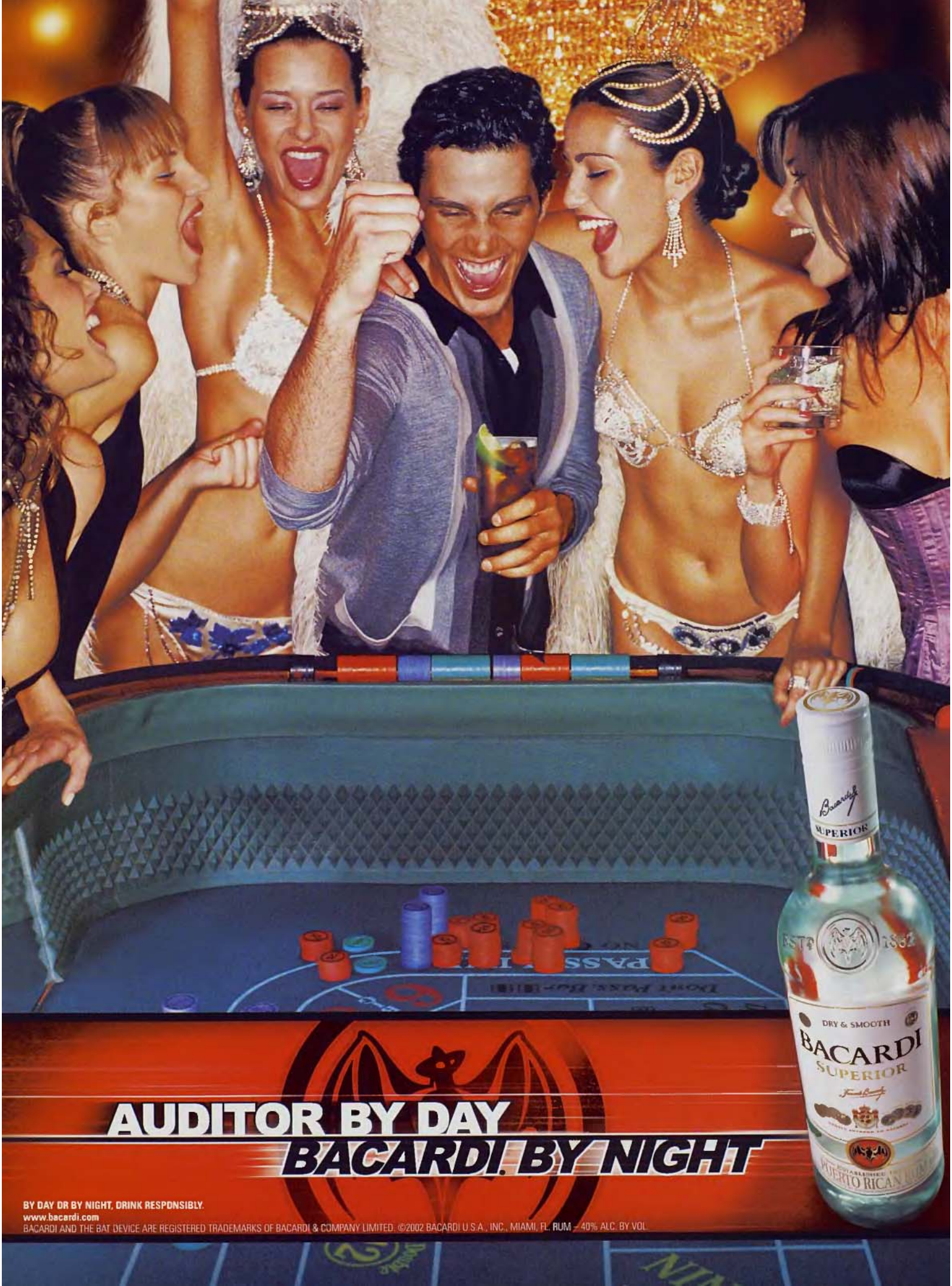

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The Playboy Advisor

I am dating a new guy and I'm afraid he may not like my pussy. My labia are prominent, and I'm worried that when he touches me or goes down on me, he will be turned off. I don't know why I'm hung up on this; none of my other boyfriends have said a word about it. I guess I need reassurance. What do guys think of women with large labia?—L.K., San Antonio, Texas

Some guys like them; some guys don't. But that's one way to tell if you're with someone you want to be with—the right guy will think they're hot. We were sharing a limo with Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath—the hosts of Playboy TV's Night Calls and a weeknight show on XM Satellite Radio—when, believe it or not, this topic came up. (It was six A.M., so you can imagine how the rest of the day went.) Tiffany expressed concern that her "meaty fins" might turn off a new beau. Juli chimed in that her left fin hung lower than her right—a detail we desperately wanted to confirm—and pointed out that women with long fins often can more easily reach orgasm. That's because typically a woman's clit is not stimulated enough during intercourse to bring her to climax without outside intervention (such as a finger or vibrator). But long fins wrap around the guy's erection, and his movement causes them to tug on her clit. The Advisor reassured our favorite redhead that any man who finds his face in her pussy is not thinking, This babe's too meaty. He's thinking, I can't believe that I'm going down on Tiffany Granath.

My fiancée is studying to become a nurse. The other night when I got home from work she was in her naughty nurse outfit (a short white skirt, see-through blouse, garter, stockings, sexy panties). She took me to our bedroom and said, "It's time to prep you for surgery." She laid me on the bed and removed my clothes. After telling me to relax, she gave me an enema. As she did, she straddled me in the 69 position and gulped my cock and worked my balls with her free hand. I had the most intense orgasm of my life. I'd like to ask her to repeat what she did to me, but I'm afraid she'll think I'm a pervert. What do you suggest?—S.D., Madison, Wisconsin

Your girlfriend already thinks you're a pervert—that's why she brought the enema. Find out when the naughty nurse is next available and make an appointment.

My Honda manual says to change my brake fluid every two years. My mechanic said it didn't need to be done, which surprised me. What have you heard?—K.L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

If you have antilock brakes, have the fluid changed every 24,000 miles or two years. If you don't, you can go with 36,000 miles or three years. As the fluid ages, it collects sludge and sediment from moisture in the air and wear from the moving parts of the system. The sediment finds its way into the tiny passages inside the ABS hydraulic control unit, plugging them up and tripping a warning light on your dash. Usually, that means your HCU needs to be replaced, although a flush can sometimes dislodge the crud and save you about two grand.

What should a guy say when he calls his partner by another name while making love?—B.F., Van Nuys, California

There's not much to say. This is why early man invented the word baby.

Is the porn made in other countries any better than what's coming out of Los Angeles?—P.L., Tallahassee, Florida

Some is better, although mostly it's familiar. European porn tends to have more plot, fewer boob jobs and nary a condom in sight. Sample a few titles from Private, which films primarily in Budapest (our favorite director: Pierre Woodman). Or pick up a copy of International Porn, a sampler of European and Asian porn compiled by Tom Weisser of Video Search of Miami (vsom.com or 888-279-9773). A quick rundown: The Japanese are best known for an era of soft-core films that ended in 1988; it wasn't until 1994 that directors could legally show genitalia. German porn is the most perverse ("If a director shows a dildo, it will be as big as someone's leg," Weisser says). The Italians are obsessed with interracial and anal sex. The French have the most beautiful actresses, which may explain the many lesbian scenes. Get it while it's hot. European porn has become more homogeneous of late: The same 30 women show up in films made all over the continent.

I have a crush on a co-worker. She sits next to me, but we don't talk much because we both do data entry. On her 21st birthday, I gave her a $210 gift certificate to her favorite clothing store. Do you think that was too much?—H.L., Lynnwood, Washington

Much too much.

Your August issue had recipes for cocktails that include energy drinks. I have heard stories that "liquid cocaine" (vodka and Red Bull) can cause strokes. Is this true?—P.T., Athens, Ohio

There is reason for concern. In Sweden, the government issued a public health warning after investigating the sudden deaths of three young people and finding that each had consumed Red Bull (two with vodka, the other after vigorous exercise). It's not clear there was any connection, and Red Bull says its product is safe. But doctors warn that the high dose of stimulants in energy drinks could boost the heart rates of some people to dangerous levels. The most common risk of mixing energy drinks with alcohol is severe dehydration, which could lead to heat stroke. The stimulants also make it harder to gauge how drunk you are.

You answered a letter in August about double fisting. The letter reminded me of a clip I saw online that showed a man putting his entire head into a woman's vagina. I know, I know—never believe anything you see on the Net. But even if the clip was fake, could this actually be done?—S.S., Spokane, Washington

Most guys have had their heads inside a vagina once, but there's no going back.

A strategy I often use on the women I seduce is to dip my wick into a glass of hardy cabernet sauvignon and let my date do some wine tasting. You might say it brings out the wood taste. I performed this trick with a gal who enjoys only chilled whites, and after dipping, the tip of my urethra burned. I don't have VD and the reaction doesn't occur with red wines. What could have caused this?—B.D., Templeton, California

Our sommelier suggests you try your technique with a fully mature Puligny Montrachet. We didn't ask how he knew this. If you still have a problem, order some fish and drink the wine.

I'm 23 and already losing my hair. I have been taking Propecia for a few years and

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

have kept most of what I have. But I'm hoping something will come along in the near future that will yield better results. How far off do you think we are from the next hair-loss drug or even a cure?—F.B., Trenton, New Jersey

Propecia, which blocks the production of a hormone called DHT that triggers hair loss, is the most effective drug available. But a new medication called dutasteride appears to block more DHT than Propecia. Manufactured by GlaxoSmithKline to treat men with enlarged prostates, it's in clinical trials for hair growth and could be available as early as next year for off-label use. As you know, the only other FDA-approved drug besides your daily Propecia pill is Rogaine, which is rubbed into the scalp to stimulate the hair follicles—some guys use both medications, the sooner the better.

I found this letter tucked into one of my husband's PLAYBOYS:

"Dear Advisor, I have been married for eight years. We started out making love three and four times a week or as often as my work schedule permitted. Now it's down to once a week, if I can talk her into it. I've tried all kinds of things to get her attention: books on what women want, articles in all types of magazines on women and what they need, want, might enjoy and hate. I've asked her if it's me and she says no, she's just not interested. What gives? Is this our marriage or is it her hormones?"

Here's a little insight into our situation: (1) My husband works while I stay home and take care of our four children, ages 2 to 11. (2) I have back problems that at times can be painful. Some of those times are when we are making love. Sorry, but I can't enjoy it when it hurts. (3) Because of our kids, I have to be a day person and he works the swing shift. I try to make time for all of them but it doesn't always happen that way. Any suggestions?—C.M., Spokane, Washington

Tell him what you've told us. Instead of books, articles or Advisors, your husband should be asking you what needs to be done. These things can be worked out. And don't necessarily think big: Sometimes a quick hand job will be enough to keep him going. Same goes for you, from him. What many busy parents do is set aside a Saturday night once a month when they can "date"—hire a babysitter, go to dinner and rent a room for some quality fucking.

Has the Internet increased the amount of times that the average male masturbates?—J.A., Dallas, Texas

No, but it has increased the amount of times that the average male masturbates in front of his computer.

Your advice in August on how to avoid razor burn when shaving a woman's genitals was a little off. Most soaps, foams and gels contain alcohol, which will irritate the skin. We sell dancewear to strippers throughout the Carolinas and work primarily in the dressing rooms with the girls. I happened on a terrific remedy that most of my customers swear by. It is Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion Advanced Healing Formula, which contains vitamin E (for healing) and petroleum jelly (for a smoother "lather"). Pour a capful, spread it into your skin (it also can be used for legs and underarms) and shave with a two-blade razor. The razor burn should disappear soon enough.—John Greene, Naughty Naughteaze, Greensboro, North Carolina

Thanks for the tips. Nice gig.

Help me with this. I'm in a bar with a date and excuse myself to use the rest room. When I return, a guy is hovering over my chair, talking to my date. I linger, play the jukebox, etc. I didn't want to dive in like a possessive boyfriend. Later, my date said I should have come right back because the guy was a loser and she was dying to get rid of him. A week later, I'm on a date with another woman. This time when I come out of the john and see a guy talking to her, I head straight for the table, excuse myself and take my seat. My date later tells me that I acted like a jealous he-man claiming his turf and should have given her time to take care of the situation. I guess the only solution is to ask my dates before I take a leak, "If there's a guy with you when I come back, how would you like me to handle it?" How does the Advisor deal with the man-in-my-chair situation?—C.T., Santa Barbara, California

We put our hand on the back of the chair and say hello. It's a bar, after all—lots of friendly people. But we're confused by the women you're dating. How hard is it to tell a chummy guy that you're with someone? It's OK to expect your date to save your seat.

My wife and I are looking for a quiet battery-operated vibrator. She is distracted by the noise of the ones we own. Any ideas?—A.N., Lafayette, Indiana

We've always been happy with the soothing sounds of the Pocket Rocket but thought we'd call the Boston sex-toy shop Grand Opening to see what's new. Its owner, Kim Airs, raved about a new touch-activated toy called the Honey Spot (a.k.a. the Pulsator), which is a flexible rubber cock ring attached to a vibrating nub that resembles a tongue. The rubber and the fact that the vibrator runs on a watch battery keep it operating at a low purr. Airs also likes the Sugar Bear, a cuddly pink Japanese vibrator that looks like a guy holding his hands over his head. You can order either toy via grandopening.com or by calling 877-731-2626.

I struggle daily with being the wife of a sexually addicted man. It has taken me 15 years to figure out that I am not crazy or a prude. I have lived through an affair, porn, fantasies, pictures, moviemaking, online flings and nudist colonies. I love my husband, and I know he loves me, but for years my self-esteem has suffered because I felt that I wasn't good enough for him. I went from a happy, normal woman to an anorexic wimp. I was manipulated and badgered into doing things that shame and embarrass me now. Thank God I never gave in to the threesome thing he was working on—me with two men. I would have killed myself. I told him repeatedly how awful it all made me feel, and I finally put a stop to aiding and abetting his destructive behavior. For the most part my husband is respecting my wishes, but he's still caught up in porn. I cannot look at him with the love and respect a wife should feel for her husband. I don't feel loved, respected, cherished or safe. I feel he has chosen pornography over me. I know that he reads PLAYBOY—could the Advisor explain the difference between healthy and unhealthy sexuality? Men who do this to their wives have no idea of the destruction they cause. The rationale that "We are married, we can do anything together if we both agree it's not cheating, if you loved me you would, we can just explore, no harm done" is wrong. Much harm done!—S.W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We've never heard of a woman who contemplated suicide at the thought of a threesome, or expressed relief that she survived a nudist colony. Your husband showed poor judgment cheating on you. He also showed poor judgment if he pushed you into things you didn't want to do. But his sexual tastes sound like those of a lot of married guys we know, and they have nothing to do with his desire or love for you. He's a guy. Like all guys, he loves sex and wants to explore. Some men are lucky enough to meet women who have the same desire, and they share a wonderful journey. In this case, you don't want to go along. That's OK—sexual freedom is as much about the right to say no—but your husband can't change his desires on your say-so. It's like telling someone not to be hungry. We haven't heard his side of the story, so maybe there are ways he could alter his behavior that would help his cause. Frankly, you seem too comfortable playing the victim, and that doesn't bode well for any sort of compromise.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.

THE WAR AGAINST PORN CONTINUES

what's in store for the people who make and sell smut?

By MARK KERNES

The following is an excerpt from a review of Seymore Butts' gonzo porn video *Tampa Tushy-Fest, Part 1*, which appeared in the June issue of *Adult Video News*:

"Then it's on to the annual Nightmoves show in Tampa, where Alisha Klass finds a new playmate, Chloe. Klass spends time licking her pal's ass (about five minutes of footage is repeated here, probably due to an editing error), but in time, Klass gets around to the action that's made this tape famous: She puts her entire hand into Chloe's pussy (not to mention a finger in her ass), and Chloe orgasms like there's no tomorrow. It's a wonder to behold.

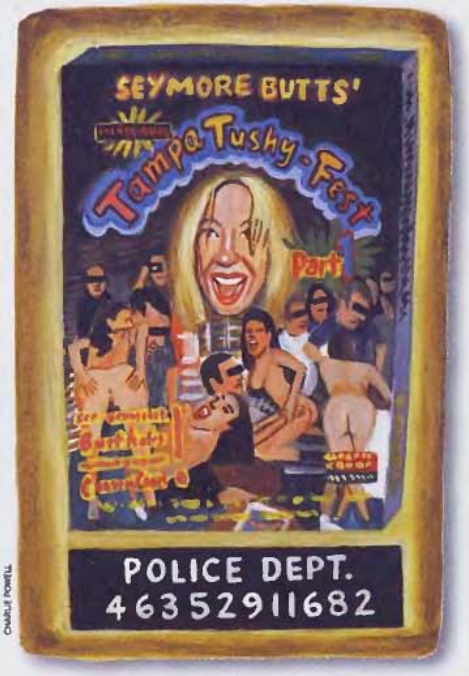
"That's not all: Klass inserts a big dildo into the petite star's pussy for a few minutes, followed by a butt plug, followed by her fist. But even that's not all. Following Chloe's instructions, Klass squeezes her other hand into Chloe. The expression of ecstasy on Chloe's face is what makes watching XXX tapes worthwhile."

Tampa Tushy-Fest was released three years ago but has only now been reviewed. Why? It depicts fisting, a sexual act that the Los Angeles city attorney's office at the time considered de facto obscene. As a magazine serving the adult industry, *AVN* had no desire to alert the LAPD.

As it turns out, that concern was not unfounded. The LAPD had been investigating Butts (a.k.a. Adam Glasser) since January 1999, when it first got wind that one of his new tapes depicted fisting. Two vice officers staked out his warehouse for a few days that month. In February police ordered a catalog. In March an officer created an account at seymorebutts.com. In May an officer purchased a copy of *Tampa Tushy-Fest* online. In January 2000, members of the vice squad took a trip to the Adult Video News Awards in Las Vegas to watch Glasser and his performers accept their awards for Best Gonzo Video and Best All-Girl Sex Scene. In May 2000 an officer bought a second copy of *Tampa Tushy-Fest*. In November 2000 the police finally got a warrant authorizing the raid.

In December 2000—three days after the U.S. Supreme Court appointed George W. Bush the nation's 43rd president—police raided the warehouse of Seymore, Inc. and seized the *Tampa Tushy-Fest* master. Prosecutors charged Glasser and his 69-year-old mother (the company bookkeeper) with advertising and distributing obscene material.

The raid appeared to be timed to send a message to the new conservative regime in Washington: We're serious again about battling pornographers. Send money. (That sentiment wasn't shared, apparently, by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, which two months later voted to disband its 37-year-old Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.)



CHARLIE POWELL

In preparing his defense, Glasser gathered a heap of videos, books and magazines to demonstrate the relative popularity of fisting as a sexual pastime. He didn't need any of it, because the prosecution offered to drop the obscenity charges if Glasser pleaded no contest to the misdemeanor of creating a public nuisance, which carries no jail time or probation. As part of the agreement, the prosecution insisted Glasser sell *Tampa Tushy-Fest* only alongside a "nonfisting" version. Glasser also paid a $1000 fine to the state Victims Restitution Fund. "As far as I know, there have been no victims of *Tampa Tushy-Fest*," he says dryly.

In 1976 Glasser's attorney, Roger Diamond, successfully defended the distributor of a gay fisting film called *Plunge 1*. He is mystified by the attention prosecutors have paid to *Tampa Tushy-Fest*. "There was no issue of rape or of children being involved," Diamond told *New Times Los Angeles*. "No animals. It's just sexual activity. It's not for everyone. It's not for me. But the scene they're complaining about involves two women having sex with each other in the way many lesbians have sex with each other. The government has no business trying to stop that." (Chloe says fisting is "for me, almost a spiritual act. You can see that Alisha and I are having a very good time.")

Eight weeks after settling with Glasser, LA prosecutors went after two more producers. In May 2001 the LAPD raided the home and office of Jeff Steward, owner of JM Productions, and seized three copies each of *Liquid Gold 5*, which features women urinating, and *American Bukkake 11*, in which a crowd of men jack off on three female performers. Next, police targeted a producer who's known as Max Hardcore, for his tape *Max Hardcore Extreme, Volume 4*. It's actually one of his less extreme videos but includes obviously adult performers wearing pigtails and affecting "little girl" voices to deliver dialogue such as "Sodomize me, mister," and "Fuck my 12-year-old ass." Hearing that, prosecutors tacked on a misdemeanor child-porn charge to the standard obscenity count. They argued that the state's child-porn law could be interpreted to ban not only the depiction of anyone under 18 in a sexual act but also an adult pretending to be under 18. The argument didn't come out of thin air: In 1996 Congress had passed the Child Pornography Prevention Act, which criminalized any

sexually explicit scenes involving adults who "appear to be" minors.

In an interview with PBS' *Frontline*, deputy LA district attorney Deborah Sanchez said the timing of the raids had nothing to do with the change in political power but simply involved pornographers who had crossed the line—her line. "My gut tells me that members of the community would say, 'This should not be in society,'" she explained. "I prosecute based on what we believe the community will accept. And that comes from talking to people. That comes from the officers. The detectives have talked to people."

Talked about fisting, pissing and bukkake?

Like most prosecutors, those in LA seem more concerned with "smut buster" headlines than with taking their charges to a jury. (As we'll see, it's not always a wise idea for the prosecution to ask a panel of citizens what they think.) The fact that *Tampa Tushy-Fest* now had LA County's seal of approval made the fisting version virtually unbustable in California and allowed *AVN* to safely publish its review. The district attorney also cut a deal with Steward, who pleaded no contest to a public nuisance charge and paid a $1000 fine to the victims fund. Although the city dropped the child-porn charge against Hardcore after the U.S. Supreme Court invalidated provisions of the CPPA, it continues to pursue obscenity charges (his trial began in late September). Hardcore's material has been seized by law enforcement personnel in other locales, and the city may hope, absurd as that is—we're talking about Los Angeles, after all—that his notoriety will somehow spur a conviction.

Despite the plea agreements, these cases unsettled the industry. Several companies temporarily discontinued their extreme series (e.g., Metro's *The World's Biggest Gangbang*). In early 2001 an anonymous list circulated among producers advising them not to use food as sexual objects, or blindfolds, wax-dripping, sex in coffins, urinating unless done in a "natural setting," fisting, menstruation, black men with white women, spit passing from mouth to mouth or "nasty" semen shots. The industry already has a self-imposed ban on depictions of incest, last featured prominently in the 1980 adult film *Taboo*. After the plea agreements in the Glasser and Steward cases, Rob Black of Extreme Associates searched his online sales records for the pseudonym used by the cops in both busts—and he found it. The LAPD had purchased *In the Days of Whore*, a video which includes simulated rapes and a scene in which a woman fucks a performer playing a leper. (When the leper's penis appears to fall off, the performer uses it as a dildo.) Never one to back down, Black posted this web message to officers: "Give us a call if you want to purchase any other products."

It's hard to predict which covers will catch a cop's eye. In South Bend, Indiana it was Max Hardcore's *Anal Vision 20*. In Provo, Utah it was a cable-version tape about call girls. In LA it was a costume drama with rough sex. In Dallas the 20th volume of *Euro Angels*.

Outside LA, the number of busts of retailers—those who rent or sell videos but don't necessarily make them—hasn't changed much. Regardless of who's in the White House, there will always be ambitious and/or desperate local prosecutors who recognize that arresting smut peddlers can lead to reelection or distraction. Every few weeks *AVN* hears about a new case. But the fear is that the LA arrests may be the warning shots before a federal crackdown. While Clinton took a hands-off approach (when asked why the administration didn't go after pornographers, former attorney general Janet Reno said that it had more important things to do), antisex crusaders have a kindred spirit in John Ashcroft.

This past summer, while busy fighting the war on terrorism, the attorney general found time to speak at a federally funded porn-busting seminar in Columbia, South Carolina. The Obscenity Law Enforcement Symposium's invited guests included the new head of the federal Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section, dozens of federal prosecutors, the chief postal inspector in charge of fighting child exploitation and a detective from the LAPD's Organized Crime and Vice Division who is a frequent prosecution witness at obscenity trials.

Also there was Jay Sekulow of Pat Robertson's American Center for Law and Justice, Bruce Taylor, a former federal prosecutor who now runs the right-wing National Law Center for Children and Families, and Donna Rice Hughes, onetime Gary Hart lap-sitter and president of the Internet procensorship group Enough Is Enough. (Apparently, the invitations for groups such as the ACLU and the Free Speech Coalition were lost in the mail.)

Ashcroft told his followers exactly what they wanted to hear: "Obscenity invades our homes persistently through the mail, telephone, VCR, cable TV and now the Internet," he claimed. "Most Americans do not want to see their homes besieged by an avalanche of obscenity."

Trouble is, Ashcroft and many other crusaders do not seem to have any legal understanding of the difference between pornography, of which there's plenty, and obscenity, which, despite many prosecutions, remains a rare bird. In fact, a video cannot be called obscene until a judge or jury finds it so according to standards set by the U.S. Supreme Court (at best, it's *allegedly* obscene). Three decades ago the Court outlined its criteria in a series of five cases decided on the same day, headlined by *Miller vs. California*. The Court said that in order for a magazine, video or other material to be found illegal, the work, taken as a whole, must pass a three-part test: (a) The average person, applying contemporary community standards, would find that it appeals to the prurient interest (commonly defined as involving a "shameful or

morbid interest in sex"); (b) the work must depict or describe, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law; and (c) the work must lack serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.

The federal government may have reclaimed its virginity under George W., but the public has clearly become more tolerant of sexual material since the introduction of home video. Two years ago Paul Cambria, a New York–based First Amendment lawyer who is a 25-year veteran of the porn wars, won a case involving three tapes—*Rock Hard*, *Hotel Sodom* and *Anal Heat*—before a jury consisting entirely of women, average age 50, in a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri. (Cambria says he likes older women on obscenity juries because "they've experienced life." See box at right.)

In Dallas, undercover cops for years would harass adult retailers by browsing their stock, purchasing something that looked depraved—in a case tried in May, it was *Euro Angels 20*—and filing misdemeanor charges against the clerk for "promotion of obscenity." Fed up with seeing his employees busted, one owner bankrolled an aggressive defense. In the two years since attorney Andrew Chatham began defending clerks, he's won 15 jury trials and has had even more cases summarily dismissed. Not one of his video clients has been convicted. In response, the police have changed their tactics: They now bust owners of mom-and-pop stores that sell adult material, because these businesses are more easily pressured to drop their inventory.

Hamilton County, Ohio has always been a hotbed for antiporn zealots. Anchored by Cincinnati, it's home to Citizens for Community Values, a zealous antiporn group that in 2000 hosted a conference for 150 activists at which attendees were taught how to browbeat prosecutors into making more busts. The county sheriff, Simon Leis, has declared war on adult businesses. But many residents seem to have a different view of porn. In a case that led to a landmark decision, police busted the owners of two adult stores, Elyse's Passion and Tip Top Magazines, for selling videos such as *Airtight Granny*, *Planet Max 5*, *Jeff Stryker's Underground* (a gay tape that Larry Flynt had agreed to pull), *Kitty Foxx, Aged to Perfection Volume 15* and *Gangland 17*. Prosecutors charged each store owner with pandering obscenity.

Prosecutors argued that the tapes violated community standards in Hamilton County. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* investigated. It found that some 182,000 Internet users in Greater Cincinnati had visited an adult website at least once in a previous month; that more than 21,000 county residents ordered a total of 26,000 adult videos each year from the mail-order company Adam and Eve; that cable TV subscribers purchased adult pay-per-view movies at a slightly higher rate than residents in other midsize markets; that 11 of 20 hotels contacted by the newspaper offered adult pay-per-view movies; and that more than 20 stores and newsstands carried adult magazines.

The owner of Tip Top Magazines pleaded guilty to reduced charges and paid a $3250 fine (four months later, police again raided the store and arrested its new owner for selling *Max Hardcore Extreme, Volume 7* to an undercover officer). The owner of the other store, Elyse Metcalf, decided to fight. "My shop is for those people who like to think about sex, from horny people to people who think as deeply as I do," she said.

During the trial, the jury of six men and six women watched three tapes in open court. Metcalf took the stand to explain her philosophy of sex. The jury found her not guilty.

A similar situation played out in Utah, another state with more than its share of antiporn zealots and the site of the government's final failed attempt to prosecute Adam and Eve for filling mail orders from residents. Two years ago the state created the position of Obscenity and Pornography Ombudsman, better known as the nation's first porn czar.

And yet again, the public had lower or higher standards than prosecutors,

THE GOOD JUROR

From comments made by First Amendment lawyer Paul Cambria at a convention for home-entertainment retailers:

"A lot of times the men on juries deciding obscenity cases will try to impress the women on the jury with the attitude that they're not just 'anything goes'—that they're not like the boys at the barbershop or at the plant or wherever it may be. So the men take up this false sense of morality rather than say what's on their minds. It's almost like they are saying, 'We're here to protect you.' They elevate the standards by which they would normally judge things.

"Our experience is better with older women and women who have experienced life from the front row, if you will—women who work as cashiers, in beauty parlors, supermarkets, restaurants or what have you; they're in contact with people all the time. They aren't like someone who has spent her life at home or at the country club. They realize we have a polyglot society made up of different people with a lot of different ideas. It's easier to say to them, 'It's OK for one adult to accept that another adult has different ideas about sexual matters.'

"That's the message you have to sing to the jurors. Someone who's sheltered, say, someone who's spent her life being a teacher, may be an authority figure, she may have a lot of kids to deal with and the other teachers may have a mutual admiration society—but she may be living in a bubble. Those aren't the people I'm looking for on juries. I want people who have lived life, who have traveled, who have expressed themselves, who are outgoing. It turns out that a lot of the women who put up with husbands and raising children and everything that goes with that are just not impressed by this stuff. They can handle it. The men are the ones I have to be more guarded about, the ones who are trying to make somebody think they're something they're not."

depending on your point of view. In American Fork, Utah, a mother renting a video at Movie Buffs discovered her five-year-old son had wandered into the adults-only room and returned with a sexually explicit box cover. When the store manager seemed unconcerned about her complaint, she called the police, who notified the Utah County district attorney. The woman's husband organized an antipornography petition drive and the county attorney ordered police to raid two of owner Larry Peterman's 25 stores. Officers seized 1000 videos and the names of customers who had rented them.

Peterman's stores didn't rent hard-core porn; instead, they offered "cable-version" tapes, in which scenes with erections, penetration or ejaculation had been edited out or obscured (distributors won't ship anything stronger into the state; residents looking for hard-core drive across the border to Nevada or Colorado). In fact, the Lehi City Council had given Peterman a business license based on his promise to rent only soft-core films, with oversight by the city police chief. Peterman even placed R-rated films such as *Striptease* and *Natural Born Killers* in his adult rooms.

Nevertheless, the district attorney charged him with 15 counts of distributing pornography for renting tapes such as *Jugsy*, *Young Buns II*, *Sex Secrets of High-Priced Call Girls* and *Butt Busters*. The district attorney threatened to reveal the names of customers who had rented the videos, in the guise of calling them as witnesses to testify about what they saw. The first trial ended when the jury was hung; a lone juror said he could not decide what other people should have the right to watch. (Another juror, furious, said, "We were waging a war with Satan.") At the retrial, a prosecutor told jurors that the 15 tapes amounted to "nothing more and nothing less than vile concoctions of scum, sleaze and sludge."

The defense noted that the Marriott hotel across the street from the courthouse offered the same fare that Peterman rented (when called to testify, the hotel's manager took the Fifth). It also pointed out that Peterman had 4000 customers, that Marriott customers had paid to see 3000 adult movies that year and that Utah County residents had ordered 20,000 pay-per-view adult movies from a single satellite provider. So much for community standards. After a three-week trial in which they watched 25 hours of porn, the six-member jury acquitted Peterman. One juror said that while she found the tapes in poor taste, and boring, they weren't pornographic.

Unfortunately, moral victories don't pay the rent. Prosecutors know they don't have to win their case to bankrupt an adult retailer. The cost of defending himself forced Peterman to sell his video rental chain. District attorney Kay Bryson was undeterred: "People who defend the unrestricted distribution of this material fall into two groups: those who have never seen it or fail to understand its effect on human behavior and defend it out of blind subscription to a liberal philosophy, and those who are addicted to and in need of the material themselves."

John Ashcroft, with his similar black-and-white view of the world, would be proud.

In South Bend, Indiana, the St. Joseph County prosecutor accused Robert Henderson, owner of the Little Denmark adult bookstore, of distributing obscene materials, racketeering and money laundering (based on the fact that he deposited the proceeds of the allegedly obscene tapes in his business bank account). Police seized a total of 19 magazines, sex toys and videos (including *Seamen First Class*, *Anal Vision 20*, *Private Moments*, *Asshole Fucker* and *Finally Legal*). "We believe it is very important to have the pulse of the community to set local contemporary standards for obscenity," said prosecutor Chris Toth.

To ensure a conviction, the county hired Bruce Taylor of the National Law Center for Children and Families as a consultant.

Eleven years earlier, Henderson had made an agreement with the county prosecutor (now a judge on the Indiana Court of Appeals) not to sell material in which the predominant themes were bondage, bestiality, "implications of sexual conduct with minors," rape, incest or sex with pregnant women. In return, the prosecutor agreed not to go after him on obscenity charges. The defense argued that Henderson had kept his part of the deal but that the new prosecutor, Toth, had ignored it.

A jury of seven men and five women heard the case. Most admitted to having seen adult videos, though all said they had never visited an adult bookstore to rent them. They deliberated for six hours before finding Henderson not guilty. (Similar obscenity cases are pending against two other South Bend adult bookstores.)

In suburban New Orleans clerks at three Major Video stores rented *Dale's House of Anal*, *Indecent Obsession* and *Back Door Club* to undercover cops. Police made no arrests; instead, prosecutors indicted the stores. The case was the first to involve adult videos since a crackdown by the Jefferson Parish sheriff in the Eighties. It also was the first to be heard in years by a jury. Of the four men and two women selected, five said they had seen at least one porn video. They watched three more in the courtroom as the judge, court clerks and co-owner of Major Video passed the time reading books or browsing through catalogs.

The defense next showed the jurors pay-per-view satellite porn, scenes from HBO's *Sex and the City*, adult magazines and sex toys to demonstrate that the films fell within "contemporary

These are four of the five ollegedly obscene tapes seized by police from the shelves of two Cincinnati retailers. The other was *Jeff Stryker's Underground*, a gay video that Larry Flynt earlier had agreed to pull from his local Hustler stores as part of a plea bargain.

community standards." A therapist testified to the value of porn. Three men, each identified by name in local coverage, testified that they and their wives watched adult movies to spice up their love lives.

The jury spent five hours in deliberations before they told the judge they could not reach a verdict. The district attorney said he would not retry the case—he had just wanted to test the community's reaction. Even the sheriff, who a decade earlier had warned 84 stores to clear their shelves of smut, is convinced that the days of hard-core smut busting have waned. "Why would we charge them for selling something that is available over the Internet or through the mail?" he asked.

Discouraged by the many hung juries and acquittals, antiporn zealots have shifted strategy. Citizens for Community Values leads the way. This past August its members checked into the Cincinnati Marriott Northeast, recorded the pay-per-view porn and sent the tapes to a local prosecutor. The idea is to shame and threaten the hotels that rent adult in-room movies so they can no longer provide a comparative defense for retailers. The prosecutor dutifully warned the hotel he would consider filing charges unless it stopped offering adult movies. The hotel immediately complied. CCV also targeted a Comfort Suites and a Travelodge in a nearby town, both of which removed the films. CCV boasts that its campaign is the first of its kind.

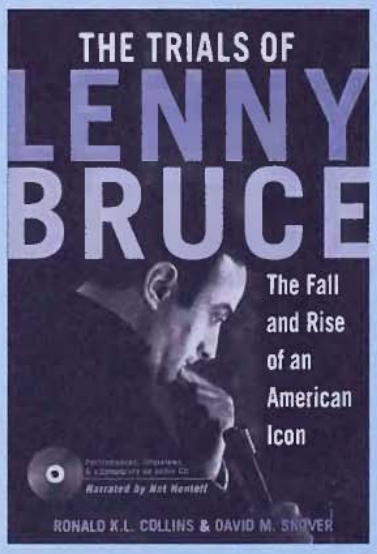
The religious right also has learned, whenever it is possible, to avoid First Amendment implications. Instead, such groups as Morality in Media encourage authorities to charge adult stores and clubs with being public nuisances. And there are signs that they are taking a page from the nation's war on drugs. Remember the ads that linked dope smoking to terrorism? When Ashcroft introduced the Operation Terrorism Information and Prevention System program, MIM got the message. Its website provides a form for visitors to report to prosecutors "possible violations of federal obscenity law" by video stores, websites, bookstores and/or television or satellite providers. The form provides a checklist of violations: sexual intercourse, masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, sadomasochism, bestiality, sodomy, excretory functions or lewd exhibition of the genitals. Outraged surfers are invited to check all that apply.

Mark Kernes is a senior editor at Adult Video News.

THE PEOPLE VS. LENNY BRUCE

Lenny Bruce attracted labels. He was an angry hipster, a comic outsider, a moral spokesman, a cultural iconoclast, a comic prophet, a culture maker, a sicknik, a hip philosopher, a junky saint, a crusader against hypocrisy, a lynch victim, a martyr to free speech and a scholar of sleaze.

Bruce has provided inspiration for movies, plays, documentaries and rock songs. One may wonder what could be left to say. But in *The Trials of Lenny Bruce: The Fall and Rise of an American Icon*, Ronald Collins and David Skover tell a story that's worth retelling: "Censorship, arrests, trials, convictions and appeals. Police, lawyers, judges and jurors. The state versus the individual; the old guard versus the avant-garde. It's all there, nonstop for five years, in the drama stamped *People vs. Bruce*."



For a culture that likes its news broken down into raw data and infographs, consider the following: "The trials of Lenny Bruce are like no other in the history of our law. His free-speech story is no dry recitation of lawyerly argument and mundane judicial precedent. From microfilm pages and dust-covered court records emerges a remarkable account of a man who was the magnet for enough prosecutors (12 or more) to staff an entire state attorney's office, enough defense lawyers (23) to fill a small law firm and more trial and appellate judges (some 30) than have presided over any single body of First Amendment litigation. All this for misdemeanor offenses."

Lenny Bruce practiced the comedy of dissent, the humor of indictment. He performed word crimes—verbal offenses committed in dark, smoke-filled jazz and folk clubs. He riffed on words like cocksucker, tits and ass, and turned the infinitive "to come" into a one-act play on sexual tension. Columnist Jimmy Breslin put it this way: "Lenny Bruce said bad words in a nightclub and they screamed for the cops." "They" being the establishment. Vice officers would sit through Bruce's performances enumerating the times that he used onstage the words shit, ass, cocksucker—expressions they themselves used freely in locker rooms without threatening to arrest each other. Judges refused to listen to tapes of performances, settling instead for witnesses recounting (badly) Bruce's routines. Authors Collins and Skover chart the changes in law (the benchmark: To be judged obscene a work had to offend community standards, as judged by a reasonable person) and how they applied to a performer who attacked community standards about race, religion and sex, who was faced with the exact opposite of reasonable people.

Bruce wove the cops and judges into his routines, then started reading aloud from trial summaries. The book shows the absurdity. It comes with a CD of relevant routines, as well as courtroom testimony. That the accumulated assault was crushing comes as no surprise; that it lasted five years is monstrous.

READER

MORE BAD JUDGES

Ronald Kline of the Superior Court in Orange County could make the list of bad judges next year ("Bad Judge, Bad," *The Playboy Forum*, September). Three weeks after Judge Kline filed for reelection, the feds charged him with six counts of possessing child porn. Police had been tipped off by an online watchdog group that had been alerted by a computer hacker that the judge allegedly had downloaded child porn. Authorities said they found more than 1500 images of young boys on Kline's home computer and on videotape. They also said they found an e-mail he had written about how hard it was for him to control his sexual impulses while watching Little League games. In addition, state prosecutors charged Kline with four counts of child molestation after a 37-year-old man claimed that the judge had molested him more than 20 years earlier (the man came forward after learning of the federal indictment). Kline, who pleaded not guilty to both the child pornography and molestation charges, dropped out of the race. He is under house arrest and wearing an ankle monitoring bracelet.

Mark Phillips
Los Angeles, California

Here's another bad judge: In his ruling against a lesbian mother trying to regain custody of her children, Alabama Supreme Court Judge Roy Moore called homosexuality a criminal lifestyle that is "abhorrent, immoral, detestable," "an inherent evil" and a violation "of the laws of nature and of nature's God upon which this nation and our laws are predicated." He then added, "If a person openly engages in such a practice, that fact alone would render him or her an unfit parent." Apparently only straight people get an impartial hearing before Judge Moore, whom you might remember from his days in Etowah County, when he defied a state order not to post the Ten Commandments in his courtroom.

Charles Collins
Montgomery, Alabama

FOR THE RECORD

Porn d'Amour

"We would not be having this debate if porn was what it should be: joyous, well-made aphrodisiac art, respectful of its actors and audience, portraying real people and making sense of its subject matter. Porn is one of the fruits of the youth uprising of May 1968, and it is a precious cultural asset."

—from a letter to the daily Libération by French porn producer Jean Guilloré. A conservative politician and the head of the French broadcasting standards authority have called for adult films to be banned from cable, satellite and broadcast channels, which currently air an average of 990 selections each month.

I am the AH mentioned in your article who worked as a secretary for Master Robert Hollman in Ector County, Texas. Within a month of hiring me, he began tying me up in his office and playing bondage videos. You described us as a "couple," but we never had sex or any type of consensual relationship. I am a single mother and was on welfare prior to taking the job, so he knew that he could intimidate me. I ended up settling out of court, but Hollman was not the one who paid. The state of Texas did. He still practices law.

Name withheld
Ector County, Texas

RADIO CENSORS

"Battle Stations II" proves once again how arbitrary and absurd the FCC is when issuing fines to radio stations (*The Playboy Forum*, September). In its defense, the FCC isn't solely responsible for the purification of the airwaves. Here in Madison, a supposedly liberal town, a talk show host said "bitch slap" when describing what he would like to do to certain political figures. Politicians and domestic abuse groups bitched and moaned. One local politician went so far as to call for the host to be investigated for a hate crime. The station caved and agreed to ban "bitch slap" from its airwaves. I'd like to bitch slap them for being such wusses.

Charles Baker
Madison, Wisconsin

TRUSTING GOD

Robert Wieder's statement that we don't trust God if we vaccinate our children, pay for insurance and lock our cars is bogus ("In God We Trust," *The Playboy Forum*, September). Insurance and 401(k)s help us feel secure in this life. We trust God with our next lives. Putting IN GOD WE TRUST on walls should be a sign that we are committed to doing right. Things were better when we all accepted that God was in our lives.

John Ekstein
Strasburg, North Dakota

When was that?

In God We Trust is a poor national motto because it excludes those who aren't religious and those who do not believe in the Christian God. Our real national motto is the one chanted after September 11—"USA! USA! USA!" That's a motto no one should mind.

Jon Richards
Bend, Oregon

My concern is not so much what motto is written on a school wall but whether my kids are learning anything.

M. Jacobs
Reading, Pennsylvania

NIXON'S DRUG WAR

Richard Nixon was the grandfather of the drug war ("From Nixon to Now," *The Playboy Forum*, September). I can't believe he said such narrow-minded

RESPONSE

things about minorities and such stupid things about drugs. Pot smokers must not have been voting when he was elected.

A. Shelton
Gainesville, Florida

I grew up during Richard Nixon's presidency. Back then, you couldn't walk down a street that wasn't littered with cigarette butts. You couldn't find a restaurant or building that didn't have a cloud of cigarette smoke hovering over it. That has changed now. People have learned to control their urges, and they have done it without having to go to jail as drug offenders do. Our current drug policy is insane.

Clay Lovett
Jackson, Tennessee

PLAYBOY BAN

I'm an inmate in a California state prison, and I'm writing to cancel my subscription, per orders from the warden. Following a directive from the California Department of Corrections, the nearly 160,000 inmates in state-run prisons can no longer receive PLAYBOY or any other magazine, snapshot or drawing that shows frontal nudity, defined as "the exposed female breast(s) and/or the genitalia of either gender." The CDC says that this is necessary for "maintaining security, rehabilitating inmates, reducing sexual harassment of female officers and avoiding a hostile work environment." Getting PLAYBOY is something many inmates look forward to. Is there anything you can do?

Brad Carney
San Luis Obispo, California

By now you've heard about the California Department of Corrections' banning PLAYBOY. In the memo distributed to inmates, the state cites an August 1999 ruling by a federal appeals court that was later upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. The case involved a jail regulation in Maricopa County, Arizona that prohibits inmates from possessing material that contains frontal nudity. California officials could have issued their directive anytime over the three years since the appeals court decision came down. Why now? Given that the *Forum* is often critical of police and the corrections system (most notably in "Pork Barrel Prisons" in February), the timing seems more than coincidental. It appears that someone wants to silence your voice among prisoners as well as punish you by eliminating subscriptions purchased by inmates.

Susan Montoya
Chino, California

We find the timing curious, but we're not much for conspiracy theories. California is one of a number of states, including Arizona, Indiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah and Wisconsin, that have recently banned PLAYBOY *in prisons (federal inmates haven't been able to receive the magazine since 1998). We are familiar with the Maricopa decision. A detainee asked for a copy of* PLAYBOY*; the jail said no. The county's lawyers said the ban cut down on harassment of female guards. Jail officials said that inmates often compared the guards' bodies to Centerfolds, inviting them to look at the photos or asking their opinions about shaved genitalia. The guards also saw inmates masturbating while looking at pin-ups. The court noted that "one inmate told an officer that he was mentally having anal intercourse with Miss July, and when he was done, he was going to do the same to the officer."*

The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the regulation, but three justices dissented. They argued that the ban is "not rationally related to any goal of rehabilitation, security or preventing sexual harassment." They said it was too vague, noting that inmates could still receive lingerie catalogs or the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue. They found it troubling that jail officials didn't have to provide any hard evidence of their claims. The justices also noted that the ban had not eliminated harassment. "Many of the people who get thrown in jail are likely to act inappropriately with or without sexually oriented magazines," one judge observed.

In March 2000 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the decision without comment.

The largest state prison system in the nation, Texas, reviews each issue of PLAYBOY *but does not usually prevent inmates from receiving it. Six of the next nine largest (Florida, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania) have similar policies. Besides California, Georgia and Louisiana enforce outright bans. But prohibiting sexually oriented material may have larger social costs. A study published in the Journal of Men's Studies found that bans on fantasy images and the outlet they provide is one reason inmates say they engage in unprotected anal sex with other prisoners, increasing their risk of contracting HIV. Does that make censoring* PLAYBOY *in prisons a public health issue?*

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY*, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

FORUM F.Y.I.

The San Francisco health department created this public service ad to educate gay men about the dangers of syphilis. It planned to place it in gay newspapers and on five bus shelters in the city's Castro district. But the outdoor ads had to be altered because Viacom Outdoor, the company that owns the shelters, refused to display the cartoon penis. The agency that created the ad offered it to Los Angeles County for a similar campaign, but health officials there said the penis objectified gay men and might offend straight people. Instead, LA officials approved a cartoon syphilis sore as their mascot. Nicknamed Phil, he wears silver shoes and an earring.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SIGNS

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT—*Earlier this year, pranksters used weed killer to carve a 25-foot penis and testicles onto a hillside behind Foran High. For a month after-*

ward, school janitors attempted without success to hide the phallus by planting new grass and mowing surrounding grass to obscure the edges of the image. Unlike with other incidents of vandalism at the school, police said no one had called to complain.

IDENTITY CRISIS

HOUSTON—*A young woman wanted an abortion so she claimed to be 18. But because she had no identification to prove it, the clinic turned her away. (Texas law requires minors who want abortions to notify their parents first.) Undeterred, the teen walked to a grocery store, where she bought a generic ID card that identified her as being 18. The clinic accepted the card as proof of age. Now an adult, the woman says she regrets the abortion and has sued the clinic for accepting her fake ID.*

TAKING THE RAP

LOUISA, VIRGINIA—*Police arrested a 22-year-old aspiring rap musician on suspicion of raping and killing his neighbor. Friends told investigators that the man had boasted about the murder, but the suspect argued that there had been a misunderstanding. He had not confessed, he said. Instead, his friends had overheard him composing gangster rap lyrics. A jury found him guilty and a judge sentenced him to two life terms.*

ACCESS DENIED

PHOENIX—*The ACLU has challenged an Arizona law that prohibits prisoners from contacting advocacy websites. Passed two years ago, the law targets sites that post inmate requests for pen pals or legal assistance. The state says the ban is necessary because inmates have used the Internet to solicit help for escapes and because the online profiles upset victims' families.*

SAY AGAIN?

CLEVELAND—*An off-duty cop working security at Jacobs Field overheard a fan loudly taunting unpopular Indians third baseman Russell Branyan about the size of his ass, among other things. The officer attempted to evict the heckler, but the man allegedly resisted. A judge sentenced the fan to a day in jail for disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. An appeals court overturned the conviction, citing insufficient evidence and the fact that "some in attendance might have shared his sentiment."*

PITTSBURGH—*When informed that she was driving on a suspended license, a woman pulled over by police for a traffic violation said, "Shit." Police arrested her for disorderly conduct and she spent the afternoon in jail. In a similar case, police arrested a college student who directed a profanity at a squad car that she said nearly hit her and another pedestrian. In both cases, judges dismissed the charges and the women sued, saying the department had violated their right to free speech. The first case is pending, but in the second one the student won $5000.*

THIGH HIGH

LAS VEGAS—*After an 18-month sting that led to the arrests of 52 strippers on prostitution charges, Clark County banned dancers outside of Las Vegas from accepting tips in their G-strings or sitting on or touching the laps of patrons. At a public hearing to discuss enforcing this ordinance, a protestor told county officials: "You're confusing sex with titillation. You have some repressed sexual ideas." In response, an official banged her gavel and shouted, "I'm not doing this because of my sexual anything! I'm doing this because I think it's right." The county had wanted to ban dancers from making any contact but then agreed to allow them to grind against legs.*

SAY CHEESE

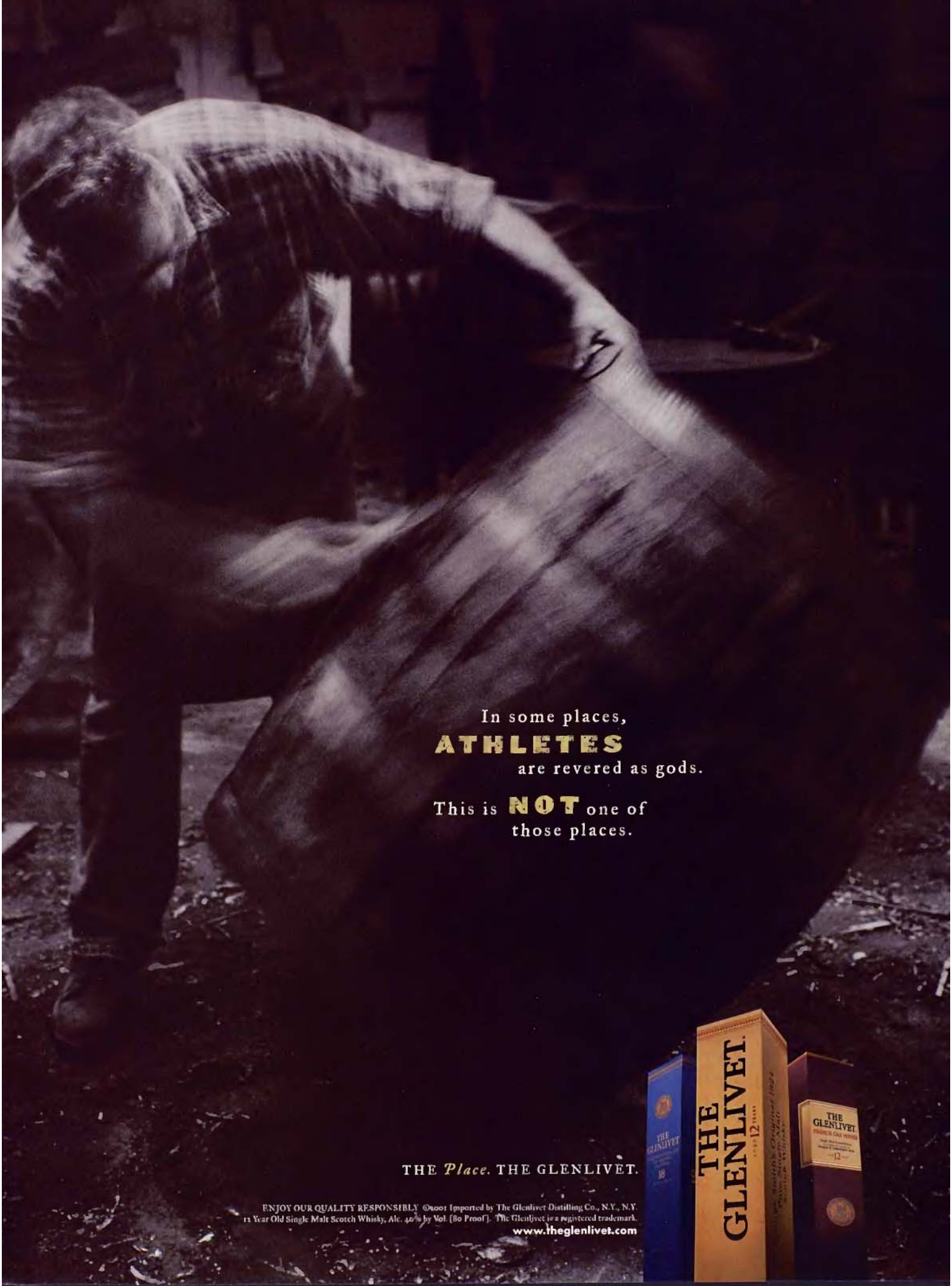
CINCINNATI—*A photographer who said he wanted to document the cycles of life snapped pictures of corpses in the county morgue after placing various props (including sheet music, a shell, a key, a copy of Alice in Wonderland and an apple) on the bodies. When he took the film to a camera shop to be developed, the technicians alerted police. A jury convicted the photographer of abusing the corpses, and a judge sentenced him to two and a half years in prison. The judge called the photos, many of which show the faces of the dead, "the worst form of invasion of privacy."*

SHAKEN UP

DALLAS—*A Delta passenger waiting in her seat for the plane to take off heard her name called over the loudspeaker. A security agent escorted her to the tarmac, where he informed her something was shaking inside her luggage. The embarrassed woman explained that it was a vibrator she had purchased in Las Vegas. As other passengers watched from the windows, the agent*

told the woman to remove the sex toy from her bag and hold it in the air. When she did, she says three Delta employees laughed and made "obnoxious and sexually harassing comments." The woman has sued the airline and wants at least $15,000.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE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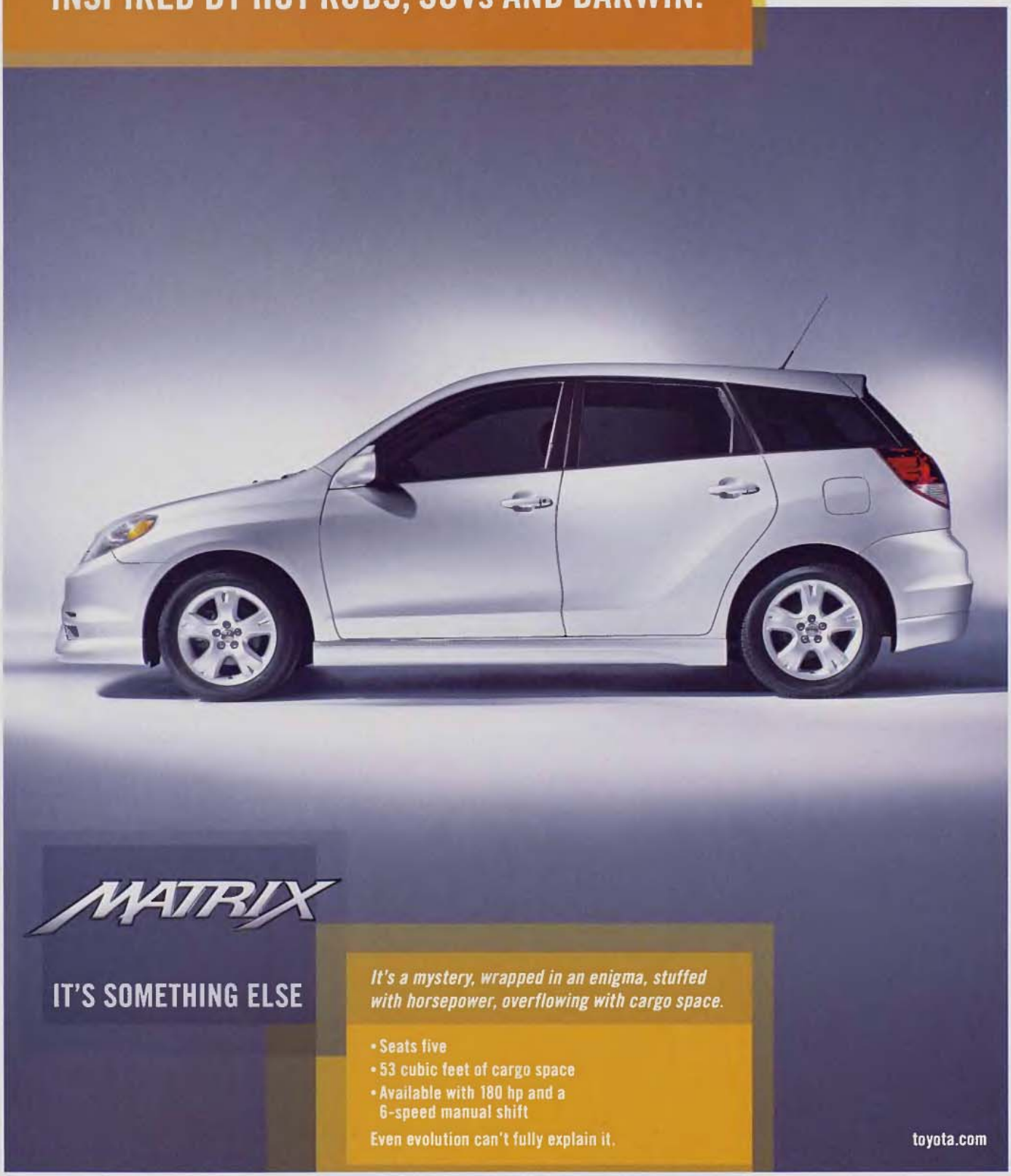

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENZEL WASHINGTON

a candid conversation with the award-winning actor about racism in hollywood, the problem with overpaid stars and what happens when your tux doesn't fit on oscar night

Denzel Washington is high and dry a mile off the coast of Islamorada, an island in the Florida Keys. Relaxing with his family, the actor drinks wine as his boat peacefully awaits the tide that will lift it off its current resting place—a sandbar. Washington is in no rush. To hear him talk about it, he's relishing an extremely rare occasion on the sandbar: He's not working. Over the past 20 years, he has taken almost no time off from a schedule that has produced more than 30 movies. Nominated five times for Oscars, Washington has starred in numerous critical hits, including Glory, The Hurricane, Malcolm X and Philadelphia. This long weekend—a break from his current movie filming in Miami—is an unusual chance to unwind.

This year he won the Best Actor Oscar for his role as a crooked cop in Training Day, becoming the first black actor to win since Sidney Poitier took the 1963 award for Lilies of the Field. Now Washington has vaulted to the ranks of Hollywood's best-paid actors, getting a cool $20 million to star in the drama Out of Time. Though Will Smith and Eddie Murphy get just as much, they earn it for comedies and special-effects extravaganzas. Washington built his career with comparatively less expensive dramas such as John Q, Remember the Titans, The Bone Collector and Training Day, films that opened strongly and turned a profit.

Now he's branching out with his directorial debut, Antwone Fisher, in which he plays a supporting role. The movie is based on the story of a troubled young Navy recruit whose fistfights with shipmates send him to a psychiatrist (played by Washington).

In a business with few roles for African American actors, Washington is one of the most sought-after stars in Hollywood. While filming Out of Time in Florida, he was besieged by visitors. Writer-director David Mamet (Glengarry Glen Ross, House of Games) came calling to ask Washington to star in a new movie he wrote and will direct. Joel Schumacher (Batman Forever, Falling Down) traveled to Miami to persuade Washington to sign up for a thriller titled Sleepwalker. Ron Howard (A Beautiful Mind, Apollo 13) also just called to talk to Washington about starring in another thriller, The Burial.

Washington was born in 1954 in Mount Vernon, New York, the second of three children. His father was a factory worker and a part-time Pentecostal minister, and his mother was a beautician. His parents split when he was in his teens. Washington credits his mother and the Boys Club of America, for whom he is now a spokesman, for keeping him off the streets.

He graduated from Fordham University intent on becoming a journalist, but his real interest was working with children at the Boys Club and the YMCA. It was while performing a skit for kids that he discovered acting and decided to study at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco.

In New York, Washington acted onstage in roles that he would later reprise on-screen, in both A Soldier's Play and When the Chickens Came Home to Roost, playing Malcolm X. His big-screen debut, the 1981 comedy Carbon Copy, was a flop, but he spent the next six years as part of the ensemble cast of the acclaimed TV hospital drama St. Elsewhere, acting in as many movies as possible between rounds.

His movie career took off in the late Eighties and he won his first Oscar nomination for his portrayal of slain South African civil rights activist Steven Biko in 1987's Cry Freedom. He won the Best Supporting Actor Oscar two years later for his role as a runaway slave turned Civil War fighter in Glory. He was nominated for three more Academy Awards: in 1993 for the title role in Spike Lee's Malcolm X, in 2000 for his portrayal of boxer Rubin Carter in The Hurricane and in 2001 for Training Day.

We sent frequent PLAYBOY *contributor and Daily Variety columnist* **Michael Fleming,** *who most recently interviewed Harrison Ford, to meet Washington in Miami. Here's Fleming's report:*

"Life doesn't take place in two hours and 15 minutes. This is a dramatic form. They don't play music when you get shot in real life. Of course movies are manipulative. We're not making documentaries."

"I'm a professional, so I do my job and I work hard. But I still get bored with it. People probably say, 'With the money you're making, how dare you complain?' It doesn't matter what kind of money you're making."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY C.J. WALKER

"God bless Vin Diesel. He brought in $45 million the opening weekend of XXX. I'm not mad at him. I don't know if he's a great actor. Who cares? Nobody has asked me to put on tights for one of those superhero movies."

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"We met at the trendy Delano Hotel in South Beach, where Washington was anonymous in the darkened restaurant. Because his performances are so often charged with emotion and anger, I expected Washington to be an intense, even intimidating guy. I was wrong. He is a relaxed, good-natured dad who would rather talk about his son's college football career than his own achievements as an actor."

PLAYBOY: How tough is it for black actors?

WASHINGTON: I'm not in a position to talk about the lack of opportunities for black actors, because no one has gotten more opportunities than I have. One might argue that it's a more difficult climb. And as hard as it can be for black actors, it's far more difficult for African American women. Halle Berry won an Academy Award this year, but there are fewer major roles for wonderful actresses such as Alfre Woodard and Angela Bassett. At the same time, it's tough for all actresses as they get older. Where is Meryl Streep? If she were black, would we be saying she isn't getting roles because of racism? Or is it sexism? It's some kind of ism. The roles go to younger girls.

PLAYBOY: Lou Gossett Jr., Cuba Gooding Jr., even Whoopi Goldberg, didn't get good roles after winning their Oscars.

WASHINGTON: I can't say why, since I don't know why they made the choices they made, whether they were money choices or artistic choices. After I won for *Glory*, I turned around and did the action movie *Ricochet*. That wasn't because I wanted to do an action movie or because I couldn't get anything else. The night I won I went to Spago, and Joel Silver walked in and said, "We have to do something." Eight months later, I'm making *Ricochet*. It could have been awful for my career, and 10 years later people might have been saying, "He won the Oscar then couldn't get anything good." But that was just something I chose to do.

PLAYBOY: Is it generally easier for young black actors to break into the business now than when you started out?

WASHINGTON: I think it is. The more we get into positions of some authority in Hollywood the better off we are. Now that I'm working as a director, I am in the position to cast young African American actors. For *Antwone Fisher*, I cast Derek Luke and Joy Bryant, who are on their way. That's how it works. The more of us who succeed, the better it is for all the new people coming up. When Steven Spielberg was casting *Schindler's List*, he found Ralph Fiennes, who was discovered and got a career. You don't pick Ralph Fiennes because he's white, but as good an actor as I am, I couldn't have played that part, because there were no black Germans. On the other hand, in a movie about Antwone Fisher, I don't care how good Ralph Fiennes is or how good Matt Damon is—they are the wrong color. The more stories black filmmakers get to tell, the more opportunities there will be for black actors.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever lose out on a role because of your race?

WASHINGTON: No, and in fact I have turned down some very good roles that then went to white actors.

PLAYBOY: What movie do you regret turning down?

WASHINGTON: *Seven* was brought to me years ago. I said no. Brad Pitt wound up playing the part. Go figure. I blew that one. In general I've never been one to go after stuff. I'm not out shmoozing. There are enough roles out there for me, and they seem to come along regularly enough. Since my recent Oscar win, I'm getting more offers, though there's a lot of garbage out there, too. It's always hard to find good material.

PLAYBOY: Of all the films you could have chosen for your directorial debut, why *Antwone Fisher*?

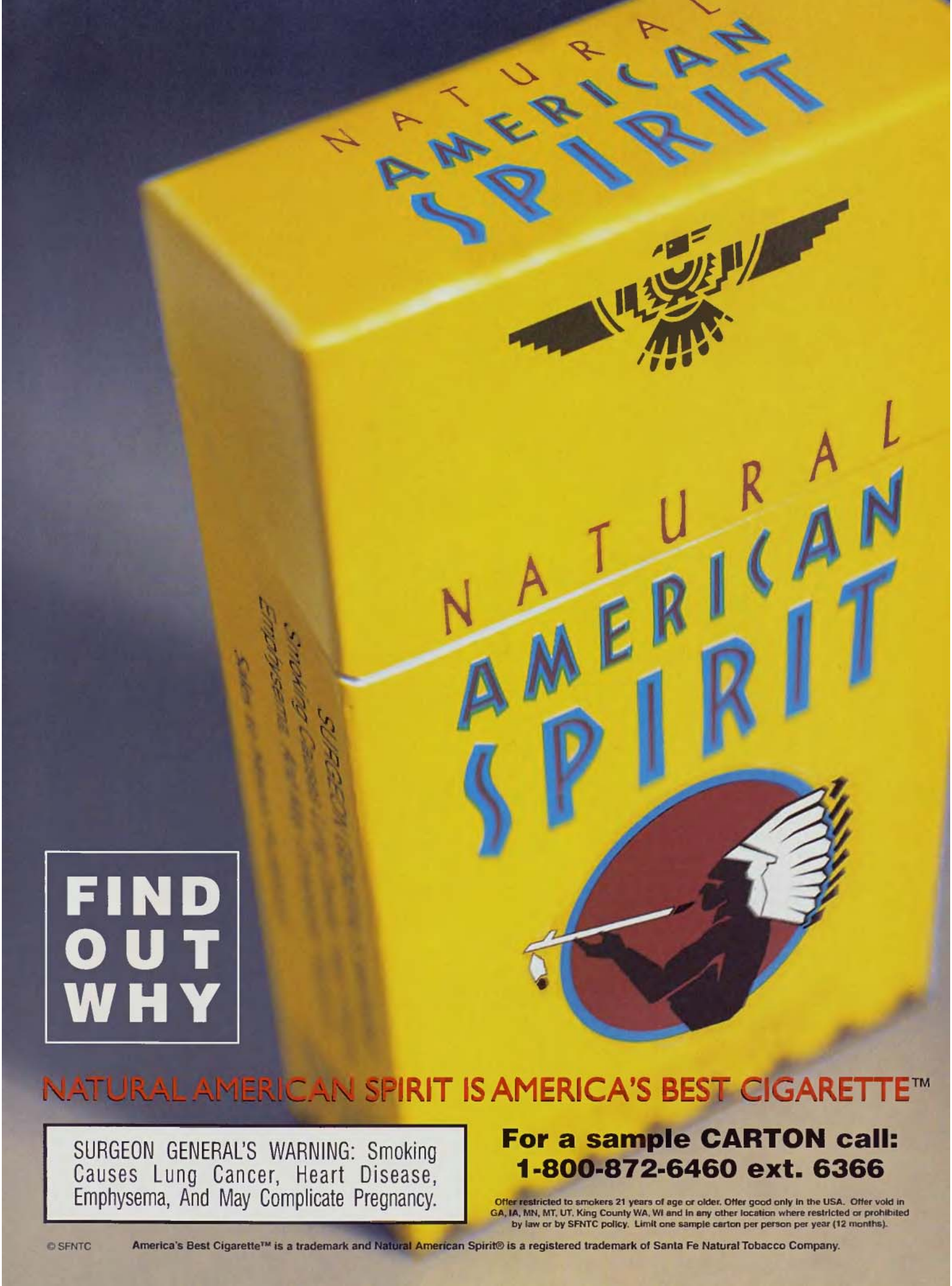
WASHINGTON: I have already acted in five or six films based on real people's lives. Biographies are something that I know about.

PLAYBOY: Aren't biographies particularly tricky, though? Your films about Hurricane Carter and Malcolm X, for example, were criticized for embellishing the facts.

WASHINGTON: These are movies. Life doesn't take place in two hours and 15 minutes. This is a dramatic form. They don't play music when you get shot in real life. Some reporter complained that *Malcolm X* was manipulative. Of course it was. Movies *are* manipulative. There isn't a 69-piece orchestra behind you when you're walking up the street. We're not making documentaries. You have to understand that when you're acting or directing a true story. It is particularly challenging when you're dealing with a controversial historical figure.

PLAYBOY: Spike Lee was criticized for making *Malcolm X* too preachy and for pushing his own political agenda. Do you agree?

WASHINGTON: I would agree that there was a great two-and-a-half-hour movie in there. Listen, Spike was a young filmmaker who had done a lot of great work. The movie's director is the pilot. It's his vision. For an actor, the time to worry about flying is when you're on the ground. If you don't want to fly with the director, don't get on the plane. There's no point in getting up there moaning and complaining, "Oh, we should do this, we shouldn't do that." Spike had something to say. The version that came out was his vision and he had a right to make it the way he wanted. Would I have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done the same thing? No.

PLAYBOY: PLAYBOY interviewed Sean Penn right after he directed his first movie, and he said he never wanted to act again. What about your future?

WASHINGTON: I can understand why he would say that. I loved directing even more than I thought I would.

PLAYBOY: Well?

WASHINGTON: Sean Penn didn't retire from acting and I don't think I will, but I'm hooked. I want to direct another picture—absolutely. God willing, I'll be directing the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Since you're a well-known actor, do people think you shouldn't direct? Will the critics be circling?

WASHINGTON: Sure. You can get slaughtered. But the high stakes are part of the whole thing: the great fear and the attraction. I was becoming bored with acting. I needed something to wake me up. This did. Throughout, the process has been both frightening and thrilling.

PLAYBOY: Do you no longer feel any pressure when you are acting?

WASHINGTON: No, not after some 30 films and 20-odd years. I have had some really interesting parts, especially of late. The problem is, where do you go from here?

Directing was a whole other thing. The fear of the unknown was, again, terrifying as well as a great thrill. I don't know where the days went. I enjoyed the collaborative process more than I thought I would. I loved working with the cinematographer, editor, production designer and the others. There is one thing I learned from all of the movies I've worked on that I was able to put into practice: Keep good people around you and let them do their jobs.

PLAYBOY: How does that compare with your working style when you're acting?

WASHINGTON: As a director you've got to be more of a diplomat. More communicative. It was a surprise that I liked it, but that turned out to be the best part of the experience. As an actor, you're a star. You hide in your trailer and appear once in a while and do your bit when they call you. When I'm acting, I have tunnel vision. I do my thing and I don't b.s. too much. I do my scene and go back into my trailer to prepare for the next scene. It's completely different working as a director. I'm on the set all day long and collaborating with everyone.

PLAYBOY: Was it tricky directing yourself?

WASHINGTON: I didn't want to be in the movie. I didn't really intend to. I don't want to say it wouldn't have been made if I wasn't in it, but you know how that works. Warren Beatty told me, "It's good for you to be in it, Denzel, because it's a way into the picture that you know, something you're used to." It was a really good point.

PLAYBOY: Can you objectively view your own performance? Who tells you, "That sucks. Do it again"?

WASHINGTON: I dealt with it by doing four takes each time I had to act. I printed them all. It's tough to see the performance. You're looking at the pimple on your face. You get used to it, though I never like watching myself. Directing other people feels sort of natural. Before I became an actor, I worked with kids at Boys Clubs and at the YMCA. I was a coach. Directing, I'm a coach again. It's familiar. I enjoy watching other people do well. I'm more comfortable in that role. It's where I started. I never wanted a career as an actor, never thought about it. In the Seventies, once I started acting, I went to New York to work in the theater. I thought I might one day work on Broadway. That's all I ever aspired to. We theater people didn't think about Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch movies?

WASHINGTON: The movies I liked were films like *Mean Streets*. The actors that I watched were people like De Niro, Hoffman and Pacino. I guess I thought I might one day try to do something like they were doing, though I never thought much about it. It just sort of happened. I was doing a great play, *A Soldier's Play*, that won a Pulitzer Prize. It went on to become a movie. In the meantime I auditioned for a TV show called *St. Elsewhere*. I thought it would be a job for 13 weeks, but it lasted six years. So I'm in Hollywood. When they made the movie of *Soldier's Play*, I was asked to do it. The next thing I knew, I got married. Then my wife became pregnant, so we had to stay in one place. That's how I ended up in Hollywood. That was almost 20 years ago. My son left for college this year. What happened?

PLAYBOY: Now twenty years later, after 30 movies, you say you were bored with acting. Can you still get excited about a new role?

WASHINGTON: I'm a professional, so I do my job and I work hard. But I still get bored with it. People probably say, "With the kind of money you're making, how dare you complain?" It's not about money. It doesn't matter what kind of money you're making. Anyone can get bored with their job. Directing has solved that for me.

PLAYBOY: Did it feel safer directing a movie with such a small budget? The entire $13 million budget is less than your salary for *Out of Time*.

WASHINGTON: Ed Zwick, with whom I made *Glory*, is doing *The Last Samurai* with Tom Cruise, spending $100 million. I asked him, "What do you do with $100 million?" I mean, what do you get? Ninety thousand extras instead of 20,000? I just wouldn't know where to start. And spending $100 million of someone else's money would be enormous pressure; making a picture like *Antwone Fisher* for $13 million isn't. Making *Antwone Fisher* for $50 million would be pressure. If someone is giving you $50 million to make a movie, they expect a commercial hit. They want to get their

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money back or they won't be giving you any more. There's much less at stake with a $13 million movie. It's not *Braveheart*. It's not some epic production. It seemed reasonable for my first time out.

PLAYBOY: You got to the $20 million–a-picture mark after 20 years of making dramas, while guys like Vin Diesel can get there virtually overnight with spectacles like *XXX*.

WASHINGTON: I feel like I've just been chopping wood. I found my wheelhouse in movies that cost $50 million, which, if they open at $20 million, will give the studios their money back. Nobody has asked me to put on tights for one of those superhero movies, and I'm not saying I wouldn't have wanted to make $25 million when I was 25 years old, because I surely wouldn't have walked away from it. But, for me, spending $100 million or $150 million is questionable. I'm still making pictures for $50 million and found a niche and I think studios are comfortable with me there. There's a double-edged sword with this more-money stuff, because now you've got to be in a certain kind of film. But you know what? God bless Vin. He brought in $45 million the opening weekend of *XXX*. I'm not mad at him. I don't know if he's a great actor or not. Who cares? He brought in that much money, and if I'm a studio head, I'd say, "Get that guy, I want that guy in a movie."

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you won't make movies on faraway locations?

WASHINGTON: I've always been like that. Last time I traveled far was to Italy for *Much Ado About Nothing* 10 years ago. I am getting older and my kids are getting older. My daughter is almost 15. I don't want to be across the ocean when something important happens. I don't want to say, "I should have been there." I've missed a lot of birthdays; I've missed a lot of events and games. But I've made a lot of them, too. When I can, I commute. When I made *John Q*, I flew home every weekend. I'd put the kids to bed on Sunday night and take the red-eye back to the location. On Mondays I worked on four hours of sleep.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to be a more attentive and present father than the one you had?

WASHINGTON: My father worked all the time and he was preaching on the weekends. In that generation, nobody saw their father. You were lucky to have one in the house. Mine was always working. When he came home at night—well, maybe you didn't want to see him at night. He might give you a whipping or something, taking care of something his wife told him to do. "Wait till your father gets home." One of those.

PLAYBOY: Are you open in ways your father wasn't?

WASHINGTON: My father had a stroke in April 1991 and was on his deathbed. I went to visit him. I kissed him on the forehead. He started choking. The nurses came in and had to clear us out of the room. It was like, "I may be dying, but don't start kissing on me now." My father came from a different time. He wasn't abusive or anything. It was just him. I'm different.

PLAYBOY: Your parents divorced when you were a teen. Did you see much of him after that?

WASHINGTON: I didn't see him much for three or four years. When I got out of high school I spent a lot of time with him. Later there was another period when I didn't spend a lot of time with him, but when I got older and matured we sat down and established a good relationship. We had a good relationship through the time he died.

PLAYBOY: In what ways are you like your father?

WASHINGTON: He was a gentleman—a kind, spiritual person. I think my father raised a gentleman. There's also something to be said when your father is a preacher and your mother owns a beauty shop. I grew up working in barbershops and in church, which is where you find the best storytellers, performers and liars. Between the pulpit and the shampoo bowl, I grew up in theaters. I can remember my father preaching—remember his power and commanding

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voice. When I was studying in college and I saw James Earl Jones, I was reminded of my father. He had the same kind of power. It was comforting to know I came from that.

PLAYBOY: And your mother?

WASHINGTON: My mother was a city girl raised in Harlem. She was aggressive, a go-getter. My father wasn't well educated. He was a country boy. He encouraged the children to go to high school and then get a good job. But my mother wanted us to go to college. She wanted more for us. When I started heading toward the streets, she got me out of there. She scraped together enough money to put me into private school. She could see trouble was coming.

PLAYBOY: What type of trouble?

WASHINGTON: The kind of trouble that hit my three closest friends. One is dead, and they all did time in penitentiaries. I didn't. And these were good guys. My mother got me off the street, sending me to private school and in summers sending me away to camps. That led me to working at camps and coaching kids.

PLAYBOY: How did coaching lead you to acting?

WASHINGTON: I was a counselor working at a YMCA camp in the summer of 1975. We were doing skits for the kids. I did one. A guy said to me, "Have you ever thought about acting? You're a natural." I didn't know what I was going to do, so I said, "Maybe I'll try it." My school had a campus at Lincoln Center in New York, and I went there. I got the leads in a couple of plays and I never looked back, at least until I graduated. I was about to get a regular job again with the recreation department. I made my first movie, *Carbon Copy*, but still wound up at the unemployment office. They're like, "What are you doing here? I saw you in a movie." "I'm in line B trying to get my money, move up." My wife—my girlfriend at the time—was making more money doing Broadway. She was bringing home 800 bucks a week. We had unemployment checks coming in when one of us wasn't working. I had a six-month lull, the only lull I've had in my career. After that I got a play called *When the Chickens Came Home to Roost*, followed by *A Soldier's Play*. Then I went straight into *St. Elsewhere*.

PLAYBOY: Did you worry about becoming stuck in television while you were working for years on *St. Elsewhere*?

WASHINGTON: I did my best to stay out of the limelight on the show. I was scared of doing it, but it wasn't like a three-character sitcom. There were 16 main characters. I was able to hide. I wasn't in there trying to be the main guy and fighting for more lines. I just wanted to be nice and quiet. After the first year of the show, Norman Jewison called. He wanted me to do the movie *A Soldier's Story*. The producers of the TV show were accommodating. I was able to leave to do that. After *A Soldier's Story* I did a movie with Sidney Lumet called *Power*. Then I did *Cry Freedom*.

PLAYBOY: In *Crimson Tide* you played opposite Gene Hackman. Was it intimidating to work with him?

WASHINGTON: I'd sit there sometimes and they'd almost have to go, "Denzel, your line." I was watching one of the great actors of all time. I really haven't worked with a lot of the greats. I haven't worked with De Niro, Pacino or Hoffman or any of that generation.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why?

WASHINGTON: Nobody's asked me. There aren't a lot of movies with two great parts. There are some great ones, of course. In *Heat*, there were De Niro and Pacino. Cruise got to work with Paul Newman, with Hoffman. My opportunity was *Crimson Tide* with Hackman. Then I got to work with Julia Roberts. That wasn't bad. And a guy by the name of Tom Hanks. He's not chopped liver, either.

PLAYBOY: You're rarely seen hanging out with other stars.

WASHINGTON: I don't go in for that at all. I'm not at the events, hugging and kissing. It's not my style. Sidney Poitier once told me, "If they see you for free all week, they won't pay to see you on the weekend." The point is, to have longevity as an actor in movies you have to have some mystery. Anyway, I'm not interested in all that. I'll do an interview because I'm selling a movie. I'm not selling me. I don't go to Hollywood events unless I can't help it. The only other movie premiere I have gone to is *Erin Brockovich*.

PLAYBOY: Of all movies, why that one?

WASHINGTON: Julia Roberts asked me. I would do anything for her.

PLAYBOY: Did you become friends filming *The Pelican Brief*? How did that movie come about?

WASHINGTON: They just asked me to do it. I said, "Hey, this is a no-brainer." I got to ride the Julia machine. Julia's a moneymaking machine.

PLAYBOY: Last year Will Smith was almost cast in *Runaway Jury*, the movie based on John Grisham's novel. Grisham had casting approval and vetoed Smith, and the role went to John Cusack. It has been reported that Grisham insisted on casting approval for *Runaway Jury* because he hadn't been able to stop your being cast in *The Pelican Brief*. Did you have a problem with Grisham?

WASHINGTON: I met John once on the set. There were a lot of stories, but nobody spoke to me directly, or he didn't, anyway, so I don't know if anything came from him. It was a surprise, let's just say, to all involved, that Julia and Alan Pakula wanted me to play the part. People were not overjoyed.

(continued on page 86)

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HOW TO SAVE Your ASS IN A SCANDAL

ENRON TYCO ARTHUR ANDERSEN QWEST WORLDCOM ADELPHIA ENRON WORLDCOM

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

GRANT

RYDER

CONOIT

It can happen to anyone. Maybe yon're the head of a corporation. Or maybe you're a blonde media mogul whose name is, say, the imprimatur of good taste in every honsehold in America. Or the archbishop of, say, a big diocese of one of the really big faiths. Or the invisible, exceptionally well-groomed head of a big-league accounting firm. Or the president of a country that's the world's only remaining snperpower. Or the vice president of said snperpower who doesn't feel comfortable talking abont his heroic endeavors in the business world. Whatever it is, you have a good job. Yon're sitting in the warm summer of yonr life, planted in the big cushy lawn chair of accomplishment, luxuriating in rays of respectability, feeling the drowsy comfort of success and prosperity, when all of a sudden, some twerp out of left field heaves a big bag of shit at yonr fan. "What? No money? No worth? We're what? Insider trading? Interns? Altar boys? You're telling me people in the FBI in Minnesota and Arizona knew what?"

What's that? You're innocent? Sorry, nobody will buy it. Oh, innocentish. That's different. That's something we can work with. See, sooner or later, scandal comes to us all. We're all hnman. We all make mistakes. A recent study showed that if yon pnt two people in a room and nrge them to have a conversation, within 10 minutes 60 percent of them will tell a lie. Wbich meaus everybody deserves a good defense. Or a good excuse. Or a good exit strategy. That's what we're here to discuss: how to survive a scandal.

Because, rest assured, someday (no doubt sooner than you think), your hand will be caught in somebody else's cookie jar—or cash drawer, or silk shirt—and some part of this guide will prove to be very useful. So do not ask for whom the shit hits the fan. It hits for thee.

LAW

STEWART

SIMPSON

SHAREHOLDERS BOUGHT $923,475 GOLDEN TOILET FOR CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF COLON CORP. * MARTHA STEWART CHARGED WITH COOKING HER OWN FREE-RANGE GOOSE * GEORGE BUSH SAID TO HAVE "ACCIDENTALLY" SLAMMED DOOR ON DICK CHENEY'S HAND; ALLEGEDLY YELLED, "MORE LIKE HALLIBURTIN', DOOFUS"

the RULES

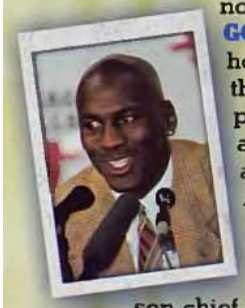
WHEN CAUGHT SCREWING AROUND OR SCREWING INVESTORS, LET THE DEFENSE DICTATE THE TEMPO

RULE NO. 1 **DENY, DENY, DENY.** This is the preferred strategy when evidence is scarce or nonexistent. Choose a short and succinct reply. "Nope," "Didn't happen" or "Wasn't there" are good examples. Try to be of as little help as possible. Don't speculate why others thought you were there, gave the order or weren't wearing underpants. You don't know, and you don't know why anybody thinks you do. Evidence is the crucial issue. In the old days, before cameras, tape recorders, computer records and DNA tests, denial was the gold standard strategy. Now, with so much proof of everything hanging around, it's harder to pull off. Some people manage. Hillary Clinton was able to sit in front of the Washington press corps and say with a straight face that her amazing luck trading cattle futures had nothing to do with being the wife of the governor. Denial, however, has consequences. George Herbert Walker Bush was a presidential hopeful when the Iran-contra scandal ran like wildfire through the administration of which he was vice president. Bush's famous, somewhat embarrassing, excuse for not knowing anything: He was **"OUT OF THE LOOP."** And since there was no record or recollection of his being in the loop, he was able to skate through. Using the excuse made him look something like a kumquat, but he survived.

RULE NO. 2 **BURN THE TAPES.** This rule is to be adopted when you would prefer to follow Rule 1 but find yourself confronted with proof of your iniquity that seems inconveniently solid. The phrase burn the tapes is, of course, a reference to the Watergate scandal. Many people believe that in the absence of the Oval Office tapes—of actual recordings of Richard Nixon playing the same central role in the conspiracy to obstruct justice as Shaquille O'Neal does in the Lakers' triangle offense—Nixon would have walked. Therefore, he should have just burned the tapes. There are many times when following this tip would have saved so much bacon. **BILL CLINTON SHOULD HAVE BURNED MONICA'S DRESS, THE ONE HE SO INCONVENIENTLY DRIBBLED ON.** Had himself a little bonfire. Of course, he would have had to send Betty Currie to the Gap to buy another sharp-looking outfit. But wouldn't that have been better than amassing all those legal bills? The burn-the-tapes strategy has its drawbacks, though. Arthur Andersen tried to destroy the Enron evidence, but there was too much of it and they were too indiscreet, and now they're in the toilet. On the other hand, we will probably never know if there were worse things they got away with.

COROLLARY TO RULE 2: Kill the witnesses. Or at least threaten to break their kneecaps. John Gotti beat one of the raps he faced when the accusing witness was struck with an expedient loss of memory. The witness lived, and Gotti walked.

RULE NO. 3 **TRY TO GET PEOPLE TO BELIEVE IT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE.** This is a tremendous strategy if you're basically an honest person and what you have committed is actually an honest mistake. During the NBA playoffs in 1993, Michael Jordan decided the best thing he could do with his free time was go gambling in Atlantic City. Well, it wasn't a smart move to put himself in proximity to professional gamblers, and it brought a lot of unwanted attention on his fondness for big wagers. But Jordan was smart enough not to get that particular spotlight off of him. **ADMITTING TO AN HONEST MISTAKE IS NOT ALWAYS A GOOD CHOICE, EVEN IF IT IS TRUE.** If you have a reputation for dishonesty, for example, you can make honest mistakes all day long and nobody will believe you. There is no evidence that the Clintons did anything in Whitewater except make a bad investment, but not even their friends believe the story is that simple. In addition, if you have enemies, admitting to an honest mistake merely gives them ammunition. In 1995, House Majority Leader Dick Armey uttered one of the great Freudian slips of all time when he called Congressman Barney Frank, a gay man, Barney Fag. Armey claimed it was simply a slip of the tongue. Frank, in a gesture of magnanimity (or in a clever manipulation to gain a later advantage) acknowledged Armey's excuse without further drama, and Armey survived.



COROLLARY TO RULE 3: Sometimes the best PR is no PR. When Arthur Andersen chief executive Joe Berardino published an open letter in newspapers that admitted to certain mistakes—including that regrettable paper-shredding obstruction-of-justice thing—he was trying to head off a rush to judgment. Not only didn't the public buy it, but it also gave the other Big Five accounting firms a big boost in their campaign to poach clients from Andersen.

(continued on page 78)

THE CORPORATE FACE OF SCANDAL

BOSS AND COMPANY
KENNETH LAY OF ENRON

MODEST START: Son of a Baptist preacher.
PUBLIC STORY: Almost anything can be financialized. Enron no longer has to be a stupid old profitable energy supplier. It can be an incredible trading company that buys and sells natural gas, electricity, water, coal, fiber-optic capacity, weather derivatives, even newsprint.
REAL STORY: If we keep making deals, no one will notice that we're losing billions on a lot of these harebrained ventures.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Two $6 million Aspen homes, plus a $4 million Aspen "cottage."
ACHILLES' HEEL: "An overweening pride," says a former Enron executive, "which led people to believe they could handle increasingly exotic risk without danger."
WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Signed long-term contracts to deliver goods and reported all the income from the deals in the first year. It created shell entities to hide the debt, collateralized with Enron stock. This kept the books looking good. But when the debts rose and stock prices fell, the Ponzi scheme was exposed.
COMPENSATION: Lay made $205 million in stock-option profits during Enron's last four years alone.

BOSS AND COMPANY
DENNIS KOZLOWSKI OF TYCO

MODEST START: Son of a Newark cop.
PUBLIC STORY: Wanted to be remembered as a combination of Jack Welch and Warren Buffett. Now Kozlowski will be remembered for having Jimmy Buffett flown in to play at his wife's birthday party in Sardinia (Tyco picked up half the tab).
REAL STORY: More, more, more, more for me.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Motorcycles, four homes (one with a $6000 shower curtain), small pieces of the Nets and Devils and, most fatally, fine art.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Hated spending his own dough. Charged with evading the payment of $1 million in sales tax on $13 million worth of art that he was getting the company to pay for anyway.
WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: As long as he got results—or as long as he might get results—the company would pay him anything. His $17 million Manhattan apartment and his home in Boca Raton were purchased with company money. But now, it turns out, he took a tiny bit more on the side. The SEC says Kozlowski used $242 million from an employee loan program to buy goodies. Tyco is suing him for $730 million.
COMPENSATION: In his last three years with Tyco, his total haul was at least $345 million.

BOSS AND COMPANY
GARY WINNICK OF GLOBAL CROSSING

MODEST START: Father's food-service equipment company went bankrupt.
PUBLIC STORY: Lay undersea fiber-optic cable to link continents and reinvent the telecommunications industry.
REAL STORY: Any company with a huge market value, even if it has a teeny cash flow, can be soaked in 60 different ways.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: A modern-day Xanadu in Bel Air.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Reckless, profligate spender.
WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: As long as the company's value was high, Winnick could keep getting investors to put up more capital, and he could get paid. His holding company in one year received $7.2 million from Global Crossing for services rendered—while he was also being paid $2.8 million for being chairman! He put Global Crossing's headquarters in a building that he owned, then generously charged the company $400,000 a month in rent.
COMPENSATION: Winnick cashed out $735 million in stock before it tanked.

BOSS AND COMPANY
JOHN RIGAS OF ADELPHIA

MODEST START: Son of Greek immigrants.
PUBLIC STORY: Bring cable television to the masses.
REAL STORY: Get better prices by inventing the masses.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Likes hockey so much he bought the Buffalo Sabres.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Invited his whole family to pig out at the trough. "I really believe what we did was completely acceptable," Rigas said.
WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Made up cable television subscribers to fatten financial reports and used Enronesque accounting to make the debt disappear from the balance sheet. For example, Adelphia overpaid $26 per cable box, then charged suppliers $26 apiece for marketing support, thereby padding cash flow by $91 million.
WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: Running a large public company like a candy store, with family dipping into the till.
COMPENSATION: The company eventually collapsed under the weight of $2.3 billion worth of off-balance-sheet loans to members of the Rigas family.

BOSS AND COMPANY
BERNIE EBBERS OF WORLDCOM

MODEST START: Worked as a teenage milkman and bar bouncer.
PUBLIC STORY: "Our goal is to be the number one stock on Wall Street." And, "whichever way will make shareholders rich is the course we will choose."
REAL STORY: Folksy hick act wasn't an act.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: A yacht named *Aquasition*, a 500,000-acre ranch in British Columbia.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Frugality. When the company started losing money, he ordered workers "to stop watering Worldcom's plants and let them die to save money." He also installed video cameras to time employee breaks.
WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Hid operating costs in capital costs, which made it seem that the company was far more profitable than it was, which inflated stock prices.
WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: Stupid accounting tricks. Company had to adjust prior earnings as a result of falsely classifying $3.8 billion of expenses as assets.
COMPENSATION: Borrowed $366 million from Worldcom as it sunk underwater. During his last three years on the job, took home $20 million in cash compensation plus $163 million in long-term option grants.

BOSS AND COMPANY
MARTHA STEWART OF MARTHA STEWART LIVING OMNIMEDIA

MODEST START: The daughter of Polish immigrants.
PUBLIC STORY: Become the consummate arbiter of American taste.
REAL STORY: Living above all rules.
PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Six properties, including one in East Hampton and a Manhattan apartment (she has 20 kitchens to choose from). Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia pays yearly rental fee of $2 million to use her homes as sets on various shows and in her magazine.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Greed.
WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Nothing. She, on the other hand, may have engaged in insider trading. She sold her 3928 shares of ImClone, the day before the FDA issued a ruling adverse to ImClone, which caused its stock price to drop.
COMPENSATION: Stewart sold the ImClone stock for $227,000. If she had sold it after the announcement, she would have missed an opportunity to profit. But even if she lost it all, it would still be chump change to the megamillions she is worth.

VATICAN ANNOUNCES JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER WILL DESIGN NEW ALTAR BOY OUTFITS; PR SPOKESMAN FOR VATICAN LATER RETRACTS STATEMENT, PROMISES TO LAUNCH INQUIRY IN 2005 * NICK NOLTE AND ANNE HECHE ANNOUNCE PLANS TO STAR IN NEW MOVIE, "DAZED AND CONFUSED IN BEVERLY HILLS" * BRITNEY SPEARS DENIES CRANK-CALLING JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE 3645 TIMES. SAYS IT WAS MARIAH CAREY

the Quiz

1. AFTER TYCO'S DENNIS KOZLOWSKI BOUGHT SOME RENOIRS AND MONETS, HE HAD THEM SHIPPED TO HIS APARTMENT IN NEW YORK. WHAT WAS IN THE BOXES HE HAD SHIPPED TO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE TO DODGE NEW YORK SALES TAX? a. Gauguins and Manets b. his old Farrah Fawcett posters c. crack. d. air

2. GARY WINNICK CHARGED HIS COMPANY, GLOBAL CROSSING, $3.8 MILLION FOR OFFICE RENOVATIONS. WHAT DID HIS FINISHED OFFICE LOOK LIKE? a. Versailles b. the Taj Mahal c. the Oval Office d. Hef's bedroom

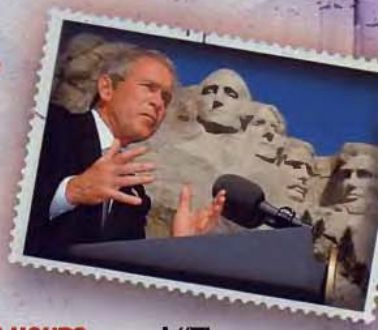
3. WHEN MARTHA STEWART APPEARED ON CBS AND SAID, "I WILL BE EXONERATED OF ANY RIDICULOUSNESS," SHE WAS HOLDING TWO THINGS. ONE WAS A CHOPPING KNIFE. WHAT WAS THE OTHER? a. Jane Clayson's throat b. her broker's balls c. the head of the DA's favorite racehorse d. a cabbage

4. IN JANUARY 2001, ENRON'S STOCK WAS TRADING AT $83, CLOSE TO ITS ALL-TIME HIGH OF $90. WHAT DID BOSS JEFFREY SKILLING SAY IT WAS REALLY WORTH? a. $126 b. beans c. $100 d. the sweat off his balls

5. WHO AMONG THE FOLLOWING DID NOT HAVE TO RECUSE HIMSELF FROM INVESTIGATIONS INTO ENRON BECAUSE OF TIES TO THE COMPANY OR ITS OFFICIALS? a. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft, who received campaign cash from Enron b. Texas attorney general John Cornyn, who received campaign cash from Enron c. the entire office of the U.S. Attorney in Houston d. the DA on "Law and Order"

6. WHAT DID ENRON KINGPIN KEN LAY SAY WHEN JEFFREY SKILLING RESIGNED IN AUGUST 2001, NOT LONG BEFORE THE BIG CRASH? a. "I see a bad moon rising." b. "The sky is falling, the sky is falling." c. "You're going to need a bigger boat." d. "I've never felt better about the company."

7. ACCORDING TO "TIME" MAGAZINE, WHICH OF ENRON'S CREATIVE MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES DID THE FEDS CHOOSE TO OVERLOOK (FOR NOW)? a. declaring itself the sovereign state of Enron and not liable under U.S. law b. shipping Texas textbooks to the French Foreign Legion c. selling a lot of magic mushrooms and walking into the Looking Glass d. offering pornography via the Internet



8. WHAT IS GEORGE W. BUSH'S NICKNAME FOR KEN LAY? a. Kenny Boy b. Dipshit c. History d. Who?

9. WHAT WAS ONE OF THE FAVORITE WAYS AN ENRON TRADER COULD SPEND HIS LUNCH HOUR? a. read "The Wall Street Journal" to keep up with business b. watch CNBC to keep up with business c. invent a shell company in which to hide hundreds of millions of dollars in debt d. go to Treasures, a "gentlemen's club," flash a company credit card and buy a $575 bottle of Cristal to take into the VIP Room with a $1000 stripper

10. AFTER R. KELLY WAS CHARGED WITH VIDEOTAPING HIMSELF HAVING SEX WITH A MINOR, HE RELEASED A SINGLE. WHAT WAS IT CALLED? a. "Heaven, I Need a Hug" b. "Heaven, I Need Johnnie Cochran" c. "Heaven, I Need to Make Friends With Some Really Big Guys Who Will Protect My Ass in Prison" d. "Thank Heaven for Little Girls"

11. AFTER HER ARREST FOR SHOPLIFTING IN A LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STORE, WINONA RYDER APPEARED ON THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE WEARING A T-SHIRT. WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SHIRT? a. Free Winona b. Cheap Winona c. Guilty Winona d. What Ever Happened to Winona?

1.d 2.c 3.d 4.a 5.d 6.d 7.d 8.a 9.d 10.a 11.a

Rule 3(a): Try to make believe it was a stupid mistake. It's hard to get people to admit they have been stupid, but it has two huge advantages. First, it's difficult for people to be judgmental of you; everybody makes stupid mistakes. Second, saying it was something stupid opens the possibility that you can learn from your mistake. Hugh Grant went on *The Tonight Show* and admitted that he had made a stupid mistake in shopping for an alfresco blow job, and he is still making movies.

Rule 4: When it becomes abundantly clear that you are surrounded by idiots, cop a plea. This is obviously the way to go if you are a small- to medium-size fish caught in a vast criminal conspiracy. You can't count on loyalty. There are exceptions, as we shall see, but your first thoughts should be to assume that you cannot count on anyone, that no one will protect you, that your boss will drop you like a hot potato, that your colleagues will sell you out—usually for self-protection but sometimes just for sport. John Dean recognized it. Sammy "the Bull" Gravano recognized it. Diana Brooks of Sotheby's recognized it. So obvious is this strategy that you have to wonder why so many Clinton loyalists—Webster Hubbell, Betty Currie, Susan McDougal and, of course, Monica Lewinsky—didn't recognize it. Maybe they really didn't have anything to tell. Or maybe they were just following Clinton's example. Remember, Clinton could have made some sort of settlement with Paula Jones early on in her suit. In retrospect, the terms proposed—a vague admission of some kind of misunderstanding, possibly combined with the payment of a small amount of cash—seem like a bargain compared with what ensued. High-level plea-copping can work. Ronald Reagan got through Iran-contra when at a crucial juncture he got up before the nation and acknowledged that "mistakes were made." It cost him a lot of the prestige he had built up during his presidency, but he wasn't impeached.

Corollary to Rule 4: Don't make the apology worse than the crime. If you're going to make an apology, try to look like you mean it—and pick the right time to do it. In August 1998, after Clinton testified before the grand jury, he made a statement on national television in which he admitted some guilt, and then attacked his accusers. What a blunder. At a moment when even some prominent Republicans were willing to let him off the hook, his defiance got them stirred up again. After the Catholic cardinals went to visit the Pope in April, they scheduled a press conference to talk about the steps they would take against abusive priests. They sat there and pondered—in front of reporters!—what they'd do with a priest who had succumbed to temptation only once. At a moment when people wanted the cardinals to come across like Mr. District Attorney, they acted like the ACLU.

Rule 4(a): Cop a plea, but minimize. When you cop a plea, use the opportunity to minimize the significance of the crime. Call it "that mistake," or "this thing I have done" or a "mechanical breakdown." Students, take note: When historian Doris Kearns Goodwin was recently accused of plagiarizing material in one of her early books, she used all three of these excuses while invoking Rule 3. (It's interesting that around the same time Goodwin was accused, the equally eminent historian Stephen Ambrose was also accused of plagiarism. He, too, blamed mechanics.)

Rule 5: The buck stops here. Nothing ends a scandal faster than somebody's taking responsibility for it. When Kennedy took the rap for the Bay of Pigs, he earned more respect than the debacle had cost him. Damage from roasting David Koresh and the Branch Davidians at Waco crested when Janet Reno took all of the blame. Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North managed to pull off an incredible combo of Rules 4 and 5 when, during the Iran-contra hearings, he admitted everything he did while laying the blame squarely on everybody else in the administration. Of course, this isn't an option open to everyone. Ken Lay can't really stand up and admit to defrauding the Enron stockholders. Gary Winnick can't really say, "Yeah, I used Global Crossing as my personal cash cow." So if the buck can't stop here, you have to get it to stop somewhere else. That's when it's time to invoke Rule 5(a).

Rule 5(a): Blame your subordinates. This strategy works best if you use it early in the scandal. But the strategy won't work if things have festered too long. Nixon tried to head off Watergate by losing Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean, but he acted too late. Cardinal Bernard Law said in his deposition that he relied on the advice of psychiatrists and other experts and left it up to assistants to handle accusations against priests. That excuse could work in a few instances, but it doesn't fly after years and years of trouble. (However, see Rule 9.) It also doesn't work if the problem is too far-reaching. If blaming a subordinate isn't enough, move on to Rule 5(b).

Rule 5(b): Take a scalp. This is a wonderful tradition in the military. If your troops lose too many battles, you're gone. Presidents often employ this strategy. Bush #1 fired his chief of staff John Sununu when he got into minor trouble for using government planes for personal trips. Bill Clinton dumped the useful Dick Morris when he was caught shrimping with a hooker. Taking a scalp sates our blood lust. But while it's often essential to take a scalp, you have to do it without breaking Rule 5(c).

Rule 5(c): Don't fire a guy who can put you in jail. The John Dean rule. It's that famous axiom: It's better to have someone in the tent pissing out than to have someone outside the tent pissing in. As Oliver North put it in congressional hearings, he was perfectly willing to be the fall guy for the Iran-contra mess—"For whoever necessary. For the administration, for the president, for however high up the chain they need someone to say, 'That's the guy who did it, and he's gone, and now we've put that behind us and let's get on with other things.'" North's thinking changed abruptly when he learned that the scapegoat would face criminal charges. At that point, he stopped shredding and decided to take home his personal spiral notebooks to protect himself. Perhaps this example explains why Bush the younger hasn't canned someone like CIA Director George Tenet for the intelligence failures leading up to September 11. No doubt W. thought it was more important to stick with Rule 5(d).

Rule 5(d): Circle the wagons. One bad thing during a time of crisis is to have people in your camp using the crisis to further their own agendas. It's not good when the FBI and the CIA blame each other for September 11. It's not good when conservative Catholics blame gay priests for molesting children, or when liberal Catholics blame celibacy. Or when internal auditors point the finger at you, the chief executive officer. Learning to circle the wagons is the key to having a long run: The WASP power elite, the Kennedys, the Mafia, the old-time studio executives, the Catholic Church, the British monarchy—all were able to keep a lid on trouble. We Take Care of Our Own is a credo that takes a lot of discipline to pull off, but it can work.

Rule 6: Be sincere or learn how to fake it. This is a major rule, one that applies no matter which other strategies you choose to follow. O.J. Simpson waltzed out of jail because some people wanted to believe him. We may never know how little or how much Gary Condit did to Chandra Levy, but his inability to project any sincere concern, grief or sorrow has left him convicted of anything and everything people accuse him of. Condit was never convicted

(concluded on page 188)

"Frigid masses of Arctic air are descending and we recommend that all travelers stay put until New Year's."

WOMEN OF WORLDCOM

we placed a conference call with the girls who go ring-a-ding-ding

Worldcom's business plan was to lay huge amounts of cable. That had us all thinking—emerging growth. Alas, the bigwigs managed to misstate $7 billion in profits. Fortunately—as with many corporations—the core value at Worldcom is its personnel. With the company in bankruptcy, we decided to uncover its underlying assets and strip its human resources. These telecom employees really ring our bell—and there's no way to overstate their nicely balanced ledgers. Forget Lifo-Fifo. These girls are boffo.

This page: Here's Mina Greco getting out of her work clothes. She left Worldcom's Chicago office for a job in banking. The roller-coaster ride doesn't bother Mina—she likes to gamble. "Anything that deals with poker, I love." (Must help to have been dealt such a nice pair of aces.) Things worked out well for former globol account monager Michelle Nichols, opposite page. "The day Worldcom announced its bankruptcy I got colls from two competitors. So I went and interviewed with them and got offers from both."

This page, above: Sabrina Kassim is part of Worldcom's Toronto team—she's a technical support specialist. She's also a true Renaissance woman. To keep her body in shape she practices Kundalini yoga and works out. To keep her brain nimble she's taken up chess. And, just for the hell of it, she recently got her motorcycle license and hit the tarmac on a Ninja 500R. Left: Shannon Lea gives a Southern belle smile, North Carolina–style. Don't let her fool you, though—a stint in the Army prior to catching on with Worldcom means she can kick your ass. Opposite page, at left: Statuesque Leanna Rizkalla is in organization development. That's in-house consultant to you and me. Through all of Worldcom's travails, she's still impressed with its employees. "We have such great talent," she says. Roger that. She's also a fitness buff. "I lift weights and do aerobics and I'm into rock climbing. I unwind by working out. It's where I go to think. I'm really intense—so I'm a great workout partner." And she has a master's degree, so you better be able to hold up your end of a conversation while you sweat. Above right is Mavia Nygard. "I miss my job at Worldcom," she says. "I worked in the most incredible building in Sacramento—it was the highest, most prestigious building and we were right at the top." These days Mavia is getting herself ready to enroll in the police academy, fulfilling a lifelong dream. Below right is Crystal Walent, from Worldcom's Virginia offices. She is another woman who likes to get physical—she's into working out and playing volleyball.

Above left is Blue Summers, from the Worldcom Phoenix office. "I love the hot weather," she says. "You can wear whatever you want here—you're never going to get goose bumps." Funny, we're feeling all prickly. Above is Shellie Sloan, a financial analyst at the company's Mississippi headquarters. Former chief executive Bernie Ebbers was based there, too. "We used to see him a lot," says Shellie. At left is April Sampson, from the Newport Beach office. She is into skydiving and cliff jumping. "I love a thrill—especially in bed." Opposite page: Candace Miller works in the Maryland office. "I am not shy," she says. "I like the skimpy look—cute little outfits." Thank God for transparent accounting.

CASH IN WITH MORE WOMEN OF WORLDCOM AT THE PLAYBOY VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

DENZEL WASHINGTON

(continued from page 72)

PLAYBOY: At the studio or at Grisham?

WASHINGTON: I don't want to put words in people's mouths, but the general feeling was not good. Alan was the director, Julia was the star. I was who they wanted and who they got. But that kind of thing happens all the time, race aside.

PLAYBOY: So the perception of a race issue could be an author imposing his contractual clout to see a movie that reflects how he wrote the characters in his books.

WASHINGTON: He absolutely has that right. He wrote the books. Look: If I had been nominated eight times and didn't win, there would be all kinds of charges of racism. But Al Pacino got nominated for an Oscar eight times before he finally won for *Scent of a Woman*. Does Pacino blame racism against Italian Americans? It's too easy. Does racism exist? Yes. Do I get bogged down with it and give up? No.

PLAYBOY: Julia Roberts was loyal to you and you're loyal to her. Why?

WASHINGTON: She's smart, witty, funny. She's somehow fragile. You want to protect her. She's regular. Julia and her boyfriend at the time and my wife and I were together in the Bahamas a few years back. No bodyguards. We just sat around the pool. She's regular. She's my kind of girl.

PLAYBOY: How about Tom Hanks? Were you annoyed he was nominated for the Best Actor Oscar for *Philadelphia* while you were overlooked?

WASHINGTON: The studio had two guys who could be up for lead, and they did not want to split the vote. The movie was about Tom's character, and they wanted to get behind him. They asked me to look at the supporting category and my agent said, "No, your role is just as big." I didn't get nominated, but I'd been nominated three times and won already. Tom was known for comedy at the time, and he'd just done *A League of Their Own*. *Philadelphia* was one of his first serious roles. Did it hurt? Sure, but I never let it eat me up.

PLAYBOY: At all?

WASHINGTON: The opposite is true. There have been times when I didn't want to win. When Pacino won for *Scent of a Woman*, I was up for *Malcolm X*. I didn't want to win that time. I would have felt badly. It was Pacino's time. If he hadn't won that one he would have been 0 for 8. I was already 1 for 2 or something. When he won, I was 1 for 3, batting .333. I was OK with that. When I didn't win some of these awards, other people were angrier about it than I was. I know it's a cliché, but I genuinely feel good about being invited to the party. How many other people can say they've been nominated five times? How many other people can say they have won two Academy Awards? So I'm cool with it. When they called my name for *Training Day*, I did not expect it at all.

PLAYBOY: Will Smith told us he asked you whether he should do a gay sex scene with Anthony Michael Hall in *Six Degrees of Separation*. You told him not to. You said that kissing a guy might hurt his career.

WASHINGTON: What I said was, "If you don't feel comfortable about it, don't do it." Simple as that. He called me out of the blue. He was apprehensive about it. I didn't tell him whether he should do it or not.

PLAYBOY: He said he regretted not giving his all to that part, but he felt as if his rap career might suffer if he were to kiss a man.

WASHINGTON: Maybe, but Tom Hanks kissed Antonio Banderas in *Philadelphia*, didn't he? That didn't hurt Tom Hanks' rap career a bit.

PLAYBOY: There have been some reports that you are uncomfortable doing sex scenes in general and, fearing you will betray the African American female audience that loves you, with white women in particular.

WASHINGTON: That's a lot of nonsense. The sex thing started with the Spike Lee movie *Mo' Better Blues*. We had some kind of a disagreement about one scene. That was it. Next, when I was working with Julia on *The Pelican Brief*, the tabloids reported that I refused to kiss her. I was never supposed to kiss her. It was never in the script. What were they talking about?

PLAYBOY: So there's nothing to those stories?

WASHINGTON: No, no, no. Look at *He Got Game*, me and Milla Jovovich. The bottom line is that I haven't been offered a lot of sex scenes. In *Out of Time*, the film I'm doing now, I'm kissing all over one girl. That sounds terrible. Let's just say I'm doing my job. And I'm fine with it.

PLAYBOY: As you get older, is it in any way a burden to be considered one of the sexiest men on the planet? Some actors resort to having cosmetic surgery. Would you?

WASHINGTON: You won't see me getting cut anywhere. No. Not me. I've been blessed with good genes. I look young for my age, anyway. If I keep myself in good shape, I'll be all right. If you're more of a physical actor, an action guy, it's tougher when you get older. You made your bread and butter that way; it's like a boxer who made his reputation on his physical strength alone. Physically, at a certain point, you just can't do certain things. And then all of a sudden you look over your shoulder and a Vin Diesel comes along. I'll be happy to be able to take on some nice character roles. What a great profession to be in, where you can still work at 60 or 70. Pacino is 62, De Niro is 59, Clint Eastwood, 72. One reason I moved behind the camera is Eastwood.

PLAYBOY: As tough as it was when you grew up, the perils for children are scarier these days. Do you worry about your children?

WASHINGTON: I haven't had to. They are good kids. Their mother's done a great job keeping their noses clean. They don't drink and don't smoke. My son in college wants to play ball and make it to the pro level. Who knows? He's on the varsity team. I don't know if he'll play, but I know I will be there at the first game. He's good. He ran for some 20-odd touchdowns and 2000 yards in high school. He took his team to the semifinals and was voted the league's offensive player of the year. The team had never been league champions before.

PLAYBOY: You played college ball. How did you compare with him?

WASHINGTON: He's a much better player than I was. In addition he's bigger. I'm taller, but I was 155 when I graduated from high school. He's 190. We didn't lift weights in those days. From the time he was born he used to put on his uniform to watch a game on TV. He loves the game.

PLAYBOY: You sound like you're an obsessed dad.

WASHINGTON: I've watched his all-star tape 3000 times. People run from me. They say, "Denzel, I've seen it 16 times. Not the tape again." People don't understand. I played, went through Pop Warner, and to see your boy. . . . I tell him, "You used to be known as my son, now I'm getting to be known as your father." Nothing makes me happier.

PLAYBOY: So if he wins the Heisman, that's when you'll break down and cry like Halle Berry.

WASHINGTON: Are you kidding? If he won, I'd go up there with him. I'd give his speech. Just let me hold it. When you're a parent, you know this. He's the oldest, and when that first one is born, you instantly understand the difference between making a living and a life. Acting used to be life. It became a way to make a living. Those little ones, that's life.

PLAYBOY: How do you stay in shape?

WASHINGTON: I do a cardio workout. I've been pushing weights.

PLAYBOY: How much weight?

WASHINGTON: I'm benching 315.

(concluded on page 186)

"I give him the same thing every year. I just wrap it a little differently."

Left: Shoot the crowd this Christmas with Sony's DSC-P9 digital camera. The four-megapixel camera divides a scene into independently metered cells so that no one gets left in the dark ($600). Below left: Even if your stocks tanked this year, these sterling silver bull-and-bear cuff links by Just Cuff Links (about $100) are a cool investment. Below: Tinymotorworks imports restored Fiat Cinquecentos from the Sixties ond Seventies that measure only 10'x4½'x4½' (they're street legal) and feature two-cylinder engines that get approximately 50 mpg ($9995). Atop the Fiat is Rusty's 'B4 surfboard, a tribute to the surfboards of the Eighties ($470).

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Left: Golfers of oll abilities will benefit from the forgiving sweet spot of the new Nike 350cc forged-titanium driver with o graphite S-flex shaft ($370). Right: LeRoy Neiman's illustration of Paris' legendory londmarks embellish Duval-Leroy's champagne ($28). Decorum's Liquids crystal champagne glass holds the bubbly ($39).

THE HOLIDAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. YOU KNOW THE DRILL: IF YOU'VE GOT IT, SPEND IT

Above: For your vintage Jag or your desk, this Sinn Rallye instrument set features timers galore and a 17-jewel watch movement, all enclosed in a nickel-plated housing, from Wartimers ($1890, including a presentation box).

Top: Sundays are for football—not shopping malls. Buy your gifts online using Envision's EN-7500 17" LCD monitor with built-in tuner and picture-in-picture capability ($600). Above: Beretta's 28-gauge model 686 Silver Pigeon S over-and-under shotgun with a walnut stock and ornate engraving weighs in at only seven pounds and is surprisingly inexpensive for a gun of this quality—$1917, including carrying case, choke tubes, recoil pad and sling swivel.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below: The unique Telelever function that's one feature of BMW's Q6.S 27-speed mountain bike limits the compression of the front suspension during braking, thus eliminating forward pitch. A Rapid Fire gearshift provides precision adjustments to the three front gears and nine rear gears. The bike con be collapsed for stowing in the trunk of your car when it's time for you to quit playing and get back to work ($4000).

Above: Avantgarde-USA's Duo is a big speaker (61" tall) that can deliver giant sound even from a low-powered amplifier. (The trick is its 103 db efficiency rating.) A subwoofer is housed in the base and a variety of finishes are available, including silver, blue, green and charcoal, from Celestial Sound ($18,970 a pair).

Left: Parasound's Halo-series stereo components look o lot sexier thon the black boxes put out by other monufacturers. The first models available include the P3 preamplifier ($800), the T3 tuner ($600) and the THX-certified A23 amp ($850).

Left: A winter wolk to the store is eosier in TSL's 217 Step-In snowshoes. They are the first to hove on integrated step-in system that secures each boot in one motion ($190). The Lowo TSL boot mode for this snowshoe has a Gore-Tex lining and o leather outer loyer to keep your feet toasty ($175 a pair).

Below: British World War II fighter pilots wore mittens to keep warm. This explains the thumb-activated start–stop lever and reset button on Graham's Chronofighter, a self-winding Swiss-made reproduction of the original ($6500). Right: The antenna tucked into T-Mobile's Pocket PC Phone Edition PDA enables users to access e-mail and the web plus make calls by pressing the color touch screen ($550). Bottom right: Davidoff's Prestige-series Palladium lighter in a Chinese-lacquer finish creates a cigar-friendly flame in the shape of a fan ($760). The porcelain ashtray ($80) is also by Davidoff.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

FIRST LOOK
AT A NEW NOVEL

THE DETECTIVE

IN THE MIDDLE OF A NOONER, DETECTIVE LARRY STARCZEK HEARD ABOUT THE GRISLY MURDERS AT THE PARADISE

Fiction By SCOTT TUROW

When Larry Starczek heard about the murder of Gus Leonidis, he was in bed with a prosecutor named Muriel Wynn, who had just told him she was getting serious with somebody else.

"Dan Quayle," she answered when he demanded to know who. "He fell for my spelling."

Irked, Larry agitated one foot through the clothing on the hotel carpeting in search of his briefs. When his toe brushed his beeper, the beeper was vibrating.

"Bad stuff," he said to Muriel after he got off the phone. "They found him and two customers in his freezer dead of gunshot wounds." He shook out his trousers and told her he had to go. The commander wanted all hands on deck.

Tiny and dark, Muriel was sitting up straight on the stiff hotel linen, still without a stitch.

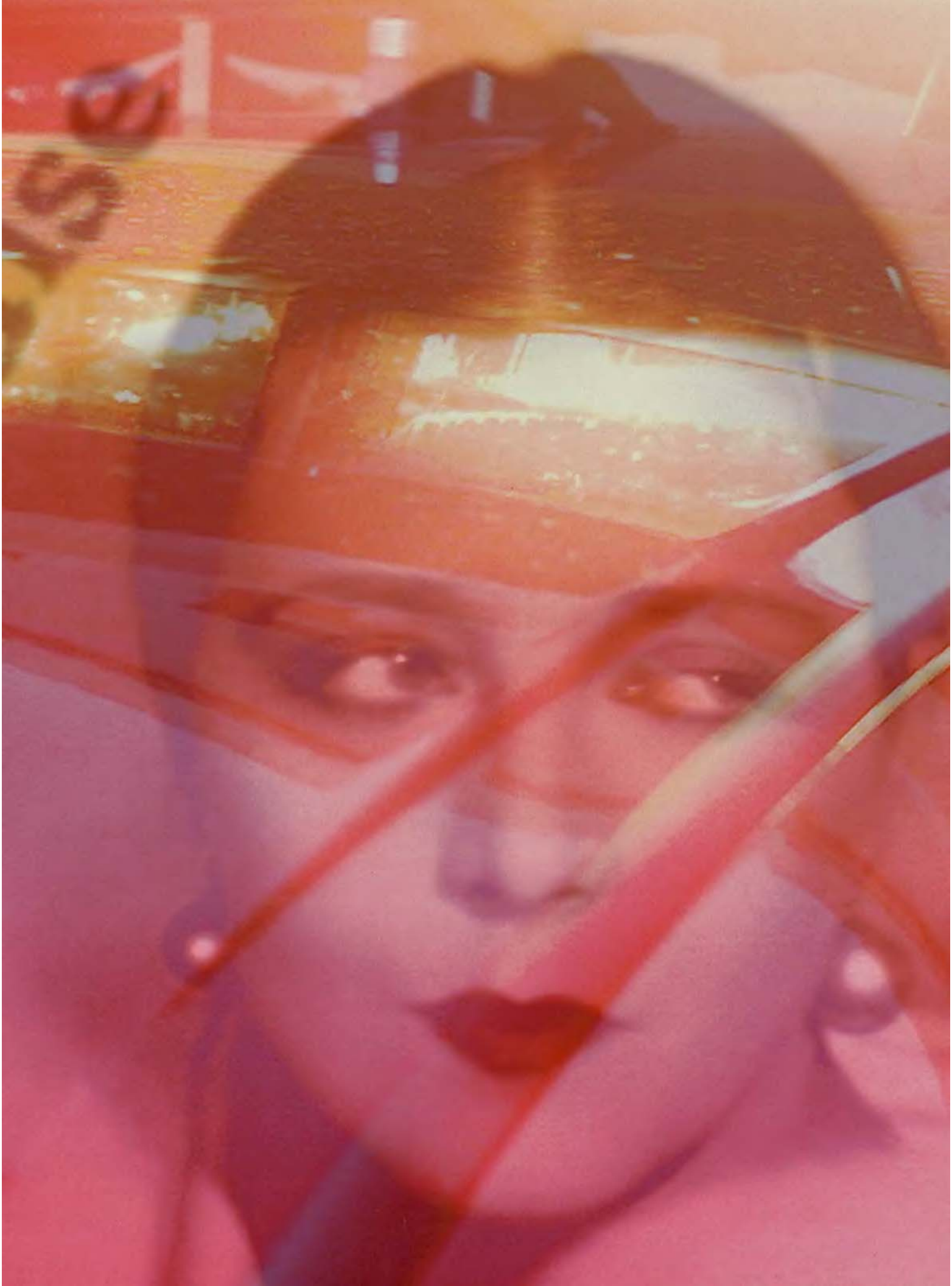
He asked her again who the guy was.

"I mean, I just want to move on," Muriel answered. "I think this other thing—I think it may go somewhere. I might even get married."

"Married!"

"Hell, Larry, it's not a disease. *You're married.*"

ILLUSTRATION BY MALCOLM TARLOFSKY



"Eh," he answered. Five years ago he had married for the second time, because it made sense. Nancy Marini, a good-hearted nurse, was easy on the eyes, kind and well disposed toward his boys. But as Nancy had pointed out several times recently, he'd never said goodbye to any of the stuff that had led his first marriage to ruin, the catting around or the fact that his principal adult relationship was with the dead bodies he scraped off the street. Marriage number two was just about past tense, but even with Muriel, Larry preferred to keep his problems to himself.

It was Fourth of July weekend, and the Hotel Gresham, in the early afternoon, was strangely silent. The manager owed Larry for a few situations he'd handled—guests who wouldn't leave, a pro who was working the lounge. He made sure Larry got a room for a few hours whenever he asked. As Muriel drifted past him for the mirror, he grabbed her from behind and did a brief grind, his lips close to the short black curls by her ear.

"Is your new beau as much fun as I am?"

"Larry, this isn't the National Fuck-Offs where you just got eliminated. We've always had a good time."

Combat defined their relations. He enjoyed it maybe more than the sex. They had met in law school, seven years earlier, when both had started at night. Muriel became a star and transferred to the day division. Larry had decided to quit even before he won custody of his sons, because he didn't have the right reasons to be there. He was trying to bolster himself after his divorce, to stay out of the taverns, even to improve the opinions of his parents and brothers, who saw police work as somewhat below him.

While Muriel finished batting powder over her summer freckles, Larry flipped on the radio. The news stations all had the murders by now, but Greer, the commander, had clamped down on the details.

"Doin' Gus," Larry said. "Somebody's gotta sizzle for that, don't you figure?"

The compact snapped closed and Muriel agreed with a sad smile.

"Everybody dug Gus," she said.

•

Augustus Leonidis had owned the restaurant called Paradise for more than 30 years. The North End neighborhood had gone to ruin around him shortly after he opened, when its final bulwark against decline, the small in-city airport called DuSable Field, had been abandoned by the major airlines in the early Sixties because its runways were too short to land jets. Yet Gus, full of brash immigrant optimism, had refused to move. He was a patriot of a lost kind. What area was "bad" if it was in America?

Despite the surroundings, Gus' business had prospered, due both to the eastbound exit from U.S. 843 directly across from his front door and his legendary breakfasts, of which the signature item was a baked omelette that arrived at the table the size of a balloon. Paradise was a renowned Kindle County crossroads, where everyone was enthusiastically welcomed by the garrulous proprietor. He'd been called Good Gus for so long that nobody remembered exactly why—whether it was the freebies for unfortunates, his civic activities or his effusive, upbeat style. Over the years, he was steadily named in the *Tribune*'s annual poll as one of Kindle County's favorite citizens.

Out on the street, when Larry arrived, the cops from the patrol division had done their best to make themselves important, parking their black-and-whites across the avenue with the light bars spinning atop the vehicles. Various vagrants and solid citizens had been attracted. It was July and nobody was wearing much of anything, since the old apartment buildings nearby didn't have the wiring to support air-conditioning. At the curb, several TV news vans preparing for broadcast had raised their antennae, which looked like enlarged kitchen tools.

He flipped his tin at the two uniforms near the door. Inside, on the left, three civilians were seated together on the bench of a booth—a black man in an apron, a wrung-out woman in a beige housedress and a younger guy with rounded shoulders and an earring big enough to be visible to Larry from 30 feet. The three seemed to be in their own universe, isolated from the whirl of police activity around them. Employees or family, Larry figured, either waiting to be questioned or to ask questions of their own.

The crime scene was being processed by dozens of people—at least six techs, in their khaki shirts, were dusting for prints—but the atmosphere was notably subdued. Detective Commander Harold Greer had set up in Gus' tiny office behind the kitchen, and the team of detectives he'd called in was assembling there. Gus, unexpectedly, was tidy. Above the desk was a Byzantine cross, a girlie calendar from a food wholesaler and pictures of Gus' family taken, Larry surmised, on a return trip to Greece. The photos, showing a wife, two daughters and a son, had to be 15 years old, but that was the time Gus, like most guys in Larry's experience, wanted to remember, when he was really pulling the sleigh, building a business, raising a family. The wife, smiling and looking fetching in a rumpled bathing suit, was the same poor wretch who was sitting by the door.

Greer was on the phone, holding one finger in his ear as he explained the status of things to somebody from the mayor's office, while the detectives around the room watched him. Larry went over to Dan Lipranzer for the lowdown. Lip, who had the slicked-back do of a Fifties juvenile delinquent, was, as usual, by himself in a corner. Lipranzer always appeared cold, even in July, drawn in on himself like a molting bird. He'd been the first dick on the scene and had interviewed the night manager, Rafael.

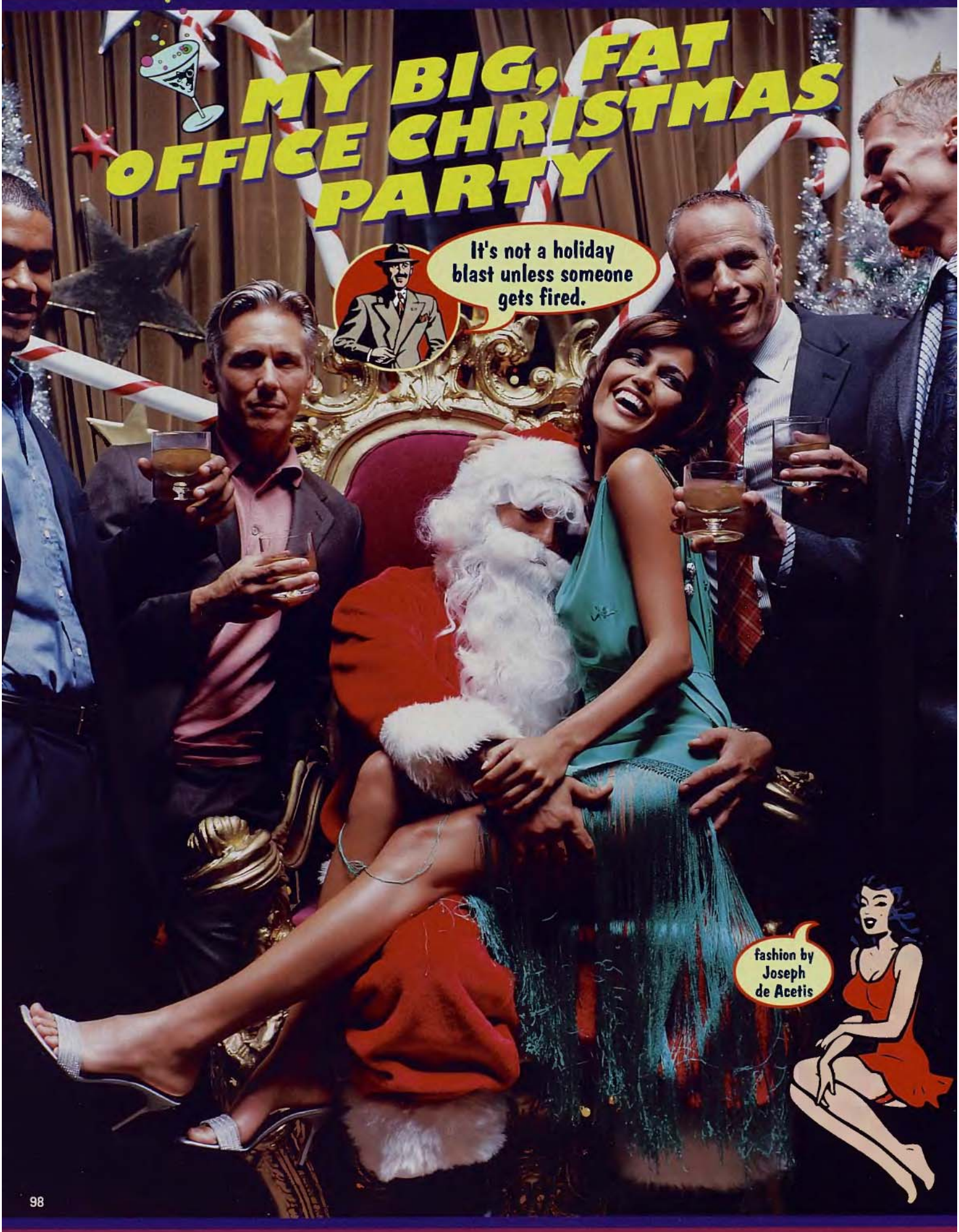
According to what the night manager had told Lipranzer, Gus had come in to pick up the cash and send his employees home right before midnight on Wednesday, July 3. Each worker received $100 from the register. As they were about to post the CLOSED sign, Luisa Remardi, who worked for Trans-National as a ticket agent, had walked in. She was a regular, and Gus, who had a thing for every female customer, sent Rafael, the fry cook and the busboy on their way and took over the kitchen himself. Sometime in the next hour or two, Gus, Luisa and a third person had been murdered. The last victim was a white in his late 30s, tentatively ID'd as Paul Judson, based both on a run of the plates of one of the cars still absorbing the July sun in Gus' lot and the previous day's missing-person report from his wife. Mrs. Judson said Paul had been scheduled to arrive July 4 on the 12:10 A.M. at DuSable Field.

Rafael had returned to reopen at 4:30 in the morning. He hadn't thought much of the disorder he found, assuming that once Gus got rid of his patrons, he'd walked out quickly rather than turn away new customers. Near five o'clock, Mrs. Leonidis, Athena, phoned in distress because Gus hadn't shown up the day before at their cabin near Skageon. Searching around, Rafael noticed Gus' Cadillac still in the lot and began to worry that the trail of blood near the register wasn't from thawing meat Gus had dragged upstairs to the kitchen. When the fry cook arrived, they called the cops and, after some debate, finally pulled the handle on the freezer in the basement on the chance someone was still alive. Nobody was.

It was close to 3:30 P.M. when Greer put down the phone and announced to the 12 detectives he'd summoned that it was time to get started. Despite the heat, near 90, Greer had worn a wool sports coat and tie, realizing he was destined for TV. He had a clipboard and began announcing assignments so each cop would know his or her angle

(continued on page 190)

"So this is why you hide up here at the North Pole all year!!"


MY BIG, FAT OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY
It's not a holiday blast unless someone gets fired.
fashion by Joseph de Acetis

The weather outside is frightful. But it's nothing compared with the perils of the office party. You have to match the big boys drink for drink—and avoid ending up facedown in the punch bowl. You're also faced with the dilemma of the year: Is that bathroom BJ worth skipping the CEO's toast? (Sometimes you have to say, What the fuck.) But there's an easy way to help yourself out—dress right and you win a lot of leeway. So before you knock back champagne and shots, treat yourself to an early Christmas present.

The office party can be a make-or-break moment in any career. A well-worded toast will be remembered long after the cute girl in marketing forgets you tried to convince her to unwrap your package in the copy room. Your outfit can make a lasting impression, too. This page, left to right: Mike, the office slut, wears a suit and turtleneck by Boss Hugo Boss and shoes by Aldo. He's talking to the boss' trophy wife, who is in a dress by Halston, shoes by Stuart Weitzman and bracelet by Scott Kay. The big man is in a formal jacket and tux trousers by Kiton, shirt and tie by Hickey-Freeman and shoes by Johnston and Murphy. Jaysan wears a sports jacket, suede pants, shirt and tie by Hickey-Freeman and boots by Aldo. The new guy takes his turn by the chief executive's side in a sweater by Gran Sasso, shirt, tie and tux pants by Kiton and shoes by Giorgio Armani. Step up with stogies—the cigars and lighter are by Davidoff. Getting a light is Sasha, in a suit, shirt and tie by Hickey-Freeman and shoes by Aldo. Kyle raises his glass in a suit, shirt and tie by Joseph Abboud and shoes by Johnston and Murphy. He's saying, "I live and die with you guys." But he is scanning the room for the PR chick he spotted at the swingers' club last night.

The economy is slow. And the CFO granted himself a sweetheart loan before he jetted off to the Caymans. But Santa granted your wish—the number crunchers never found the petty cash box. So it's time to party. Opal Opposite page, left to right: The young accountant is in a suit and shirt by Tommy Hilfiger and belt by Tarina. Kyle is in a suit by Davide Cenci, cashmere polo sweater by Avan Celli and belt by Tarina. Sasha is the boss' right-hand man, but he likes to party. He's in a suit, striped shirt and plaid tie by Tommy Hilfiger. Carden is in a suit, checked shirt and tie by Etro. (Santa's elf is in a dress by Santiago Bandres and shoes by Stuart Weitzman.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH OPPEDISANO
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

MOET

Hmmm. He must be the auditor.

You know it's a big, fat office party if it ends up like o night at Hogs ond Heifers. Main picture, from left to right: Jayson is in a suit and shirt by Tommy Hilfiger. With the lollipop is Laiz, in a dress by Thierry Mugler ond shoes by Stuart Weitzman. (Who invited the biker dudes anywoy?) Dancing on the table is Korin, in a bustier and skirt by Thierry Mugler, necklace by Helen Yormak and shoes by Stuart Weitzman. Carden is wearing antlers—and a suit, shirt and tie by Etro (available at Bergdorf Goodman). His belt is by Giorgio Armani. Passed out (again this year!) is Heather, in a sweater and skirt by Davide Cenci and necklace by Helen Yarmak. Mike talked toa long to Mrs. Bossman. He is in a leather jacket, sweater and trousers by Salvatore Ferragamo and shoes by Aldo. The CEO served his country—he played high school football. So don't mess with him. He is wearing (or was) a suit and shirt by Yves Saint Laurent and tie by Ferragamo. His watch is by Tissat, his belt is by Giorgio Armani and his shaes are by Johnston and Murphy. Sure, his wife acts sorry now, but she wasn't exactly shunning Mike's attention. She's in a dress by Halston and shoes by Stuart Weitzman. Her handbag is by Suzanne Christensen. Above: Figuring he's gaing to get the baat anyway, Mike decides to go for it. The CEO's wife is in lingerie by La Perla, fur by Helen Yarmak and shaes by Ferragamo.

CELEBRITY Christmas Carols

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

George W. Bush

(To the tune of *It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas*)
It's beginning to look a lot like this is
Not the job for me:
The stock market's turned to shit,
The Arabs and Jews won't quit,
Old business pals are public enemies.

From health care to crime to global warming,
Stuff's just so complex.
The media's in my face,
Saddam is still in place;
At least when Clinton worked here, he got sex.

Merry Christmas, although I can't be joyful
'Cause of this dang war.
My poll numbers, getting soft,
And Congress now blows me off,
I just get so sore,
I'm beginning to think the real winner . . . was Gore.

John Ashcroft

(To the tune of *Good King Wenceslas*)
Good thing Bush is president,
Or I'd have no work now.
Right wing thinks I'm heaven-sent,
Most think I'm a jerk, though.
Got no time for Christmas glee,
Major trouble's brewing:
Voters catching on that I'd
Give their rights a screwing.

Evildoers rear their heads?
Here is my solution:
Give handguns to everyone,
Suspend the Constitution.
Terrorism's vile 'cause it
Means I can't apportion
Funds to fight the things I'd like:
Drugs, porn and abortion.

Ken Lay

(To the tune of *Joy to the World*)
I ruled the world, as Enron's lord,
Now my dick is in a sling.
Employees that I sacrificed
Can't wait to squeal, they want me iced.
My name's mud, so's my cred,
One friend blew off his head,
And half of my staff was in a PLAYBOY spread.

Screw Christmas cheer; I've none to give.
I'm pissed, and righteously.
We're down to just one mansion now,
Must beat the rap but don't know how.
The cruelest irony
Is that they might jail me
While letting Dick Cheney walk around scot-free.

Martha Stewart

(To the tune of *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth*)
All I want for Christmas is my good name back,
My stock price up and in the black.
Must restore my precious moneymaking knack
In time to rake it in at Christmas.

(Chorus)
Kmart crashed. (They owe me cash!)
And then my name's commercial worth was tramped on
By that fink in Martha Inc.
Thank God no one who cares lives in the Hamptons.

Just because I sold a little ImClone stock
They want to lock me up! A crock!
If it's wrong to profit off of "inside talk,"
What's the point of being an insider?

(Chorus)
Talk show hosts make such cruel jokes:
"Bet her cell will be the prison's cleanest."
My heart breaks! (Though you can make
Very clever place mats from subpoenas.)

If the bastards out to get me win, oh dear,
I'll soon appear, I greatly fear,
In *Martha Stewart Living in the Joint* next year!
And damn those who say that "It's a good thing."

The Osbournes

(To the tune of *Deck the Halls*)
Rock the halls with sounds unholy,
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la-la.
Both kids stoned, Oz fucked on Stoli,
Bladda-bladda-blah da-bla da-bla.
Screams and curses, shrieks and braying,
Wallawa, wallawa, wa-wa-wa.
Censors freak: "Fuck, what's he saying?"
Jabber-jabber-jabber, ha-ha-ha.

Biggest MTV show ever,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la la-la.
Even Dan Quayle thinks we're clever,
Golly-golly-golly ga-ga-ga.
No sitcom has got what we have,
Rah-rah-rah, rah-rah-rah, rah rah rah.
Think of *Family Ties* in rehab,
Yada-yada-yada, yo-ma-ma.

Twenty mil for masturbating?
Hama-hama-hama, ha-ma-ha.
Fuck hell yes we're celebrating,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la la-la.
If Claus shows up, he'll get shit, son,
Santa-ha, Santa-ha, San-ta-ha
We'll bite the head off fucking Blitzen,
Shagga-ragga-flapfl-grgll-pflurggenshlabllxpkl. . . .

Cardinal Law

(To the tune of *What Child Is This*)
What child is this who makes such claims
In an evidentiary hearing?
He's wrong! He lies! Oh, damn his thighs!
(Someone tell Father Flynn to stop leering.)

(Chorus)
Why? Why are we so reviled?
(Like no Methodist ever groped a child!)
We just blew their sins away;
I don't get it, why all the excitement?

We're booed and sassed while we're saying Mass,
Our donations lag, there's such fury.
Bed just one lad, and they sue your ass,
And there's Baptists and Jews on the jury.

(Chorus)
Pray, pray on Christmas day
That God will make it all go away.
Hope your New Year's dreams come true—
I've got just one: Avoid an indictment.

Winona Ryder

(To the tune of *Jingle Bells*)
Christmas hell, in a cell?
Nuts, I'll cop a plea.
Given roles I've chosen,
I could plead insanity.
Bad enough, getting cuffed,
But what's really sick,
I went from *Little Women* to
Some mindless Sandler flick.

(Chorus)
Shopping Saks one day,
Made one small mistake:
Didn't think to pay.
Now can't get a break.
The problem is, I live
In Hollywood, you see:
I thought the rule was if you are
A movie star, stuff's free.

Joy to you, and me too;
Have a great New Year.
I just hope my record won't
Take down my whole career.
Word's around: In this town
I've become a bane.
Not 'cause I got busted—
'Cause I make Anne Heche look sane.

Mike Piazza

(To the tune of *Let It Snow*)
Oh the rumor mill was a drag; it
Claimed I was a faggot.
There goes my endorsement dough!
It ain't so, it ain't so, it ain't so.
Gay gossip's the worst, you betcha,
When you're well known as "a catcher."
But bubblegum's all I blow!
I've no beau, I've no beau, I've no beau.

(Chorus)
I denied all these lies, and how,
Though it made me feel just like a slut.
At least, in the clubhouse now,
The guys keep hands off my butt.

Hope your Christmas lights are twinkling.
As for who's gay, I've no inkling.
(Ask Clemens, I hear he sews.)
I'm no 'mo, I'm no 'mo, I'm no 'mo.

Dick Cheney

(To the tune of *We Three Kings*)
Briefly, things are coming apart.
SEC's just getting too smart.
Halliburton
Could mean curtains;
This can't be good for my heart.

(Chorus)
Ohh, George and I played fast and loose
Back in Texas, now our goose
May be cooking; press is looking
Into things, I smell a noose.

Who'll get nailed? Not Dubya, not him.
I'm the fall guy, his "evil twin."
If, come Christmas,
I've been dismissed,
They tossed me to save his skin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISMAEL ROLDAN

HollywOOD's UnsoLved mySterieS

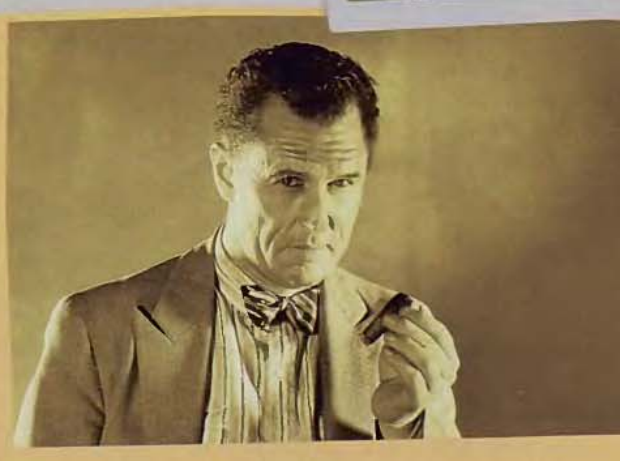
by Steve Pond

This is Los Angeles. Begin at 39th Street and Norton Avenue. Houses now occupy the once-vacant lot where the body of Elizabeth Short was dumped in 1947. She wanted to be a star, ended up a corpse. The Black Dahlia, they called her.

Head toward downtown to Westlake. What's now a parking lot is where movie director William Desmond Taylor was shot. Don't ask who was holding the gun—maybe the mom of ingenue Mary Miles Minter. Too bad the studio got to the scene before the cops.

In Hollywood is the former home of veteran character actor Victor Kilian. In March 1979 Kilian filmed a guest shot on the TV series "All in the Family"; shortly thereafter he was beaten to death in his apartment. The police never found the killer. Another character actor who guested on the same sitcom episode, Charles Wagenheim, was beaten to death in a separate incident. That murder is unsolved.

Not far away, just off the Hollywood Freeway, is a Scientology building that used to belong to Eleanor Ince, the widow of pioneering movie producer Thomas Ince. He died shortly after a weekend cruise on William Randolph Hearst's yacht. Rumors say Hearst shot Ince and then gave that building to Mrs. Ince to keep her quiet. This is Hollywood, so you never know.



Was it murder? (clockwise, starting lower left) George Reeves wasn't invincible. Did Mary Miles Minter kill William Desmond Taylor? Marilyn Monroe died at home; Natalie Wood (with Robert Wagner) drowned; Robert Blake is in court, and Thomas Ince's "heart attack" still raises questions.

Who really killed Superman? Marilyn Monroe? Here are the celebrity murder cases that won't die

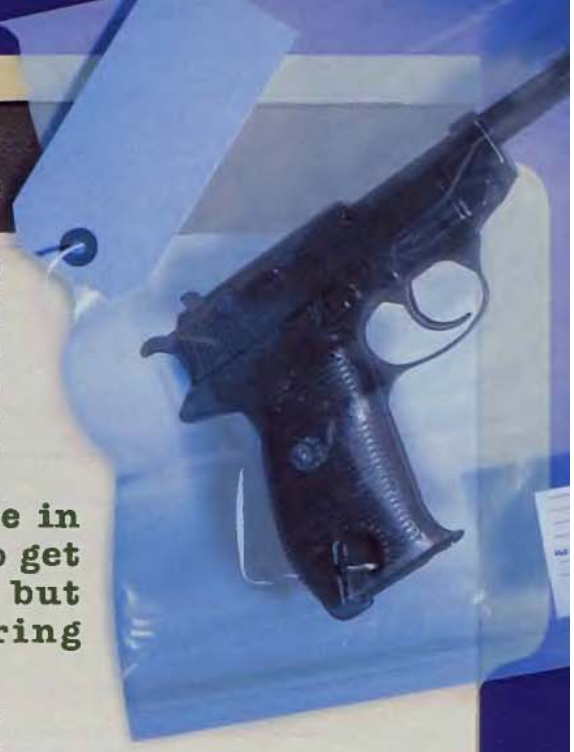
The Los Angeles Police Department calls them cold cases, but unsolved murders are still hot properties in Hollywood—and so are other cases whose official solutions leave tantalizing unanswered questions. The death of *Hogan's Heroes* star Bob Crane (officially unsolved) is the subject of the new movie *Auto Focus*; the death of silent movie producer Thomas Ince was the subject of the movie *The Cat's Meow* last spring. New books emerge every few months, while television shows such as *E True Hollywood Story* tap into the rich currents of sin, violence and skulduggery that course through Tinseltown.

"Cases can get bizarre in Hollywood," says Richard Kalk, a 30-year LAPD detective who now heads the LA Police Historical Society. "They also get bizarre in Rampart, but you don't keep hearing about those."

Make no mistake, you keep hearing about the ones in Hollywood—sometimes with curious echoes sounding through the years, tying old scandals to newer ones. Case in point: In 1981 Natalie Wood drowned mysteriously, apparently after trying to board a small dinghy late one alcohol-soaked night off Catalina Island. One of Wood's friends and co-stars said of her death, "The Natalie that I knew, there was not enough alcohol on this planet to get her drunk enough to have anything to do with a rubber dinghy, in the dark, in the ocean." Twenty years later, that same co-star found himself cooking up an equally improbable scenario on his own behalf: Robert Blake had to go back into the restaurant where he'd just eaten dinner with his wife, he explained, because he'd left his gun at the table. But when he got back to the car, he found his wife in the front seat dying of a gunshot wound.

"Cases can get bizarre in Hollywood. They also get bizarre in Rampart, but you don't keep hearing about those."

When you're dealing with deaths from the earlier days of Hollywood, it can be virtually impossible to ferret out the truth from the morass of corruption and cover-up that used to occur in Los Angeles. Politicians were routinely on the take, racketeers had free-reign and motion picture studio executives controlled the press and routinely covered up the dalliances and excesses of their biggest stars.



Police claim Robert Blake used o Wolther P-3B military 9mm handgun to kill his wife.

"In the Twenties and Thirties, the LAPD was definitely corrupt," says Kalk. "I'm willing to bet that if somebody from Paramount went up to an officer on the scene and said, 'Here's $50, kid, let me look at the body, he's my best friend,' it was done."

In no particular order, and with the caveat that facts can be elusive things, here are eight Hollywood deaths that continue to be big box office:

BLACK DEATH

Leading lady: Aspiring actress Elizabeth Short, a.k.a. the Black Dahlia.
Untimely death: Tortured and cut in half around January 14, 1947.
Usual suspects: Everyone from Orson Welles to anonymous drifters.
Back story: Elizabeth Short was a 22-year-old brunette who came to Los Angeles from Medford, Massachusetts to be an actress. She usually dressed in black, and friends began to call her the Black Dahlia, in a nod to the 1946 film *The Blue Dahlia*. She was last seen at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles on January 9.
Gory details: Six days later—days that remain largely unaccounted for—her nude body was discovered in a vacant lot near 39th Street and Norton Avenue. Short's arms, legs and breasts bore deep cuts and other signs of torture. Abrasions around the wrists and ankles showed that she had been tied up; a razor had been used to cut Short's face nearly from ear to ear into a gruesome, mocking smile. After the killing, the body had been meticulously cleaned and drained of blood.
Whodunit: Some observers believe Short simply angered a man who had never murdered before. Other theories abound, speculating that the killer was Short's father or a

Elizabeth Short (left) is far better known as the Black Dahlia. In happier days, she spent time with her mother (below, left). Cops ponder the scene of the crime (below).

deranged Hollywood abortionist. In one particularly far-fetched scenario, Mary Pacios, an old friend of Short's, accused Orson Welles of the crime, claiming the actor-director was mentally unstable. She also claimed that he liked to saw women in half during his magic act and before the murder had designed a set for *The Lady From Shanghai* featuring mutilated corpses that resembled Short's dead body. Screenwriter Ben Hecht suggested that the murderer was a woman, a theory prompted by police leaks suggesting that Short may have had an abnormally small vagina that prevented her from having sex with men. In 1995 Janice Knowlton published a book claiming that her father—a foundry worker who lived in Westminster—had killed Short in

JACK ANDERSON WILSON.

her family's garage and that she had "repressed" the memory for years. Police dismissed her theory.

Perhaps the strongest suspect turned out to be a drifter who went by a variety of aliases but whose real name was Jack Anderson Wilson. In the early Eighties Wilson described the killing in detail to writer John Gilmore (saying he was only repeating what he had been told by an acquaintance), but before he could be questioned by the police, Wilson died in his downtown Los Angeles hotel room, burning to death in a fire of unknown origin. The DA's office concluded, "that were this suspect alive, an intensive inquiry would be recommended."

VIRGINIA RAPPE.

A GREAT INJUSTICE

Leading lady: Actress Virginia Rappe.

Untimely death: Peritonitis, which was brought about by a ruptured bladder, in San Francisco, September 1921.

Usual suspects: The comedian Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, a botched abortion.

Back story: A huge man with huge appetites, Fatty Arbuckle invited some friends to San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel on Labor Day weekend to celebrate his new three-year, $3 million contract with Paramount Pictures.

"Rappe fell to the floor and began screaming during Arbuckle's party. She was taken to the hospital and died four days later."

The party reportedly turned into three days of debauchery, including plenty of bootleg liquor, nude dancing and sexual activity.

Gory details: Virginia Rappe reportedly fell to the bathroom floor and at some point began screaming during Arbuckle's party. She was taken to the hospital and died four days later. A friend at the party, Maude Delmont, claimed that Rappe had blamed Arbuckle for her condition, and the San Francisco district attorney charged Arbuckle with murder.

Whodunit: According to one theory in Kenneth Anger's seamy *Hollywood Babylon*, Arbuckle took Rappe into a bedroom, unsuccessfully attempted to have sex with her and then caused her injuries by ravishing her with either a Coca-Cola or champagne bottle. More credible reports suggest Arbuckle tried to help the actress and simply became a useful target for Delmont, a woman with a history of extortion attempts. Suspicion turned instead to an illegal abortion that Rappe had undergone shortly before the party.

Arbuckle endured three trials, by most accounts rife with confusing testimony and cover-ups. Cut loose by Paramount and virtually blacklisted by Hollywood moral czar Will Hays, Arbuckle was eventually cleared of all charges. "Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle," the jury said. "We feel that a great injustice has been done him."

Fatty Arbuckle (top right) watched his film career wither after the death of actress Virginia Rappe. Witness Maude Delmont (middle) asserted that Fatty was to blame, but the court (bottom) disagreed, acquitting him. It was too late: Arbuckle's reputation as a comedian was ruined.

PAUL BERN

JEAN HARLOW

ABJECT HUMILIATION

Leading man: Paul Bern, assistant to producer Irving Thalberg and husband of Jean Harlow.

Untimely death: Gunshot to the head on September 5, 1932.

Usual suspects: Suicide, Bern's common-law wife Dorothy Millette (with or without the aid of Mobster Abner "Longy" Zwillman).

Back story: Mild-mannered, quiet and more than 20 years older than his wife, Paul Bern seemed to be an unlikely husband for sexpot Jean Harlow, who usually preferred more volatile, macho men. Bern already had a common-law wife in New York, a mentally unstable woman named Dorothy Millette, who showed up unexpectedly at Bern's house on September 4.

Gory details: The police, who arrived after executives from MGM had been at the scene for hours, found Bern dead in Harlow's bedroom, nude, with a gun in his hand and a suicide note that included the line "This is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and wipe out my abject humiliation." Police labeled it a suicide, but far-fetched and unsavory scenarios soon began to fly.

Whodunit: One widely held theory, advanced by Irving Shulman's 1964 book *Harlow*, says that Bern regularly abused Harlow and had underdeveloped genitals that prevented him from consummating the marriage. According to Shulman, Harlow had laughed at Bern when he tried to please her by outfitting himself with a "large artificial penis and testicles," whereupon a humiliated Bern shot himself. But most historians disagree. Screenwriter Samuel Marx concluded that Bern had been shot by Millette—who could not be questioned, because that same week her body was found in the Sacramento River. Another theory suggests that Millette was used by an East Coast gangster who'd had a relationship with Harlow before she married Bern.

More recently, the David Stenn book *Bombshell: The Life and Death of Jean Harlow* offers a less sensational scenario. According to Stenn, Bern was a troubled man who'd tried to kill himself on a previous occasion. After a stormy encounter between Bern, Harlow and Millette, Stenn suggests, the despondent Bern took his own life.

GEORGE REEVES AND LENORE LEMMON

A SPEEDING BULLET

Leading man: TV's Superman, George Reeves.

Untimely death: Shot in the head in the bedroom of his Beverly Hills home on June 16, 1959.

Usual suspects: Suicide, MGM studio exec Eddie Mannix, Mannix' wife, Toni.

Back story: George Reeves became a star playing the Man of Steel on television from 1952 to 1957, but by the time of his death the 45-year-old had been depressed at his inability to win movie roles. In 1959 Reeves began receiving death threats; he suspected his former lover Toni Mannix, the wife of a combative Hollywood executive, until she told him that she, too, had been receiving threats.

Gory details: On June 15 Reeves celebrated his pending marriage with his fiancée, Lenore Lemmon, and a houseguest. At one A.M. they were joined by a couple of neighbors for more drinking. Reeves, who had gone to bed, yelled at the new guests for arriving at such a late hour, then went back upstairs in a bad mood. "He'll probably go up to his room and shoot himself," joked Lemmon. A few minutes later, they heard a gunshot, went upstairs and found Reeves lying dead on his bed.

Whodunit: No suicide note was found, and doubt was cast by bruises on Reeves' body, by two bullet holes in the floor, by his lack of powder burns and the location of the entry and exit wounds. But police investigators were stymied by the fact that all the houseguests were too drunk to be reliable witnesses and concluded that the circumstances of Reeves' death "indicated suicide." While the police stuck with the suicide theory, Reeves' mother hired private detectives, who concluded that he had been murdered. In 1996 Sam Kahsner and Nancy Schoenberger published the book *Hollywood Kryptonite: The Bulldog, the Lady and the Death of Superman*, blaming a hit man hired by Toni Mannix.

"Investigators were stymied by the fact that the houseguests were too drunk to be reliable witnesses."

BOB CRANE AND PATRICIA OLSON

SEX AND VIDEOTAPE

Leading man: Actor Bob Crane.

Untimely death: Beaten to death in his bed in Scottsdale, Arizona, June 29, 1978.

Usual suspects: Friend John Carpenter, ex-wife Patricia Olson,

any number of angry husbands.

Back story: A radio personality who broke into acting in the Sixties, Bob Crane became well known for *Hogan's Heroes*. While starring in this family comedy, Crane kept quiet about his secret life as a dedicated swinger who kept photographs and videotapes of his sexual conquests. By the late Seventies Crane was embroiled in a messy divorce with his second wife, Patricia Olson (Hilda on *Hogan's Heroes*). In June 1978 he was starring at a dinner theater in Scottsdale. On the 28th Crane returned to his cluttered, furnished two-bedroom apartment with a friend, video-equipment salesman John Carpenter. According to Carpenter, Crane argued with Olson over the telephone that night; other sources say Crane told hanger-on Carpenter that their friendship was over.

"I always felt insecure and in the way, but most of all I felt scared," said Monroe. "I guess I wanted love more than anything else in the world."

Gory details: The next afternoon Crane was found beaten to death in his blood-soaked bed with an electrical cord wrapped around his neck in a bow. The actor had been murdered in his sleep, most likely by someone who either had a key to the room or had been there earlier and had left a door or window unlocked.

Whodunit: In the aftermath of the murder, Crane's lifestyle, and his extensive collection of videos and photos, came to light. Although the tapes and photos made suspects of a score of disgruntled husbands and boyfriends, and although both Carpenter and Olson came under suspicion, the Arizona police investigation was at best haphazard.

Fourteen years after Crane's murder, a new county attorney charged Carpenter with the crime. Carpenter was acquitted and died four years after the trial, maintaining his innocence. "I have mixed feelings," says Robert Crane, Bob Crane's oldest son from his first marriage (and a frequent PLAYBOY contributor). "I keep going back and forth between Carpenter and my former stepmother, Patti—Patti being the one with the motive, as far as I'm concerned." In the movie *Auto Focus*, director Paul Schrader's big-screen treatment of Crane's split personality and untimely end, the relationship between Crane and Carpenter (played by Greg Kinnear and Willem Dafoe, respectively) is the central theme.

MARILYN MONROE

GOODBYE, NORMA JEAN

Leading lady: Marilyn Monroe.

Untimely death: An overdose of Nembutal and chloral hydrate, August 5, 1962.

Usual suspects: Suicide, accidental overdose, psychiatrist Dr. Ralph Greenson, housekeeper Eunice Murray, the Mafia, John and/or Robert Kennedy.

Back story: "I always felt insecure and in the way, but most of all I felt scared," Marilyn Monroe once said. "I guess I wanted love more than anything else in the world." By her mid-30s, Marilyn's search for love had led her through three failed marriages and, reportedly, into the arms of both John and Robert Kennedy, though some reports say she was planning to blow the whistle on those relationships. On August 4 Marilyn was reportedly upbeat during an early-evening phone conversation with the son of former husband Joe DiMaggio, but she seemed despondent in a subsequent call to actor Peter Lawford.

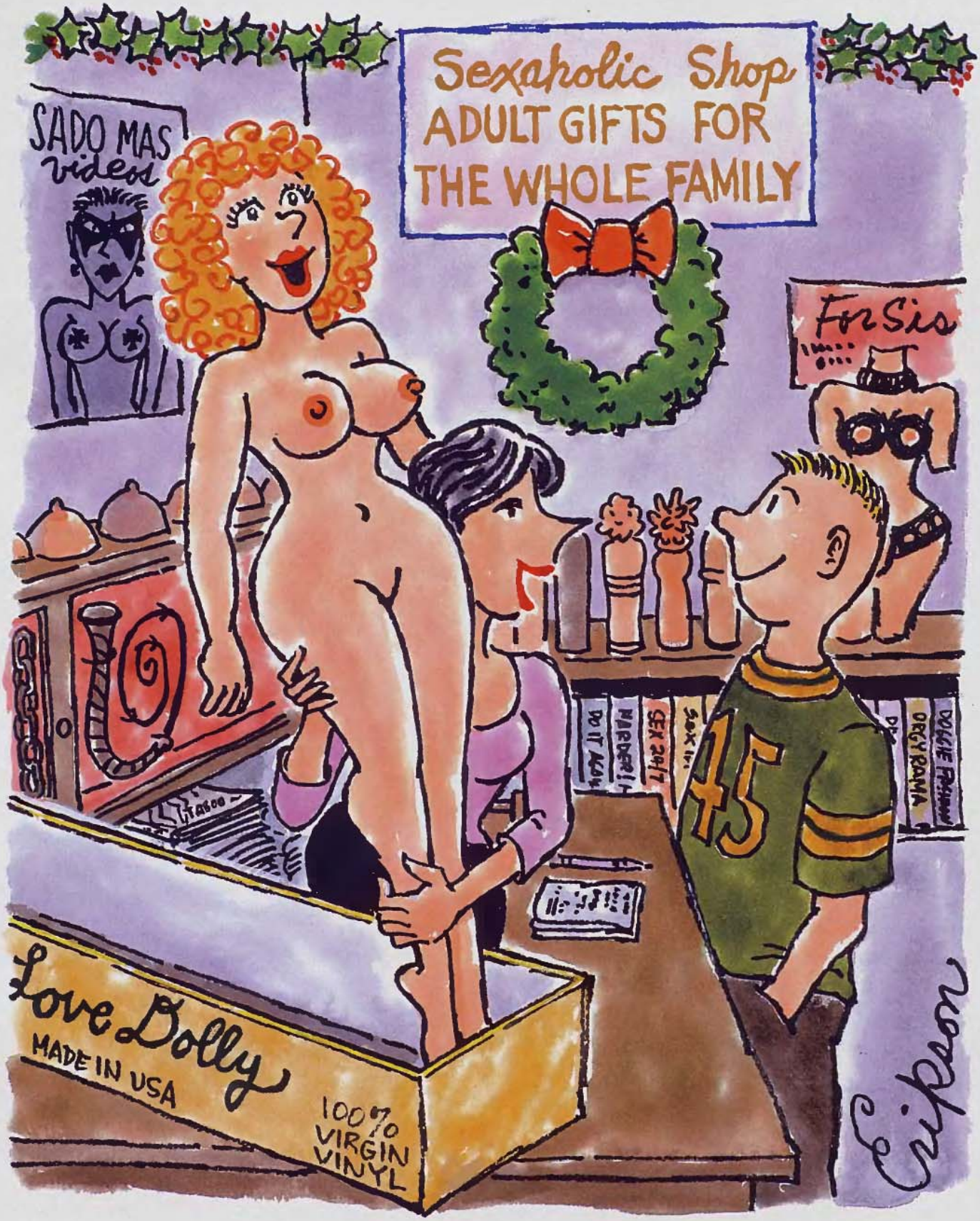
Questions still linger about Marilyn Monroe's death. Her nude body was discovered on her bed (top), but did someone tamper with the scene? Among the tantalizing clues: a broken window at her home.

Gory details: The police were summoned to Marilyn's Brentwood home about 4:30 A.M. on August 5. Although the police were initially told that her body hadn't been discovered until after three A.M., later evidence would suggest that the occupants of the house may have known Marilyn had died as early as midnight and that work was done to clean up the scene. Monroe was lying facedown on her bed, naked, next to an empty bottle of Nembutal, which had reportedly been prescribed for her on August 3. But exactly how she ingested the drugs was never clear: According to LA county coroner Thomas Noguchi, there was no trace of pills in her stomach and no marks of injection. The death was ruled an "apparent suicide."

Whodunit: In 1993 author Donald Spoto suggested that the death was accidental, occurring after Marilyn took the Nembutal over a 24-hour period and then had a chloral hydrate enema, probably administered by Eunice Murray at the behest of the actress'

(concluded on page 176)

ROBERT KENNEDY



"And when Grandpa tires of her, he can stick her in the garden to frighten away the blue jays."

Saturday Night Live has given us big stars, spectacular deaths and dozens of has-beens. The show's founding mother looks back at the 79 cast members and tells 79 stories

LIVE FROM NEW YORK SNL STILL KILLS

by Anne Beatts

PLAYBOY CALLED ME AND SAID, "WE HAVE THIS GREAT IDEA." (PLAYBOY ALWAYS REFERS TO ITSELF AS "WE"—AN INTIMATE DETAIL I'VE LEARNED OVER THE LONG YEARS OF OUR RELATIONSHIP.) "WE WANT YOU TO WRITE SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THE CAST MEMBERS OF *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*, FROM THE FIRST FIVE YEARS WHEN YOU WROTE FOR IT AND IT WAS BRILLIANTLY FUNNY, DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS WHEN MAYBE IT WASN'T SO FUNNY ANYMORE, UNTIL NOW WHEN EVERYONE AGREES IT'S FUNNY AGAIN, ALTHOUGH NOT QUITE SO FUNNY AS DURING THAT FAR-OFF GOLDEN AGE WHEN WE WERE ALL STONED ALL THE TIME SO EVERYTHING SEEMED WAY FUNNIER." NATURALLY, I HESITATED. NOT THAT I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF TOOTING MY OWN HORN AS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* EMMY AWARD–WINNING WRITERS. OR MAKING SNAP JUDGMENTS ON THE FINEST COMEDY TALENTS OF THE PAST THREE DECADES. I JUST WONDERED IF I HAD TO SIGN MY NAME TO THE THING. PLAYBOY FELT MY PAIN. (THOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT THINK SO, PLAYBOY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SENSITIVE.) THEN PLAYBOY TOLD ME HOW MUCH PLAYBOY WOULD PAY ME. "WHAT THE HEY, I'LL DO IT, MR. SATAN," I SAID. (MR. SATAN IS ONE OF MY PET NAMES FOR PLAYBOY.) IT WASN'T JUST THE MONEY. I'D ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HAD BECOME OF 1980–1981 CAST MEMBER ANN RISLEY. NOW WAS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT AND THEN TO SHARE THAT KNOWLEDGE WITH A WAITING WORLD.

THE NOT-READY-FOR-PRIME-TIME PLAYERS GOT THEIR NAME WHEN, IN THE FALL OF 1975, ABC LAUNCHED *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE WITH HOWARD COSELL*, IN PRIME TIME, FEATURING HOWARD AND HIS PRIME-TIME PLAYERS. IT WAS LORNE MICHAELS' GENIUS TO CALL IT *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*. THEN NBC COULD NEVER MOVE IT. HERB SARGENT, ONE OF THE FEW WRITERS WITH ENOUGH TV EXPERIENCE TO APPRECIATE THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRIME TIME AND LATE NIGHT, DRYLY SUGGESTED WE CALL OUR CAST THE NOT-READY-FOR-PRIME-TIME PLAYERS. BILL MURRAY APPEARED ON THE SHORT-LIVED COSELL SHOW, MAKING HIM THE ONLY CAST MEMBER TO HAVE BEEN FIRST READY AND THEN NOT READY FOR PRIME TIME.

ORIGINAL CAST, 1975–1976

Dan Aykroyd

Danny loved playing authority figures. He was never so happy as when he could pack heat on the show. He was also one of the actors who actually sat down and put words on paper, usually grubby food-stained paper. Together, he and Tom Davis, one of the show's writers, wrote the Coneheads. The original handwritten draft was illustrated with many middle school–caliber drawings of rocket ships. Danny and I created Irwin Mainway, a man so sleazy that he sold dog milk to a school lunch

SNL CLASSIC: AYKROYD AND BELUSHI AS JAKE AND ELWOOD BLUES.

MEET THE ANCHORS

1. CHEVY CHASE, 1975–1976. HE'S CHEVY CHASE AND YOU'RE NOT. SO WHO'S THE LUCKY ONE NOW?
2. JANE CURTIN, 1976–1980. MEMORABLE MOMENT: JANE FLASHING HER CLEAVAGE IN A BLACK BRA, EXCLAIMING, "TAKE THAT, CONNIE CHUNG!" CONNIE HAD NO COMMENT.
3. JANE CURTIN AND DAN AYKROYD, 1977–1978. "JANE, YOU IGNORANT SLUT!" WAS ADDED TO AMERICA'S SLANG LEXICON.
4. JANE CURTIN AND BILL MURRAY, 1978–1980. I'M PRETTY SURE BILL WAS THE FIRST PERSON IN AMERICA TO REFER TO WOODY ALLEN AS "THE WOODMAN." WOODY HAD NO COMMENT.
5. CHARLES ROCKET, 1980–1981. WHO THE FUCK IS CHARLES ROCKET? HE'S THE ONE WHO SAID FUCK ON TV.
6. GAIL MATTHIUS, 1981. DOES ANYONE, EVEN GAIL MATTHIUS HERSELF, REMEMBER THIS?
7. BRIAN DOYLE-MURRAY, 1981–1982. WELL, HE HAD THE LAST NAME FOR IT.
8. MARY GROSS, 1981–1982. MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE WORKED BETTER IF SHE HAD DONE IT AS DR. RUTH, OR PEE-WEE HERMAN.
9. CHRISTINE EBERSOLE, 1982. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, TRY A CUTE BLONDE.
10. BRAD HALL, 1982–1984. OR NOT.
11. CHRISTOPHER GUEST, 1984–1985. THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE EVER TO HOST UPDATE.
12. DENNIS MILLER, 1985–1991. THE RANT IS BORN.
13. KEVIN NEALON, 1991–1994. DRIER THAN BOND'S MARTINI. HE NEVER SEEMED SHAKEN OR STIRRED.
14. NORM MACDONALD, 1994–1997. ASKED TO LEAVE AND THEN ASKED TO HOST. NORM WILL HAVE TO TAKE BACK ALL THOSE MEAN THINGS HE SAID ABOUT O.J. SIMPSON WHEN THE JUICE FINDS THE REAL KILLERS.
15. COLIN QUINN, 1998–2000. WORKING-MAN'S UPDATE.
16. JIMMY FALLON AND TINA FEY, 2000–PRESENT. IF THEY WERE CANADIAN ICE SKATERS, THEY WOULD GET THE GOLD, NO QUESTION.

program. Irwin wore a garish "big lunch" tie, pale blue with birds on it. When Dan left the show, wardrobe permanently retired the tie.

JOHN BELUSHI

Belushi didn't look like anyone else on TV. Handsome as he could be in person, he was one of what Kurt Vonnegut called "the funny-looking people." But he was an amazing chameleon. Belushi could mimic anyone he'd studied for a few minutes. I know he did a wicked impression of me, all twisted arms and legs, but I saw it only once, in what I suspect was its kinder, gentler version. Belushi's Cocker, Brando, Kissinger and an obese Liz Taylor were dead-on accurate, but the one I will always remember was in a parody of *Casablanca*, in which Belushi played Bogart to Candice Bergen's Bergman. John looked nothing like Bogart, but somehow when you looked at him you saw and heard not just Bogey but Rick, the romantic antihero you couldn't help falling for along with Ingrid Bergman and every other woman who ever saw the movie. A tour de force that Belushi just tossed off casually—all in a day's work. Oh, and he gave great neck rubs.

CHEVY CHASE

When I first met Chevy, he had shoulder-length hair and was wearing a leather pimp hat. He came into a dive bar on 49th Street (where the *National Lampoon* editors used to go to drink after work) to audition for *Lemmings*. Chevy was the embodiment of balls-out comedy, the person who would say what everyone else was thinking but was afraid to say. Michael O'Donoghue, one of the show's original writers, said about Chevy: "Acrobats are never so interesting as when they're falling." Chevy would take punishing falls over and over. But he could never do characters. His Gerald Ford was Chevy in a suit, though it might have helped Carter get elected.

JANE CURTIN

Jane used to receive more than her share of ardent fan mail from the incarcerated. After Chevy left, she put in a stint behind the Weekend Update desk as well as branched out into such memorable characters as Prymaat Conehead, Mrs. Loopner and Tom Snyder's mother, a dead-on female version of Tom Snyder she unveiled without warning during a read-through. Saturdays after the show, Jane went home to her husband and her dog. But she was no goody two-shoes. Her acerbic humor made her the most entertaining person to watch the show with during rehearsals.

GARRETT MORRIS

Like Chevy, Garrett was hired as a writer but ended up making his mark in front of the camera. Garrett, auditioning for Peter Cook and Dudley Moore's jailhouse production of *Gigi*, singing: "I'm gonna get me a shotgun and kill all the whities I see." Garrett, in Mammy drag, kissing O.J. Simpson's Mandingo character on the lips. Garrett, as Uncle Remus listening in horror to a "Mr. Mike's Least-Loved Fairytale," in which Brer Rabbit is skinned alive, then roasted and eaten. Garrett as Chico Escuela claiming that "baseball been bery, bery good to me." Garrett—oh God, tell me we didn't do this and I'm just hallucinating—as a winged monkey in a *Wizard of Oz* parody. Garrett was the good sport of good sports. I only hope that he heard and took to heart Hattie McDaniel's famous dictum: "I'd rather play a maid and make $700 a week than be a maid for $7."

LARAINE NEWMAN

The sex symbol of the show. When you wanted to suggest someone who would inspire lust, you cast Laraine. Of course, when you wanted to suggest a 90-pound Howard Hughes on his deathbed, you also cast Laraine, who graciously donned a long white wig and beard for the part. Laraine excelled at playing a prepubescent smarty-pants, like her child psychiatrist who was actually a child, because who better than a child could understand the mind of another child? Once, Laraine and I were tripping on mushrooms on a friend's yacht in St. Martin when Jacqueline Kennedy came aboard. She stuck out her hand to Laraine and said, "Hi. I'm Jackie." Laraine said the only thing she could possibly say under the circumstances, which was, "No shit."

GILDA RADNER

Gilda was one of those famous people who *(continued on page 179)*

"Go to your room and play with your train. You can sail your boat later."

CHRISTMAS with Lani

she's our favorite jingle belle

I CAN PLAY any role," says Lani Todd. "I get bored sticking to the same style, so I love to change skins—a dominatrix one day, a rodeo girl the next. It's a fantasy and a total turn-on." The 21-year-old culture chameleon grew up in rural Pennsylvania, where she was home-schooled. "We were all artsy-fartsy kids," she says. "When I was 14, I taught myself how to play the guitar and became the lead singer in a local punk-chick band." Miss December says when she returns to Florida, where she has lived for two years and works as a cosmetologist and a model, she's going to get her groove back by taking guitar and voice lessons. "I'm strong-willed," she says. "I think people shouldn't tell you what you can and cannot do. I also believe in monogamy, but just because I love somebody doesn't mean he owns me, and vice versa. I listen to people talk about their relationships and I nearly bite my tongue off wanting to say, 'Let them live!' My boyfriend understands this and we get a real kick out of each other. I love going with him to an old redwood Victorian inn in Lancaster, Pennsylvania that has the most beautiful ambience. All you want to do after having a delicious dinner and some wine is go home and make love. I take life one day at a time and do everything that I can to be good to people. It's a basic philosophy, but it's what I live by."

"If I could meet onyone, deod or olive, I would choose Marilyn Monroe," says Lani. "She wos incredibly beoutiful ond shined so brightly, but her post hounted her. At some point you hove to let go of your poin and grow into a different person."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG AND
JARMO POHJANIEMI

Has Miss December been naughty or nice this year? "I've been good—maybe a little toa nice," says Lani. "I can't decide if I want to spend Christmas with my family in Pennsylvania ar an a tropical island. Bath would be bliss, but I haven't seen snaw in three years! Miami is always 90 degrees, so I was freezing my butt aff during this shaot in Las Angeles."

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lani Todd

BUST: 36B WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 6/4/81 BIRTHPLACE: Philadelphia

AMBITIONS: Pursue a modeling and acting career and also continue playing, singing and writing music.

TURN-ONS: Black clothing, crazy stylish hair, sensitivity, a good sense of humor and very soft lips.

TURNOFFS: Egos, muscles that are too big for the person, mean people.

THE WILDEST OUTFIT I EVER WORE: A dominatrix outfit. Black vinyl dress that buckles up the front, platform vinyl boots, vinyl lace-up gloves, a leather collar and a riding crop.

FIVE CDS THAT ROCK MY WORLD: U2's "Joshua Tree" and "All That You Can't Leave Behind," No Doubt's "Tragic Kingdom," The Doors' "Greatest Hits," Sarah Mclachlan's "Fumbling Toward Ecstasy."

FUNNY PET STORY: One of my cats was, by mistake, sealed into a wall during some repair work in my bathroom. I found him eight hours later by cutting a hole in the wall. He was fine.

At Miami's Ultra Fest having a squirt gun fight. Stick 'em up !!

Tiffany Holiday and me out one night in L.A.

Shooting on the beach during sunset.

THERE ARE MORE PICTURES AND VIDEO OF LANI
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young couple seemed nervous as they approached the check-in desk at a hotel. "Good evening, sir," the clerk said. "Suite 16?"

"Oh no," the young man said. "She's 18."

When Bill Clinton was still president, an aide placed a piece of paper on his desk. "What is that?" Clinton asked.

"It's an Abortion Bill, Mr. President," the aide said.

Clinton replied, "All right, just go ahead and pay it."

The priest of a small Irish village had a pet rooster. One Saturday, he noticed the rooster was missing. He suspected it had been stolen to be used in cockfighting. At Mass the next morning, he asked the congregation, "Has anyone got a cock?"

All the men stood up.

"No, no," he said. "That wasn't really what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?"

All the women stood up.

"No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant, either. Has anyone seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?"

Half of the women stood up.

"No, no," he said. "Perhaps I ought to rephrase the question. Has anybody here seen my cock?"

All the choirboys stood up.

Two 70-year-old men were roommates in a nursing home. One said, "Let's make a bet. I bet you $100 that mine is longer soft than yours is hard."

The other replied, "I'll take that bet. There's no way that can be true."

They both unzipped their pants and took out their penises. The second man asked, "OK, how long is yours soft?"

The first replied, "Eleven years."

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates. "In honor of the season," Saint Peter said, "you must each possess something that symbolizes Christmas to get into heaven on this holy day."

The first man fumbled through his pocket and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. "It represents a holy candle," he said.

"You may pass through the Pearly Gates," Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, "They're bells."

Saint Peter said, "You may pass through the Pearly Gates."

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's panties. "What do those symbolize?" Saint Peter asked.

The man replied, "They're Carol's."

Two secretaries were discussing their boss. One said, "He dresses so well."

The other replied, "And so quickly, too."

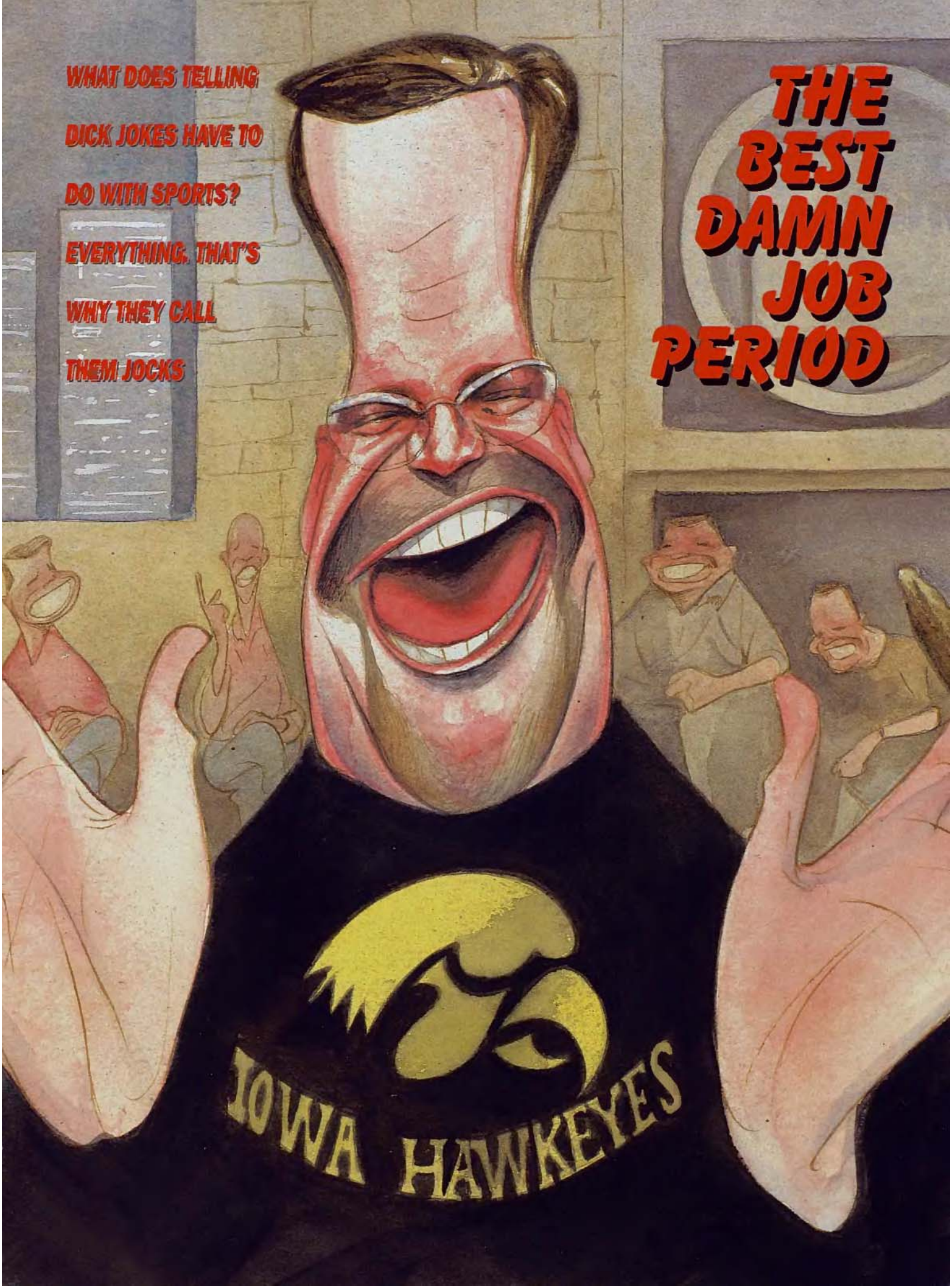
Two Viagra pills walked into a bar. They sat down next to two marijuana plants who were engaged in an animated discussion. "I don't get it," one marijuana plant said to the other. "Why aren't we legal? Nobody's being hurt by us."

One of the Viagra pills scoffed. The marijuana plant turned to him and asked, "What's your problem? Don't you think we should be legal?"

"No," the Viagra pill replied. "We're hard-on drugs."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"He says he's bringing the gift of laughter."


WHAT DOES TELLING DICK JOKES HAVE TO DO WITH SPORTS? EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM JOCKS
THE BEST DAMN JOB PERIOD
IOWA HAWKEYES

By Tom Arnold

From 1988 to 1994 I worked on the number one television show in America. Won a Golden Globe, a Peabody and a Humanitas award. That was fun. After that I was in three hit movies in a row, and by 1996 I was working all the time and making $4 million to $5 million a picture. That was pretty fun, too. Today I'm a co-host of a basic-cable sports talk show. Who the hell did I piss off? The paying public, actually, but it's not so bad.

The Best Damn Sports Show Period is the most fun job that I've had in a long time. And it's a good thing, because I needed it. In the spring of 2001 I spent my days sitting at home at my desk, smoking cigars and playing solitaire. One day, my new roommate, Shelby, on her way to work, suggested that perhaps I try to find a job. "It might be good for you," she said. "To have a place to go. Something to do."

Needless to say, I was offended. Even though I had worked only about six months in the past three years, I was an "actor," and I explained that careers moved in cycles and the phone would start ringing off the hook again one day soon. Besides, I had *True Lies II* coming up.

"Haven't you had *True Lies II* coming up for the past five years?"

Good point, Shelby, but I wasn't going to admit it.

"You'd better do something, Tom, because I don't want to live like this." Wow, if she's this crabby now, wait until she finds out I'm broke. When Shelby arrived home 12 hours later, I was still sitting at my desk smoking away. I explained to her that I had a job. I was writing some scripts and an outline for a book, "and besides, I have *True Lies II* coming up."

"Right, Tom, you've said that. In fact, you've said that every day to everyone since the day I met you. But you need a job to go to now, something that would require you to shower and put on clean clothes, so that your maid can maybe clean your ashtrays and fumigate your office."

That was harsh, but I forgave Shelby because she had never lived with a star before, so she obviously did not understand show business.

The closest Shelby ever came to the biz was the time she was an extra on a Mac Davis Christmas special. Oh, and she has a friend who works at E. It's her friend's job to walk down the red carpet at awards shows and tell all the foreign actors (American ones, too) that Joan Rivers is not just some crazy broad but, in fact, a well-respected comedian—in hopes that they will stop and chat with her and her daughter so she can mispronounce their names and ask them unfortunate questions about their clothing as the cameras roll.

The next day I was on a golf course, which is odd because I don't even play golf, and my friend Lisa Jackson asked me if I'd be interested in doing a sports-and-comedy-type talk show her friend was producing. I told her I doubted it, because something like that could destroy my acting career. Besides, I had *True Lies II* coming up. But I said I'd give the producer a call. Sometime. I called Shelby at work just to check in. I hated calling her at work because she always seemed so preoccupied with work and all. I mentioned the show. I wanted to reassure her that I was actively seeking employment.

"So did you call him?" she asked.

"Who?"

"The producer."

"Do you think I should?"

"Yes, Tom."

"What should I say?"

I love working for a guy who thinks up his best ideas in a pub.

"Say anything except 'I have *True Lies II* coming up.' Phone's ringing. I gotta go." *Click*. Damn, that was rude.

So I immediately . . . smoked a cigar, then finally I dialed up show boss George Greenberg. As his phone rang, it occurred to me that if this was such a good job, why hadn't my agents called me about it? But I talked to George, a nice enough guy, and he explained the show as best he could: "It's a collision of sports and entertainment with comedy. A little like *Politically Incorrect*. A little like *Saturday Night Live* and a little like *SportsCenter*. There's nothing like it on TV now."

"No shit, George."

"Tom, why don't I make a call to your agent (that call would cost me $500,000) and your manager (another $500,000) and we'll get a crew together to try one out."

"George, I don't know if I can do that. I mean, I've never done anything remotely like this, plus I've got *True Lie*—— Where do you want me?"

When I got back home, Shelby was pleased. The taping would be the next weekend and she wanted to go with me.

"Thanks for the support, honey."

"I'm just going to make sure you get there on time, Tom."

•

The taping took place at a small studio on Little Santa Monica. I arrived early, well groomed and wearing exactly what Shelby had picked out for me. So, yes, I looked like a big fat preppy gay guy. We were greeted by Jeremiah Bosgang, another producer and probably the most excited person I'd ever met. Shelby suggested that I get excited, too.

So we get into our chairs. It's me and a few ex-jocks, including pro football Hall of Famer Deacon Jones, and .300 lifetime hitter and former Philadelphia Phillie John Kruk. If you saw John Kruk walking down the street and had to guess his occupation, professional athlete would be several hundred choices down the list, long after garbageman, mall cop and Burger King assistant manager. But Kruk was a hell of a baseball player and I'd seen him be pretty funny on *David Letterman*, so things were looking up.

The shoot went well. The interplay was pretty loose and kind of fun. Especially with Kruk. I watched a couple of their preshot comedy pieces, and they weren't bad, either.

As Shelby and I walked to the car, the excitable boy producer ran up. "That was fucking great, man."

"Really?"

"Perfect. I really wanted you to do this show, but everybody else was nervous. They thought you'd be a jerk or something."

"Why would anybody think that?" I asked.

"Actually, I told them that because of a nasty incident when I was working on the *Dame Edna* show. You and Roseanne——"

"Hold on," I said. "You can't blame me for *Tom and Roseanne*. Plain old Tom is much easier to get along with and a lot less expensive."

"Obviously. Listen, don't quote me on this [oops!], but you've got the job. We'll let you know officially in a couple of weeks."

"Thanks, Jeremiah, but the sooner the better. See, I've got *True*——"

"Tom."

"Yes, Shelby."

I had taken a poll and everybody agreed (even people who weren't getting 10 percent) that doing this show would not hurt my "acting career." In fact, my contract would allow me to do two films a year, plus, of course, I have an out for *True Lies II*. I'm starting to think I have a better shot at doing *Titanic II*. Anyway, they phoned me at the end of two weeks and asked me for an extension because they hadn't made a

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

decision. I figured they were just waiting on Carrot Top and Pauly Shore to pass, but I said fine. Then I got "the call." I was in. Shelby was happy with me for a change. It was a good night.

Sports have always been a big part of my life. Not because I was a great athlete, although I did enjoy the competition, being part of a team and the free jerseys (mostly the free jerseys). Sports have always helped me get through the tough patches in life, but more often sports have provided a nice diversion from the boredom. When I was a kid, in the spring, summer and fall, one of the few things I could count on was legendary broadcaster Jack Buck's silky voice booming St. Louis Cardinals baseball games through my AM radio. It was comforting and it took me from my personal little hell to baseball fields in cities I could only dream of visiting. Places where my heroes (Gibson, Banks, Rose) worked and played.

Then there were the Iowa football games with my grandpa Tom on autumn afternoons. Iowa sucked and the games were terrible, but they were great experiences. When I was young, I coached YWCA girls' softball, and I can still feel the pride I had the first time I put on my orange Union Bank Blackfoot T-shirt and the utter joy when we won the junior league championship. After that I helped coach the senior league Athletics to the title. I am probably the only coach in YWCA history who celebrated victories by getting drunk with his 14- and 15-year-old players. Thank God I was only 16, or it might have been kind of creepy.

Sports are the great equalizer of men. Even the Taliban had a soccer team. Of course, they executed the losers. Barbaric, yes, but be honest: I'm sure that's crossed the minds of many a Red Sox fan. Sports bond us all. Isn't that why they started the Olympics? I see people on the street and at airports and hotels who I figure I could not possibly have anything in common with, and they'll say, "How about those Hawkeyes?" or "Cubs are looking good this year," and it's like we were lifelong friends, shooting the shit in the shower after a big game. Or at least at the urinal. Actually, let's say it's like we're at the sink, washing our hands. With most of our clothes on . . . maybe each missing a shoe, but that's it.

Anybody who says men hide their emotions has never been to a Super Bowl or World Series. And we cry. We wept like babies when Cal Ripken broke Lou Gehrig's consecutive-game streak and took a lap around Camden Yards and when Mark McGwire broke Roger Maris' home run record and his son ran out and hugged him and Big Mac picked up his boy and held him and then went and bumped chests with Sammy Sosa. Jesus, that was awesome! And what about Kirk Gibson's hobbling out to the plate and hitting that homer in the 1988 World Series, Nolan Ryan's seventh no-hitter at the age of 44 or Michael Jordan, last game of the Finals, five seconds left.

We started work on the show in July 2001. The week before that, I was back in my hometown, Ottumwa, Iowa, at Indian Hills Community College (class of 1981) teaching the Tom Arnold Actors Workshop. Yes, you read that right. The *Tom Arnold* Actors Workshop. Not a big deal in LA, but in southeast Iowa and some parts of northeast Missouri I am Tom Hanks *and* Tom Cruise. Each year I give all 35 students a signed copy of a different great actor's autobiography. Last year it was Shaquille O'Neal. Guess whose they'll have next year? At least I won't have to suck up so much to get those books signed.

While I was back in Iowa, I read some bad news in the *Ottumwa Courier*. Keith Sullivan, an old buddy of mine from the Hormel meatpacking plant, had fallen off his tractor while he was mowing a field, and darn it if he didn't get his arms cut off. Sully, being a man among men, managed to gather up his limbs and start walking toward town. When a motorist in a van pulled over to offer some assistance, Sully's main concern was making sure that they laid down a towel so that he didn't stain the shag carpeting with what little remained of his blood. Long story short, they flew him to the good hospital up in Iowa City, stitched his arms on and he was back home dreaming of hitting the tractor again so he could finish mowing his pasture. Of course, this being Iowa, 47 of his neighbors had already done that and everything else he needed done.

I wanted to help my old buddy from Hog Kill, too, so I grabbed a camera crew and headed for the country. This was the first work I did for *The Best Damn Sports Show Period* and it really set the tone. I brought Sully a six-pack of tallboys, a straw and a couple of extra arms I pulled off a mannequin at Super Wal-Mart (complete with a farmer's tan I'd painted on). The interview went beautifully and I think the combination of seeing his now famous friend and taking several powerful pain pills really lifted Sully's spirits. Mine, too, because it was pretty damn funny!

Our show's host is newcomer Chris Rose, who is a genius with the Teleprompter; plus, our open discussions are always more interesting if one guy is an uptight, conservative, goody-two-shoes mama's boy. He reminds me of my gay brother, Chris. Except Gay Chris doesn't put highlights in his hair. I like Chris Rose and we mix it up on the show once in a while, but he's got to work on his comebacks. "Thank you, Mr. Roseanne Barr" is so 1992.

Next we have John "Spider" Salley. Four-time NBA champion Salley is great for the show because he knows everybody and a little bit about a lot of things. Like me, he needs to sharpen his interviewing skills, as he tends to ask a question, then answer it himself, then ask another question in the same long, long sentence. It can be confusing, but we're on for two hours a day, so we got a lot of time to fill.

Then there's D'Marco Farr, who was fresh from retiring from the 2000 world champion St. Louis Rams. We tried out a lot of good people, but I liked D'Marco's youthful innocence. Every show needs a guy who's ignorant enough to think professional athletes should play the game for the joy of it and not the money. Plus, I get to make fun of his big giant man-ass.

Michael Irvin is the only former superstar on the show. A perennial all-pro receiver and a three-time world champion Dallas Cowboy, Michael has also been arrested almost as many times as I have. Thankfully, he found God, and miraculously, he's still a lot of fun to be around.

John Kruk, a fat, uneducated hillbilly from West Virginia, could be my identical twin (except I'm from Iowa). Last fall, Kruk (the ringer on our Entertainment League softball team) and I had a bet on the show: who would be the first to lose 25 pounds. The winner would then be considered only "grossly overweight." The loser had to walk down Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills in his underwear. I had to win this bet. The horror of me, shirtless, walking among the rich and powerful was too much to bear. I'd had that recurring nightmare as a kid, and that was before I had a tractor-size spare tire and tattoo removal scars. Kruk and I weighed in every Friday, and we'd each lost 16 pounds after the first two weeks.

Then I saw a look in Kruk's eyes that disturbed me. It wasn't the look of strain I usually see on the show as he's trying to think of adjectives, adverbs, verbs and nouns to replace his favorite words—fuck, fuckin', fucker—so we don't have to reshoot his segments. This was the look of steely determination of an iron man with an iron gut who wanted to get this competition over with so he could dive face first into the buffet at the Outback Steakhouse. I was scared and I did my best to drop the last nine pounds. Kruk did better. He didn't eat anything—nothing, nada—for the last five days. He was worthless on the show, just sat

(concluded on page 178)

SNOW FEAR

SKI JUMPING, BOBSLEDDING, SPEED SKATING—HOW YOU TOO CAN BE SCARED SHITLESS

You've always wanted to belly flop down an Olympic luge chute, with your nose inches from the ice, right? It even sounds like a good idea sober. Or maybe you have your eye on speed skiing. Philippe Goitschel went 155 miles per hour and he wasn't driving a Ferrari. Lucky you—at venues around the world, amateurs now have the opportunity to experience the rush of adrenaline previously reserved for Olympic athletes and extreme-sport junkies. Instructors are there to ensure your safety while teaching you the finer points of such esoteric sports as skeleton and biathlon. Equipment is either free or rented (have you priced a new bobsled lately?), along with elbow pads or helmets, as needed. If you have the cojones, here's where to sign up.

ARTICLE BY
LARRY OLMSTED

SPEED SKATING

LAKE PLACID

You don't need a skintight Lycra suit to make like Eric Heiden (he won five gold medals in the sport) and skate faster than you ever imagined. Just head to Lake Placid, rent a pair of long-bladed speed skates, put one arm behind your back and hit the 400-meter Olympic ice oval. World-class speed skaters can break 30 mph. If you want to up your velocity, private lessons are available. Helmets, knee and elbow pads are optional, but at these speeds you're a fool to pass them up.

LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK

$8 ADMISSION CHARGE.

$10 FOR 20 MINUTES OF INSTRUCTION OR $20 FOR 40 MINUTES. ALSO TRY DOGSLEDDING, SNOWSHOEING, CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING AND ICE CLIMBING.

SKI JUMPING

UTAH OLYMPIC PARK

The Utah Olympic Park is home to one of the country's only recreational Nordic jumping facilities. In two hours you can progress from small rollers on the ski slopes to 5-, 10-, 20- and—if you've got the right stuff—40-meter jumps. (Go for the 40 and you'll only be about 10 feet in the air at the height of your jump—but it seems a lot higher.) Coaches provide gear and instruction to intermediate or better skiers. Before you get too cocky, the Olympic guys do 90 and 120 meters. Maybe next year.

PARK CITY, UTAH

$8 ADMISSION CHARGE.

$35 GETS YOU FOUR HOURS OF AIRBORNE TERROR ALONG WITH RENTAL GEAR. PARK CITY IS FULL OF BARS. OUR FAVORITE: THE WASATCH BREWERY.

SPEED SKIING

LES ARCS

Speed skis are longer, wider and heavier than recreational ones. Tucked into an egg shape, pros go from zero to 140 miles per hour in less than 15 seconds. Don't ask how steep the slope is. An entire run takes 20 seconds. (Gutsy amateurs can hit 90 mph.) At speeds under 100 mph a skier stops by carving large turns in the snow. At 140 mph stopping is more complicated. The skier must slowly untuck to stop. Les Arcs, France is home to the World Speed Skiing Championships, where you're timed in a special stadium.

BOURG SAINT MAURICE, FRANCE

$20 FOR RENTALS AND RUNS.

MORE THAN 150 SHOPS, BARS AND RESTAURANTS, PLUS DOZENS OF LIFTS, NIGHT SKIING AND WOMEN GALORE MAKE THIS THE FUN CENTER OF THE ALPS.

LUGE AND SKELETON

CANADA OLYMPIC PARK

Luge is French for sled. In English, it means a seat attached to two sharp blades that pros ride at 90 miles per hour—with no brakes. Don a helmet, go feet first and pray. It sounds scary until you try the skeleton, a similar screamer of the sport, which the Olympic committee brought back after a 54-year absence. To participate, you ride a heavier sled, go headfirst instead of on your back—and still no brakes. Classes in both sports are offered at the site of the Calgary Olympics.

CALGARY, ALBERTA

$50 CANADIAN FOR TWO HOURS.

TWO HOURS OF TERROR AREN'T ENOUGH; OPT FOR THE MORE INTENSIVE SECOND SESSION. THE CANADIAN DOLLAR MAKES LESSONS A REAL BARGAIN.

BIATHLON

UTAH WINTER GAMES

Cross-country ski as fast as you can around a track with a rifle, then drop facedown in the snow with your heart hammering and shoot out five bull's-eyes from 50 meters. Miss one and you have to ski a penalty lap. That's easier than the folks in Norway who invented the sport with bow and arrow had it: If they missed they starved to death. For this kind of fun, sign up for a free clinic with the Utah Winter Games. Afterward, you can try your skill in their January public competition.

SOLDIER HOLLOW, MIDWAY, UTAH

FREE INSTRUCTION.

THERE'S A $20 ENTRY FEE FOR COMPETITION. PENALTY POINTS ARE AWARDED FOR SHOOTING YOUR COMPETITION. TOURNAMENTS ARE OFFERED REGULARLY.

BOBSLEDDING

CANADA OLYMPIC PARK

It looks like a rocket and accelerates like a rocket. The difference? Rockets have engines. With a bobsled, you are the engine, and the faster you sprint in the push-off, the faster your sled will go. Just remember to jump aboard. A four-man sled can hit over 60 mph at Canada Olympic Park, where you ride with three other thrill seekers as part of a run. For an even more intense experience, sign up for a clinic that includes a ride on a sled with a professional driver and brakeman.

CALGARY, ALBERTA

$49 CANADIAN.

BOBSLEDDING IS CALLED THE "CHAMPAGNE OF THRILLS" AND AFTER A FEW RUNS YOU'LL BE READY FOR A GLASS OF BUBBLY—OR SOMETHING STRONGER.

"Eric Heiden made a bigger impression on me than the U.S. hockey team. I quit hockey."—Casey Fitz Randolph, Olympic speed skating gold medalist.

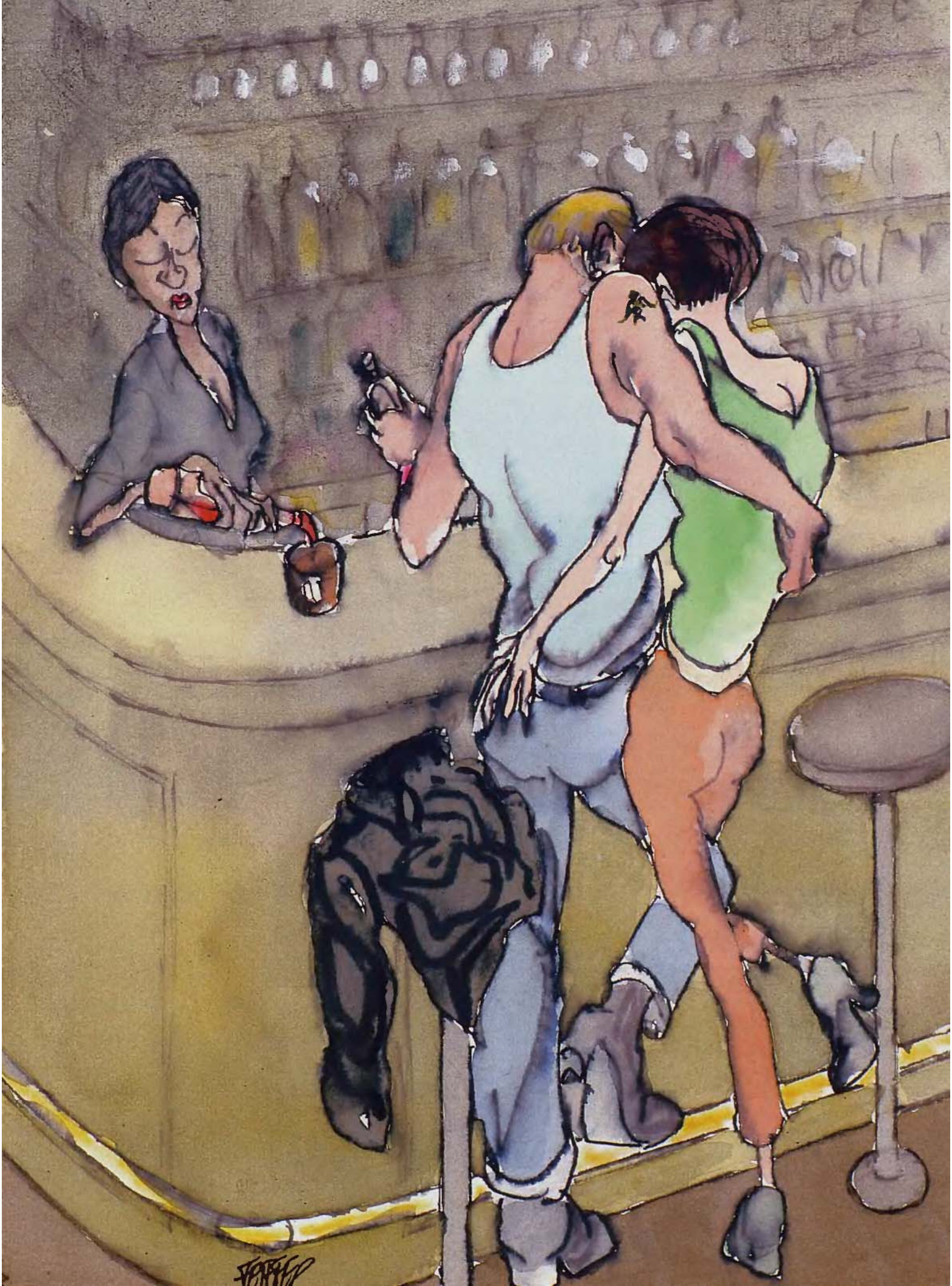
"Ski jumping looks easy from the ground. But wait until you're the one in the sky looking down."—Alan Johnson, ski jump director, Utah Olympic Park.

"If you've ever stuck your hand out of a car window at 70 mph, you can appreciate what a speed skier feels going 100."—Cory Carlson, ex-U.S. ski team.

"I watched the luge at the Olympics and signed up for a skeleton class. On the first run I nearly lost my lunch."—Pat Gallagher, Salt Lake City spectator.

"Biathlon is a winter sport that requires the skills of a sniper and the endurance of a superb athlete."—John Aalberg, biathlon Olympian in 1992 and 1994.

"The sport of bobsledding is not that complicated. You just get a body and throw it down the ice a thousand times."—Dudley Stokes, 1998 Jamaican bobsled team.



Downed & Dirty

LAST NIGHT YOU GOT TIED TO THE BEDPOST AND TONIGHT YOU'RE GETTING PUSSY-WHIPPED. DRINKING HAS NEVER BEEN MORE FUN

by ray foley

In the late Seventies drinks with X-rated names first hit the bars. Remember those glorious years? Everyone was having sex on the beach (vodka, Midori, Chambord and pineapple juice) or getting a blow job (Kahlúa and Chambord topped with whipped cream). It seemed daring—but it was just a warm-up for dirtier things to come. Now girls love to yell for a slippery dick (peppermint schnapps and amaretto) while the boys demand a pink pussy (Campari, peach brandy and bitter lemon soda). Blame bartenders with too much time on their hands. Or join the fun, dude, with a muff diver (crème de cacao, cream, lime juice and lemon juice). Bottoms up!

parisian maid in a ménage à trois

¼ ounce Marie Brizard white crème de menthe
½ ounce Hennessy
½ ounce Courvoisier
½ ounce Rémy Martin

Combine all ingredients in a cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake and strain into a brandy snifter.

tie me to the bedpost

½ ounce Midori
½ ounce Stolichnaya Limonnaya
½ ounce Malibu rum
1 ounce sweet-and-sour mix

Combine all ingredients in a shaker filled with ice and shake well. Strain into a rocks glass.

ILLUSTRATION BY JULES FEIFFER

CICLÓN IMPLANT
(GRASSHOPPER TOO, WAYNE, NEW JERSEY)

1 ounce Ciclón rum
1 ounce Bacardi O
¼ ounce Chambord
¼ ounce amaretto
2 ounces pineapple juice
1 ounce sweet-and-sour mix
Splash grenadine
Cherry
Lime wedge

Combine all liquids in a tall glass filled with ice. Stir. Garnish with cherry and lime wedge.

BITCH SLAP

Fernet Brancamenta in a shot glass. Serve with a beer chaser.

ITALIAN STALLION

¾ ounce Galliano
¾ ounce crème de banana
1½ ounces heavy cream

Blend ingredients well with crushed ice and pour into a wineglass.

JACKASS

½ ounce Jack Daniel's
½ ounce apricot-flavored brandy
½ ounce Baileys Irish Cream

Combine ingredients in a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a shot glass.

KAMA SUTRA

2 ounces Alizé Red Passion
1 ounce Alizé Gold Passion
1 ounce orange juice

Combine all ingredients in a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a chilled martini glass.

MOTHER PUCKER

Ice-cold Villa Massa Liquore di Limoni in a shot glass.

PUSSY-WHIPPED

1½ ounces Celtic Crossing liqueur
¾ ounce brandy
¾ ounce lemon juice

Combine all ingredients in a rocks glass filled with ice. Stir.

G SPOT SHOT

1½ ounces Galliano
1½ ounces Midori
½ ounce blue curaçao
Cherry

Pour ingredients into a shaker with ice and shake. Strain into a rocks glass filled with ice. Garnish with cherry.

HOT BOX
(TERRIBLE'S TOWN CASINO, PAHRUMP, NEVADA)

1½ ounces Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay rum
1½ ounces Midori
1 ounce orange juice
1 ounce cranberry juice
1 ounce pineapple juice
Cherry
Lemon wedge

Combine all liquid ingredients in a tall glass filled with ice and stir well. Garnish with cherry and lemon wedge.

BLACK-AND-BLUE BALLS

1 ounce 99 Blackberries schnapps
1 ounce Goldschläger liqueur
2 ounces milk or cream

Mix all ingredients and chill. Serve as a shooter or in a rocks glass over ice.

BRA BUSTER

1 ounce Smirnoff
½ ounce triple sec
Dash Tabasco sauce

Combine ingredients in a shot glass.

SEX ON THE BEACH ON A CLOUDY DAY

1 ounce Malibu rum
½ ounce amaretto
½ ounce Carolans Irish Cream
1 ounce pineapple juice

Combine all ingredients in a rocks glass with ice. Stir.

SEX WITH PATTY

¾ ounce Hot Sex schnapps
¼ ounce peppermint schnapps

Combine and serve in a well-chilled shot glass.

JACK MEOFF

1½ ounces apple jack
½ ounce Midori
3 ounces chilled 7Up

Combine first two ingredients in a shaker with ice and shake gently. Add 7Up. Serve in a collins glass.

ZIPPER HEAD

1½ ounces Stolichnaya
¾ ounce Chambord
Splash club soda

Pour all ingredients over ice in a rocks glass. Stir.

SHAGGED MARTINI

¼ ounce sweet vermouth
¼ ounce Extase XO liqueur
1¾ ounces Beefeater

Combine all ingredients in a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a chilled martini glass.

G-STRING

1½ ounces Galliano
1¾ ounces Stolichnaya Razberi
2 ounces orange juice
Cherry

Combine liquid ingredients in a shaker filled with ice. Shake and strain into a cocktail glass. Garnish with cherry.

YOUR BENT BANANA

1 ounce 99 Bananas schnapps
1 ounce Jägermeister

Combine in a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a shot glass.

GIRL ON TOP

2 ounces Kutskova vodka
2 ounces Giori Lemoncello Cream

Combine ingredients in a shaker with ice. Shake slowly and strain into a chilled martini glass.

NUTS AND NIPPLES

1 ounce Baileys Irish Cream
½ ounce butterscotch schnapps
½ ounce Frangelico

Combine in a shaker filled with ice. Shake and strain into a martini glass.

PENIS COLAROUS

¼ ounce Coco López cream of coconut
¼ ounce banana liqueur
½ ounce Coco Ribe
¼ ounce peach schnapps
2 ounces pineapple juice

Combine all ingredients in a blender and blend well. Pour into a cocktail glass and serve with an upright stirrer.

PINK TWAT

2 ounces vodka
½ ounce Rose's lime juice
Splash sour mix
Splash grenadine

Pour into a shaker with ice. Shake well and strain into a rocks glass filled with ice.

IN THE SACK

2 ounces cream sherry
2 ounces apricot nectar
3 ounces orange juice
½ ounce lemon juice
Orange slice

Shake ingredients with ice. Strain into a rocks glass. Garnish with orange.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

½ ounce Rumple Minze
½ ounce cinnamon schnapps
½ ounce Midori
Whipped cream
Nutmeg

Combine all ingredients except the whipped cream and nutmeg in a shot glass. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg.

BOOB JOB

3 ounces Ciclón rum
1½ ounces Türi vodka
2 ounces milk
2 maraschino cherries

Combine the liquid ingredients in a blender filled with ice. Strain into two martini glasses. Garnish with cherries.

SPERM BANK

1½ ounces Jose Cuervo Especial
½ ounce cream

Layer in a shot glass.

PLAYBOY'S

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

Our Annual Roundup of the Best Teams and Players

sports
By GARY COLE and DAVID KAPLAN

The story in college basketball is the same every year. The best players leave school early for the NBA or they skip college altogether. If David Stern and the rest of the NBA weren't afraid of being indicted for child abduction, the players would leave early from high school. It is no exaggeration to say that NBA scouts have their eyes on outstanding grammar school players, those genetic exceptions who crash through 6'6" in the eighth grade. It seems it's never too early to think about going pro. How many families would spurn a multimillion-dollar signing bonus to forget their hardships?

Oddly, as one potential college superstar after another shoots *(continued on page 140)*

Experience counts and Kansas has it. Playboy All-America Nick Collison leads the top-pick Jayhawks.

Playboy's 2003 A

T.J. FORD
TEXAS
Guard

BRANDIN KNIGHT
PITTSBURGH
Gaard

LUKE WALTON
ARIZONA
Forward

MIKE SWEETNEY
GEORGETOWN
Center

NICK COLLISON
KANSAS
Forward

MATT BONNER
FLORIDA
Forward

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

ll-America Team

RICK RICKERT
MINNESOTA
Forward

DAVID WEST
XAVIER
Ceater

GREG BABCOCK
WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete

HOLLIS PRICE
OKLAHOMA
Guard

KIRK HINRICH
KANSAS
Guard

HOTEL ACCOMMOOATIONS COURTESY OF W HOTELS
WARORORE PROVIOED BY ROCHESTER BIG ANO TALL, CHICAGO

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

(1) KANSAS
(2) ARIZONA
(3) OKLAHOMA
(4) TEXAS
(5) DUKE
(6) MICHIGAN STATE
(7) PITTSBURGH
(8) BOSTON COLLEGE
(9) ALABAMA
(10) KENTUCKY
(11) XAVIER
(12) GEORGIA
(13) UCLA
(14) MISSISSIPPI STATE
(15) OREGON
(16) FLORIDA
(17) VILLANOVA
(18) CONNECTICUT
(19) GONZAGA
(20) MARQUETTE
(21) MARYLAND
(22) TEXAS TECH
(23) MINNESOTA
(24) WESTERN KENTUCKY
(25) ILLINOIS

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS: Missouri, Wake Forest, Tulsa, Notre Dame, Wyoming, Cincinnati, Ohio State, Ball State, Indiana, Penn, Louisville, Mississippi, St. John's, North Carolina State, Pepperdine.

his first Nike commercial, the game has benefited. College basketball has become a team sport again. "Hey, fellas, Mr. Do-Everything is riding around in his limo in the pros. How about the rest of us nobodies playing some solid hoops?" Maryland's no-names Dixon, Baxter and Blake turned the formula into a national championship last season. Let's see who's most likely to turn the trick this season.

(1) KANSAS

If Drew Gooden had stuck around, this one would be a no-brainer. But coach Roy Williams still has enough horses to win. Playboy All-Americas Kirk Hinrich and Nick Collison give the Jayhawks firepower in the backcourt and frontcourt. And forget about Williams' penchant for being a bridesmaid, never a bride. Remember that Lute Olson and even Coach K didn't wear the white dress without a struggle. Williams needs Keith Langford, Wayne Simien and speedy Aaron Miles to step up and erase the bad taste of NCAA tourneys past.

(2) ARIZONA

Speaking of Lute Olson, the silver fox has yet another group of kids to mold into national champions. Playboy All-America Luke Walton, son of NBA legend Bill, shoots, scores, rebounds, passes. He may be the best all-around player in college ball. Jason Gardner's decision to stay in school gives the Wildcats veteran leadership and a ton of skills in the backcourt. Add in a group of sophomores who were one of the nation's best recruiting classes a couple of years ago and you have a roster not many other teams can match. Watch for the development of Salim Stoudamire and the emergence of 5'10" highlight reel flash Will Bynum.

(3) OKLAHOMA

Hollis Price, another Playboy All-America, is one of the outstanding backcourt players in college this season. He has tremendous ball-handling skills plus a big-game mentality. The loss of forward Aaron McGhee hurts, but Playboy Coach of the Year Kelvin Sampson counts on De'Angelo Alexander and Kevin Bookout to make a big impact. Seniors Ebi Ere and Quannas White are strong enough in the backcourt to stop opponents from stacking the deck against Price. This team has the talent to get to another Final Four.

(4) TEXAS

When it comes to backcourt players, there aren't any more exciting small talents in the college game today than Playboy All-America T.J. Ford. Here's a guy who could actually catch the Roadrunner. Ford will become a dominant player for the Longhorns if he can shoot better from behind the three-point line. Juniors Royal Ivey and Brandon Mouton fill out the backcourt and James Thomas is a load in the middle. Add Brian Boddicker and freshman Brad Buckman to the mix and you have a strong frontcourt as well.

(5) DUKE

How strong is a program that could lose the college player of the year, Jay Williams, inside stud Carlos Boozer and standout wingman Mike Dunleavy, all to the NBA, and remain a top 10 team? Mike Krzyzewski and Duke are at the top of the recruiting heap, garnering only the best talent for every spot on the team. This year it will be Chris Duhon's job to make the Blue Devils go. He'll get help from frontcourt players Casey Sanders, Nick Horvath and Dahntay Jones, plus new recruits Sean Dockery and J.J. Redick. Could Duke win another ACC championship with such unproven talent? Never underestimate Coach K.

(6) MICHIGAN STATE

Another team hit hard by early exits to the NBA is the Spartans. Coach Tom Izzo has watched stars such as Zach Randolph, Jason Richardson and Marcus Taylor leave the program before they learned all the plays. While he will face rebuilding this year, Izzo has good blocks to work with. Newcomers Paul Davis and Erazem Lorbek are excellent frontcourt players. How will they blend with returning guards Chris Hill and Kelvin Torbert and the big man at center, Aloysius Anagonye? Well enough for a run at the top.

(7) PITTSBURGH

Pitt languished at or near the bottom of the Big East Conference until coach Ben Howland arrived to revive the Panthers. Last season he led his team to its winningest season in school history. Now, with almost all of his players back, he has the Pitt faithful looking for a run at the national title. The Panthers are led by Playboy All-America Brandin Knight, one of the smoothest, most talented guards in the nation. Add in backcourt mate Julius Page, swingman Jaron Brown, forward Donatas Zavackas and 265-pound center Ontario Lett and you have a team with Sweet 16 written all over it.

(8) BOSTON COLLEGE

The Eagles won 20 games last season and had their moments in the sun. Yet they didn't fly quite as high as was

(continued on page 194)

"I bought you this really fabulous set of sexy edible underwear, but you were on the phone so long, I got hungry and ate them!"

DESTINY'S CHILD

USHER

PINK

BECK

Playboy Music Poll 2002

An aftermath of September 11 was a search for meaningful music. Familiar names provided both music and artistry—McCartney, Springsteen, the Who, the Stones and Dave Matthews. This year also saw the teen pop phenomenon waning, giving Justin Timberlake enough free time to reconsider his solo career. Bluegrass is still going strong, and singer-songwriters and artists including John Mayer, the Vines and the Strokes are making clubs important venues again. It's time for you to participate in these changes, so sharpen your pencil or go online at Playboy.com and vote.

www.playboy.com

LUDACRIS

MARY J. BLIGE

EMINEM

AVRIL LAVIGNE

SPIDER-MAN

ELVIS

Hip-Hop

Eminem and Nelly both had new CDs and battled for the top of the charts. Ashanti blew up big.

HIP-HOP ARTIST

- Eminem
- Evs
- Ginuwins
- Ja Rule
- Mos Dsf
- Mystikal
- Nappy Roots
- Nelly
- Outkast
- Slum Villags
- Snoop Dogg
- Wyclef Jsan

HIP-HOP CD

- Arrhythmia: Anti-Pop Consortium
- Css-Lo: Cas-Lo
- Tha Eminsm Show: Eminem
- Eve-Olution: Eva
- Nellyvilla: Nelly
- Pain Is Lova: Ja Rule
- Southarn Hummingbird: Twest
- Stillmatic: Nas
- Word of Mouf: Ludacris

R&B

R&B ARTIST

- Ashanti
- Mary J. Bligs
- Brandy
- Destiny's Child
- Faith Evans
- Jennifsr Lopez
- Martin Luthsr
- N.E.R.D.
- Usher

R&B CD

- Ashanti: Ashanti
- Don't Give Up on Ms: Solomon Burke
- Full Circle: Boyz II Men
- Full Moon: Brandy
- Lovsland: R. Kelly
- Mahogany Soul: Angis Stons
- MTV Unplugged No. 2.0: Lauryn Hill
- No More Drama (2002): Mary J. Bligs
- Tha Way I Feel: Ramy Shand

Electronic

ELECTRONIC

- Thomas Brinkmann
- Dirty Vsgas
- DJ Shadow
- Harbert
- Jazzanova
- Paul Oaksnfold
- Psaca Orchsstra
- Rscloose
- Super Collidsr

Next Big Thing

NEXT BIG THING

- Black Kays
- Black Rebal Motorcycle Club
- Dovss
- Hivss
- Avril Lavigns
- Lucero
- Tift Marritt
- Phantom Planet
- Vines
- Ysah Yeah Yeahs

Between the Johnny Cash, Elvis and Sun Records reissues, Sam Phillips can rightly take a few bows.

Soundtracks

SOUNDTRACKS

- About a Boy
- Austin Powers in Goldmember
- Barbsrshop
- Blus Crush
- Down From ths Mountain
- I Am Sam
- Man in Black II
- Mr. Deeds
- Royal Tsnsnbaums
- Scorpion King
- Spider-Man
- Training Day
- XXX

Reissues

REISSUES

- The Complste Miles Davis at Montreux 1973-1991: Miles Davis
- Consacration: Bill Evans
- Forty Licks: Ths Rolling Stones
- A Musical Romance: Billie Holiday and Lester Young
- Sun Records: The 50th Anniversary Collection
- Today, Tomorrow and Forever: Elvis
- Ths Ultimate Collection: Hank Williams
- Whsn the Sun Goes Down: Various Artists

detach here

REMOIST GLUE AREA — LEAVE WHITE

NORAH JONES

BILLY JOEL

JAZZ ARTIST

Jazz

- Patti Austin
- Dee Dee Bridgewater
- Uri Caine
- Dave Douglas
- Jim Hall
- Roy Haynes
- Keith Jarrett
- Norah Jones
- Joe Lovano
- Medeski Martin and Wood
- Mark Turner
- Vandermark 5
- Cassandra Wilson

JAZZ CD

- A Beautiful Day: Andrew Hill
- Belly of the Sun: Cassandra Wilson
- Come Away With Me: Norah Jones
- Footprints Liva: Wayna Shorter
- Innar Circle: Grag Osby
- Largo: Brad Mehldau
- Modernistic: Jason Moran
- Raining on tha Moon: William Parker Quartat
- What Goes Around: Dave Holland Big Band

HALL OF FAME

Hall of Fame

- Cher
- Clash
- Elvis Costallo
- Aretha Franklin
- Al Graen
- Merle Haggard
- Chriesia Hynde
- Billy Joel
- Carola King
- Kiss
- Curtis Mayfield
- Joni Mitchall
- Van Morrison
- Iggy Pop
- Ramones
- Lou Raed
- Smokey Robinson
- Run-DMC
- Talking Heads

Cher has threatened to stop touring, and the Talking Heads played on the same stage. What a year.

KENNY CHESNEY

DIXIE CHICKS

Country

COUNTRY

- Gary Allan
- Kanny Chesnay
- Kavin Denney
- Joe Ely
- Patty Griffin
- Toby Keith
- Chris Knight
- Kathy Mattea
- Delbert McClinton
- Nickel Creek
- Dolly Parton
- Billy Joe Shaver
- Pem Tillis
- Hank Williams III
- Kelly Willis
- Lee Ann Womack

COUNTRY CD

- Barricades and Brickwalls: Kasey Chambers
- The Great Divide: Willie Nelson
- Halos and Horns: Dolly Perton
- Home: Dixie Chicks
- No Shoes, No Shirt, No Problems: Kenny Chesney
- Ralph Stanley: Ralph Stanley
- Redneck Fiddlin' Men: Charlie Daniels Band
- Something Worth Leaving Behind: Lee Ann Womack
- Unleashed: Toby Keith

Alternative country kept rolling this year, and Ralph Stanley got the kudos he deserves.

Mail your entry no later than Decambar 15, 2002.

SHERYL CROW

WILCO

KYLIE MINOGUE

Rock

ARTIST

- ☐ Beck
- ☐ David Bowie
- ☐ Elvis Costello
- ☐ Sheryl Crow
- ☐ Lenny Kravitz
- ☐ John Mayer
- ☐ Kylie Minogue
- ☐ Moby
- ☐ Ozzy Osbourne
- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Shakira
- ☐ Bruce Springsteen

GROUP

- ☐ Bon Jovi
- ☐ Coldplay
- ☐ Green Day
- ☐ Incubus
- ☐ Jimmy Eat World
- ☐ Linkin Park
- ☐ Deve Matthews Band
- ☐ No Doubt
- ☐ Papa Roach
- ☐ Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Sleater-Kinney
- ☐ Strokes
- ☐ System of a Down
- ☐ Weezer
- ☐ White Stripes
- ☐ Wilco

The stripped-down sound of the White Stripes and the arena sound of the Boss both made the charts.

ROCK CD

- ☐ Busted Stuff: Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ By the Way: Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ☐ C'mon, C'mon: Sheryl Crow
- ☐ 18: Moby
- ☐ I Get Wet: Andrew WK
- ☐ Is This It: Strokes
- ☐ Maladroit: Weezer
- ☐ Missundaztood: Pink
- ☐ The Rising: Bruce Springsteen
- ☐ Songs for the Deef: Queens of the Stone Age
- ☐ Yankee Hotel Foxtrot: Wilco

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Playboy Music Poll 2002

Playboy Music Poll 2002
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Chicago, Illinois 60611

detach here

PINK & HER AMAZING WONDERDOG, FUCKER

our favorite rock chick has a dirty mouth, two hit CDs and a rap sheet longer than suge knight's

by alison prato

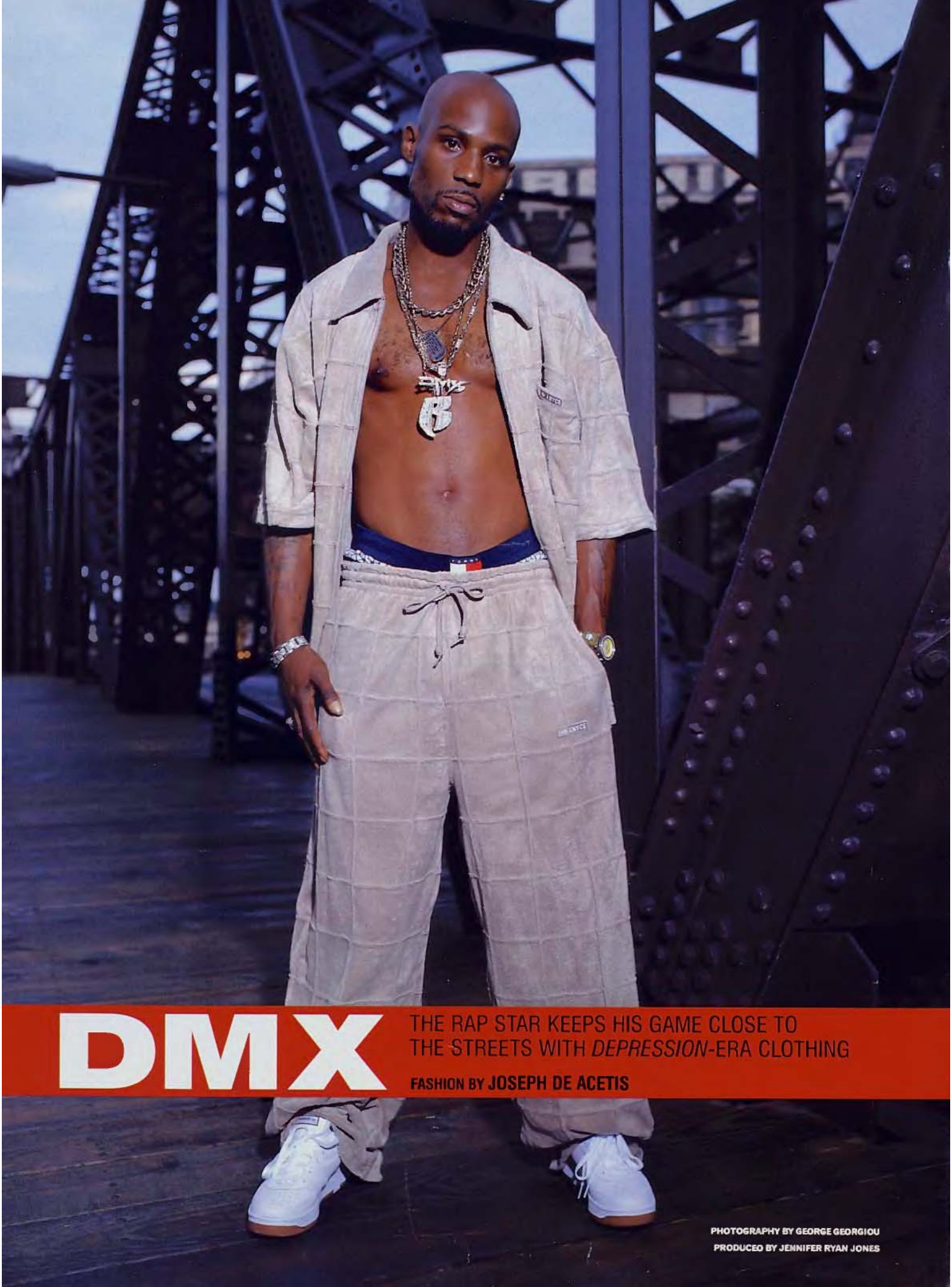
If you ever have the pleasure to meet Alecia Moore—a.k.a. **PINK**—buy her a beer, give her a smoke (menthol), kick back and shut up. The girl is a storyteller. At 23, she has racked up her share of arrest stories, drug stories, love stories and success stories. She's won a Grammy. Her first CD, "Can't Take Me Home," went double platinum. Her second, "Missundaztood," has been in the "Billboard" top 200 for a year. And wait until you see her sing live, as tens of thousands did when she toured with Lenny Kravitz this summer.

Q: Your nama, Pink, is a auphemiam for vagina, right? **A:** Right. I've never been able to tell the real story. Matt, my best friend to this day, had never seen a white girl's thing. For months he was begging me, "Please show me! I won't touch it! I won't think of you differently!" I was always like, "Fuck you! You're like my brother." He was so persistent that I finally gave in. We were in the back of a car—probably going to get weed—and I'm like, "Here you go." He goes, "Aah! It's pink!"

Q: How old ware you when you got into drugs? **A:** Thirteen. Eleven if you count weed. I was an early bloomer, but it's good because I stopped young, too. I

(continued on page 188)

Illustration by Peter Richardson



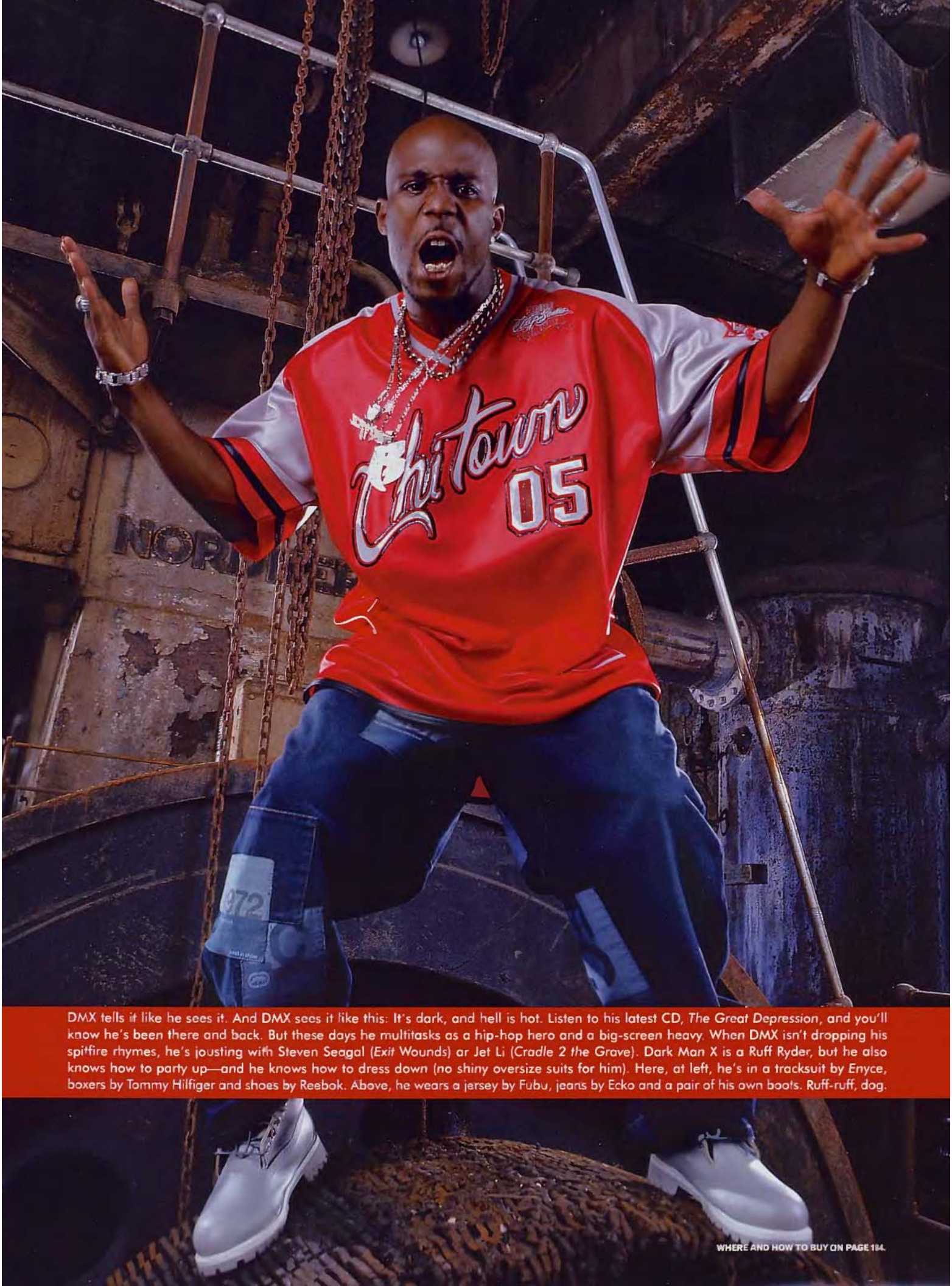
DMX

THE RAP STAR KEEPS HIS GAME CLOSE TO THE STREETS WITH *DEPRESSION*-ERA CLOTHING

FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES



DMX tells it like he sees it. And DMX sees it like this: It's dark, and hell is hot. Listen to his latest CD, *The Great Depression*, and you'll know he's been there and back. But these days he multitasks as a hip-hop hero and a big-screen heavy. When DMX isn't dropping his spitfire rhymes, he's jousting with Steven Seagal (*Exit Wounds*) ar Jet Li (*Cradle 2 the Grave*). Dark Man X is a Ruff Ryder, but he also knows how to party up—and he knows how to dress down (no shiny oversize suits for him). Here, at left, he's in a tracksuit by Enyce, boxers by Tommy Hilfiger and shoes by Reebok. Above, he wears a jersey by Fubu, jeans by Ecko and a pair of his own boots. Ruff-ruff, dog.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

"As a matter of fact, we do do requests."

Centerfolds on Sex

Heidi Mark

DESCRIBE THE JOYS OF THE UNCIRCUMCISED PENIS.

I had never been with anyone who was uncircumcised until I met my new boyfriend, and it's amazing. The extra skin is like having an extra ridge there. When I have children, I won't have the boys circumcised, because I want their wives to be very happy. It's almost like he has a cock ring on. You know those condoms that have the big ridges on them? Well, that's what it's like. Besides, a dick is a dick. It just looks a little different. And my boyfriend's is the perfect size. You usually don't remember how big men's dicks are, but you remember the really small ones. Girth matters and size and length matter. Basically, I have to have a perfect dick. And now I've got the length and the girth and a bonus I didn't even know existed.

Sometimes he'll be watching television and I'll say, "Take your pants off." He'll just watch TV while I suck his dick. I suck on it because I want to, because it's mine. I always say, "Oh God, I never thought I would actually have my own dick."

SEE MORE HEIDI IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Heidi's Sexual Tidbits

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN WITH A GIRL? I would never go down on a girl, but I have no problem having a girl go down on me. I'm selfish. Someone asked me recently if there was any girl with whom I would engage. They were throwing out names like Angelina Jolie, Melissa Etheridge. I wasn't interested. So they said, "Heidi, you are so heterosexual." But if you pick Melissa Etheridge to go down on you, you're really picking a dude.

IS BEING TATTOOED EROTIC? On a scale from one to 10, it's a painful four. There's nothing erotic about it. I'm into nipple clamps, handcuffs, you name it, but believe me, there is nothing erotic about getting a tattoo.

SEX STARS - 2002

The key to being a sex star? A ripped body, eye-popping talent, a lust for the limelight and—sometimes—the moves to make history. In 2002 we cheered as Halle Berry became the first black woman to win a Best Actress Oscar, chuckled when Anna Nicole Smith let E cameras film her every move and grooved while singer-songwriter Alicia Keys raised the bar for rock stars with a brain and a bod. Tom left Nicole, Angelina left Billy Bob, but then they sizzled solo. A new generation of pumped-up dudes busted onto the scene: The Rock ruled as *The Scorpion King*, and Vin Diesel's rise to fame crowned him the new Schwarzenegger. This year's Sex Stars kept filling theaters with warm bodies, and we dug it.

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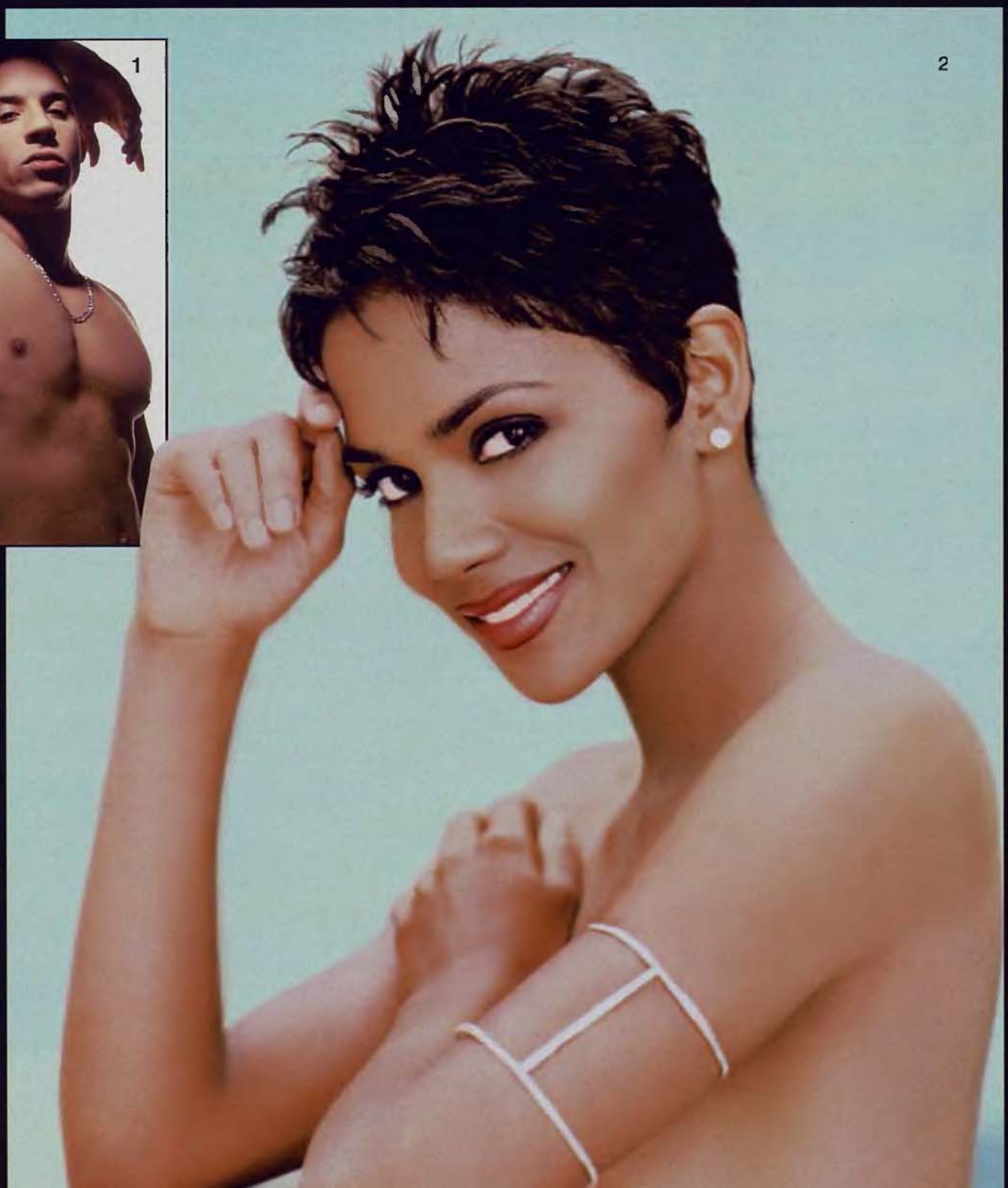

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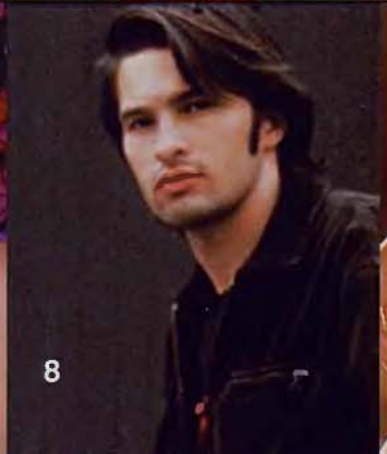
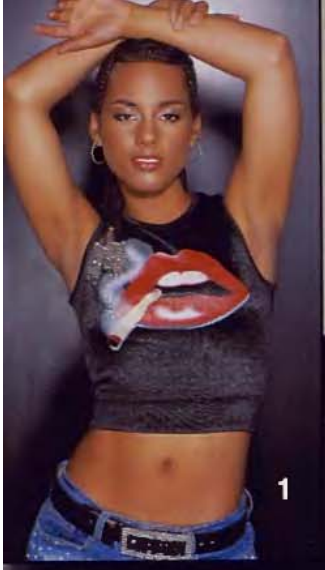
1. **VIN DIESEL:** He rocXXX
2. **HALLE BERRY:** Having a "Ball"
3. **VICTORIA SILVSTEDT:** Sugary Swede
4. **NELLY:** Hot in here
5. **ANGELINA JOLIE:** Bye-bye, Billy Bob
6. **SOFIA VERGARA:** Colombia's finest export
7. **DIANE LANE:** Faithfully foxy
8. **OLIVIER MARTINEZ:** Lethal lothario
9. **DALENE KURTIS:** Perfect PMOY

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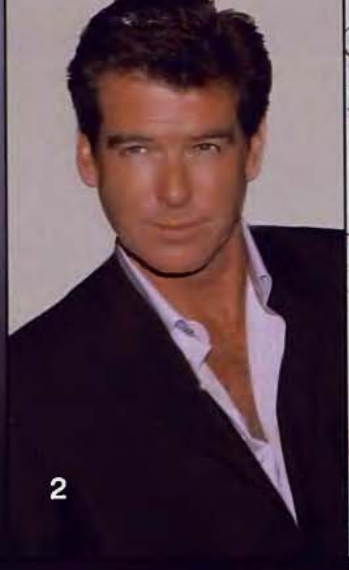
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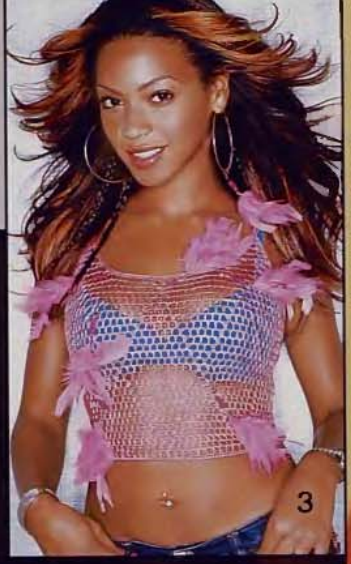
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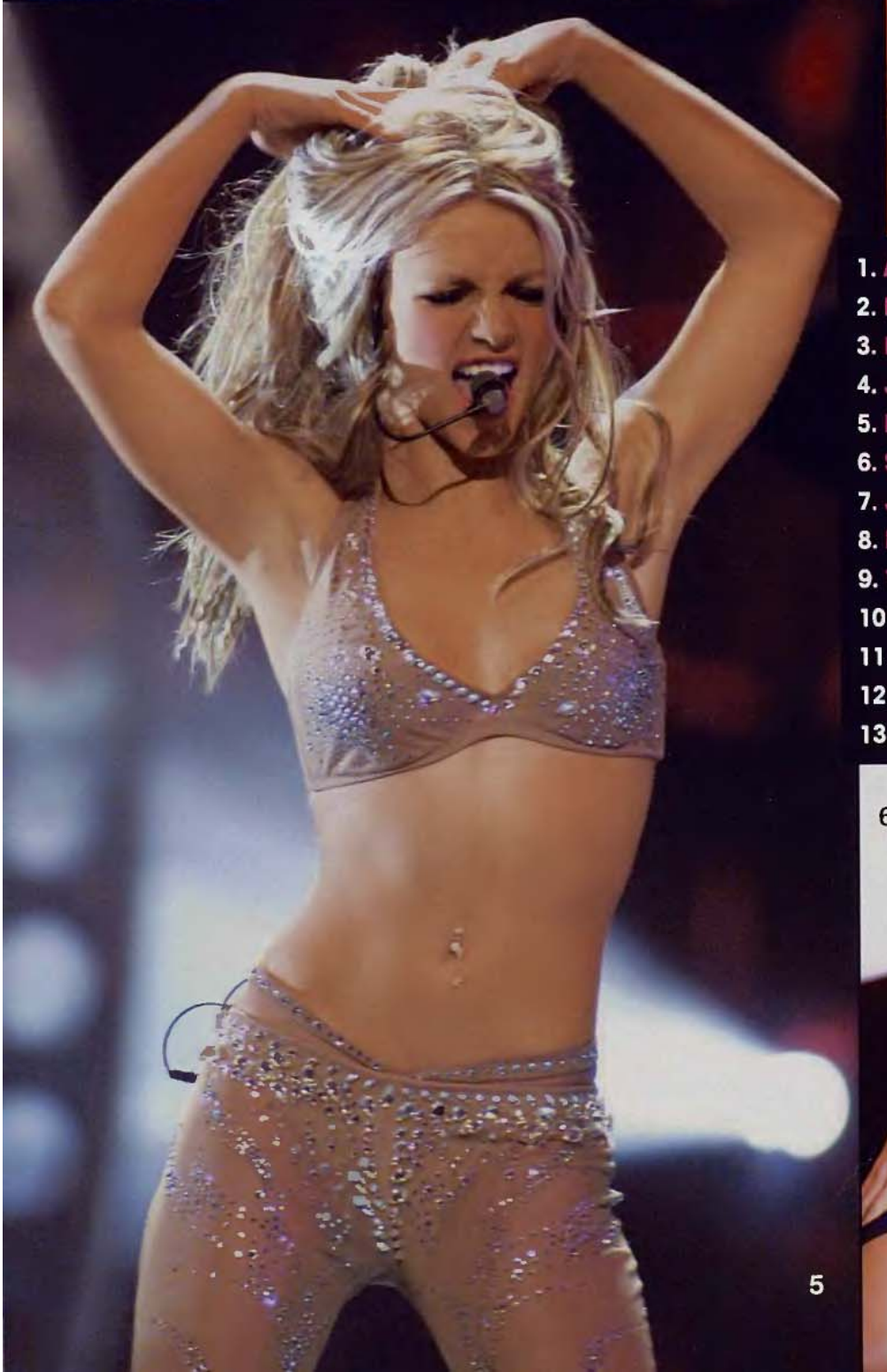
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1. **ALICIA KEYS:** Groovy, baby
2. **PIERCE BROSNAN:** Brawny Bond
3. **BEYONCÉ KNOWLES:** Austin Powers' destiny
4. **JANET JACKSON:** All for you
5. **BRITNEY SPEARS:** Not a girl, quite a woman
6. **SALMA HAYEK:** Fridaaaah
7. **J. LO:** Gets us high
8. **KID ROCK:** American badass
9. **TARA REID:** It party girl
10. **CAMERON DIAZ:** Angel eyes
11. **LEONARDO DICAPRIO:** Ganging up
12. **SUMMER ALTICE:** Playmate rising
13. **PAMELA ANDERSON:** Wet and wild

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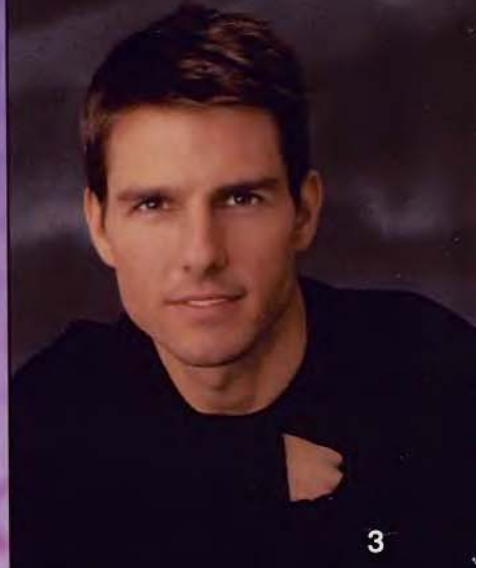

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1. **JAIME PRESSLY:** Not another teen movie star
2. **ANNA KOURNIKOVA:** She scores
3. **TOM CRUISE:** Singles Cruz
4. **RACHEL ROBERTS:** Simone says
5. **ALI LANDRY:** "Spy TV" stunner
6. **NICOLE KIDMAN:** Independent woman
7. **THE ROCK:** Don't fuck with him
8. **JORDAN:** Size matters
9. **ANNA NICOLE SMITH:** Bigger and better on E

5

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9

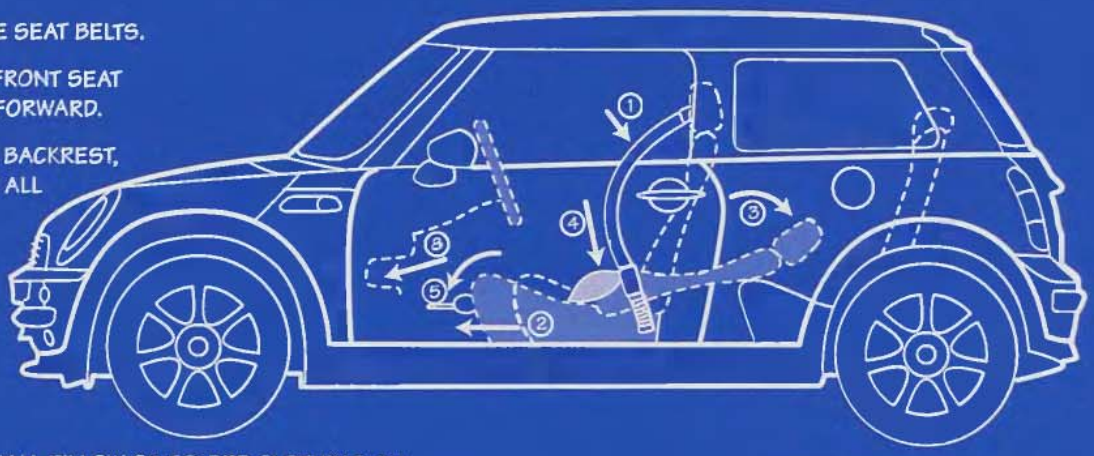
HOW TO MOTOR IN A MINI

the newest cult car is a blast to drive. it's fun to park as well

(1) REMOVE SEAT BELTS.

(2) MOVE FRONT SEAT SLIGHTLY FORWARD.

(3) LOWER BACKREST, NOT QUITE ALL THE WAY.



(4) PUT SMALL PILLOW OR FOLDED CLOTHING ON SEAT BOTTOM: HELPS SOFTEN SEAT HINGE HITTING PARTNER'S BACK.

(5) MAKE SURE EMERGENCY BRAKE IS IN DOWN POSITION.

(6) THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN DOOR POCKETS FOR CLOTHES. PLEASE NOTE PHALLIC DESIGN OF DOOR PULLS.

(7) BE CAREFUL OF FEET ON DASHBOARD WHERE TOGGLE SWITCHES FOR WINDOWS AND LIGHTS ARE CLUSTERED.

(8) ALLOW FEET TO GAIN PURCHASE IN CUTOUT IN SIDE OF CENTRAL CONSOLE.

(9) THERE'S MORE ROOM ON PASSENGER SIDE, BUT DRIVER SIDE MIGHT WORK WITH FEMALE-ASTRIDE POSITION.

(10) DON'T WORRY ABOUT CAR ROCKING—THE SUSPENSION IS VERY STIFF.

—DONALD ERICKSON

"I hope you don't mind. This drives my reindeer crazy!"

Greg Kinnear

the star of auto focus on leaving indiana, dodging bullets in beirut and talking dirty in greek

Greg Kinnear, a native of Logansport, Indiana, likes to keep his distance from the film community. Some of that may have to do with his itinerant upbringing. His father's work with the State Department turned the family into nomads who lived in Washington, D.C., Beirut and Athens. While attending high school in Athens, Kinnear enjoyed his first broadcast experience, hosting School Daze With Greg Kinnear on Armed Forces Radio. After graduating, he moved back to the U.S. and earned a broadcast journalism degree from the University of Arizona.

E Entertainment Television received one of Kinnear's audition tapes and signed him to host Talk Soup, where he provided caustic commentary on talk-show clips. The series earned Kinnear an Emmy Award and a cult following. NBC was intrigued with his hosting abilities and, upon Bob Costas' departure, moved Kinnear into the late-night show Later With Greg Kinnear. His stint lasted a few seasons before director Sydney Pollack cast Kinnear in his feature-film debut opposite Harrison Ford and Julia Ormond in the remake of Sabrina.

Kinnear established himself with his Academy Award–nominated supporting role opposite Jack Nicholson and Helen Hunt in James L. Brooks' As Good As It Gets. He then co-starred in the Tom Hanks–Meg Ryan success You've Got Mail. Kinnear starred opposite Cate Blanchett in the supernatural thriller The Gift, and with Renée Zellweger in Neil LaBute's Nurse Betty. Further diversifying his résumé, Kinnear took a co-starring role opposite Mel Gibson in the Vietnam war film We Were Soldiers. The actor rounds out 2002 starring in Paul Schrader's male sexuality study Auto Focus, playing Bob Crane, the star of Hogan's Heroes.

Robert Crane (who is, in fact, Bob Crane's son) caught up with the life-embracing Kinnear at Shutters on the Beach in Santa Monica. He reports: "Kinnear is sitting atop the world. He has fame, money, looks, a beautiful English wife and good press buzz on his performance in Auto Focus. Damn. This is as good as it gets."

1

PLAYBOY: One of the top FAQs at Indiana tourist information booths is "How do I get the hell out of here?" Does one ever return?

KINNEAR: This one likely will not, but some do. I have great memories of it. I was there until I was nine. It's a great place to grow up. It is beautiful country, a little on the flat side. There seems to be an excess of corn, but I felt safe there. That's quite a commodity these days.

2

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were back?

KINNEAR: I took my wife recently. We were flying from the East Coast back to Los Angeles and the plane stopped in Chicago for a changeover. I said, "Let's grab our bags and hang for a few days." An advantage of being an actor is when you're not working, you can do stuff like that. We rented a Ford Taurus and drove down to a lake I used to go to when I was a kid, Lake Wawasee. I took her to my old house, which was actually for sale. It probably still is. I signed the register, trying to encourage people to buy it, but the last that I heard it was still on the market. It is a small town. A lot of my old neighbors came out of their houses. "Oh, you're the Kinnear kid. How are Susie and Ed?" They picked right up from when I left in 1972.

3

PLAYBOY: Define Hoosier.

KINNEAR: I think the word was some sort of term meaning hillbilly many years ago, but I would like to think that we've grown out of using that definition and are employing something more appreciative. It's strange for me to talk like I'm the spokesman for the state of Indiana. I was there for all of nine years, and for the first five of them I was drooling. It's not necessarily my place, but the people there are very passionate about sports and keeping life simple. Basketball and keeping life simple define a Hoosier effectively. I'm thinking of all the horrible letters I'll be getting. "What the hell do you mean, simple? You left when you were nine." People love to kill the Midwest. It can be a fairly cynical country when you get on the coasts. Anywhere on the left or right, they tend to look on that middle portion as an odd place that conjures up images of the movie *Children of the Corn*. It's not like that. Today, people are reassessing that small-town-America thing we used to smirk at. Maybe I *should* be a spokesman for Indiana.

4

PLAYBOY: Bobby Knight, Dan Quayle, John Mellencamp, David Letterman. Name the other proud sons of Indiana.

KINNEAR: James Dean. Letterman asked me that question one time on his show. It was the most horrifying moment of my life. He asked, "Now, who else? What other great historical figures are from Indiana?" I still have the tape. You can see little beads of sweat forming on my brow. I didn't know. I beg anyone who is reading this to list all of the great figures from their state.

5

PLAYBOY: Describe your childhood in Beirut.

KINNEAR: We arrived in 1975. We were in Virginia for three years before that and were completely unprepared to hop into a taxicab and drive through the PLO camps to get to downtown Beirut. My father kept us in a hotel for a few months until we moved into a residence. It started great, like a storybook. The weather was beautiful. You could ski and surf in the same day. Wonderful, incredible people. The Lebanese are good-spirited, kind, completely the opposite *(continued on page 172)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHERYL NIELDS

La vita DITA

FETISH IS BACK. AND HERE'S WHO'S LEADING THE CHARGE

Science says a fetish is "an inanimate object worshiped by savages as having magical powers or as being animated by a spirit." But in our swinging, postsavage world of pop culture, a fetish usually means something that turns you on that's not a mainstream kick. It's your kick. Maybe it's how you keep in touch with the inner savage, but it's definitely the gear or the scenario that gets you off.

Your fetish could be a feather fan à la Sally Rand, it could be high heels or black leather, vinyl or rubber, corsets, chains or root vegetables. Well, it *could* be root vegetables, because a fetish has to have some kink to it. Fetishes are turn-ons that are not shared by the horny majority. They are pleasure cults that worship Eros in their own way.

And that's where Dita von Teese comes in. She is the very successful modern-day fetish queen. She's not the girl next door. She's the girl behind one of those two doors; behind the other is the tiger. Dita is the girl of your dreams in corset and handcuffs. She's the girl you'd like to walk all over you in six-inch heels, or maybe work on your Boy Scout knots some rainy day.

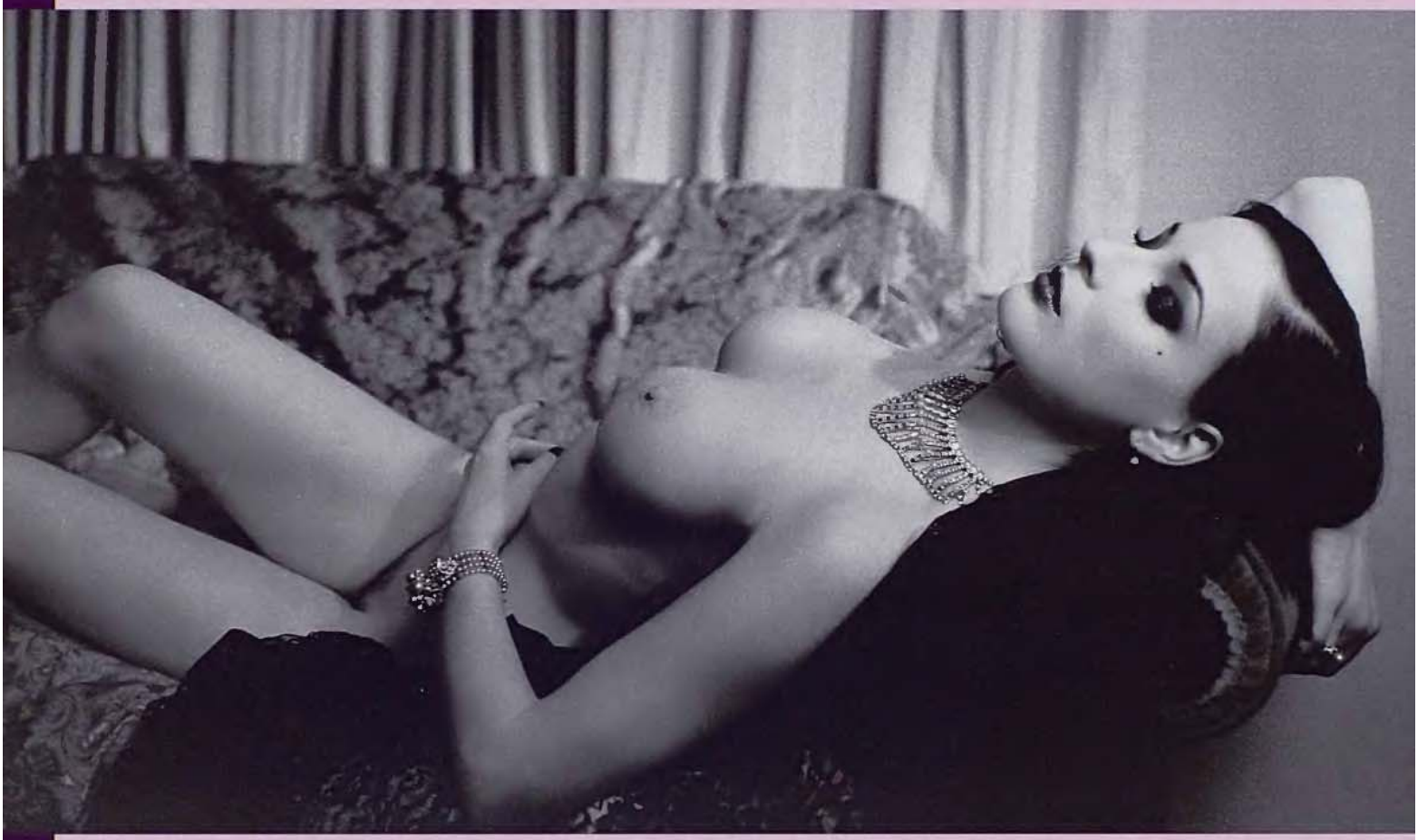
"I revel in being a bombshell, femme fatale, mantrap and sexpot. Basically, I'm the girl your mother warned you about."

Miss Dita von Teese, the extremely significant other of the musical artist Marilyn Manson, is generally regarded as today's number one fetish model. This is not quite the same as being today's number one model. No doubt her income falls far short of the salaries of supermodels who won't get out of bed for less than 10 grand. But that doesn't diminish her importance. Besides, there are other rewards to being the top fetish model. We're sure Miss Dita von Teese has fans so devoted that they would do anything for her. Especially if it involves, say, cleaning her floor with their tongues.

Actually Miss von Teese is much more than a fetish model. She is a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOSHE BRAKHA, ARNY FREYTAG AND MARILYN MANSON

"I never daydreamed about a knight in shining armor coming for me on a white horse. Instead, I prefer the villain who would tie me to the train tracks, and that's him, Marilyn Manson. He thinks he's finally met his dream girl, and I love indulging him in that." Manson (right) with Dita shot these photos exclusively for PLAYBOY.



dancer and a burlesque artist. But fetish model is a convenient way of defining her role in the world of eroticism and setting her apart from the girls who simply take it off and spread 'em. We could call her a pin-up girl, but that's such a creaky, old term. Most of the girls who model for sexy pictures are, like it or not, sex objects. Dita is a sex object of her own creation. What she is, really, is an artist whose work is posing, creating images that fire the imagination of the beholder.

It's not about taking it off. If anything, it's about putting it on—putting on the trappings of the fetish and conjuring up a specific spirit of passion. Von Teese's work is about creating a fetish-driven image that has magical power, that is animated by a genuine spirit, something that reaches the most powerful sexual organ of all—the brain. She is a superstar of the unconscious mind.

Since the invention of photography, there have been women who've held a special charm for the lens. Clara Bow, an actress of the silent era, was the original It girl. She had "it" and made everyone aware of "it." Since then, every generation has had its It girls, women who personify the erotic zeitgeist of the age. Bettie Page, to whom Dita is often compared, had it to such a degree that she may be more popular today than during the decade in which she worked, the Fifties.

Bettie Page was a natural. There was something about her face, her body and the way she carried herself that had enormous appeal. Working with photographers such as Irving Klaw and Bunny Yeager, she created a legendary body of work worshiped by modern devotees of Venus. Her body was beautiful and well proportioned. She wasn't a freakish mammal. She radiated good health, honesty and a kind of easygoing normality that made the kinky situations in which she was portrayed all the more exciting. She was the kind of girl you could take home to mother and then tie up.

Dita von Teese understands that kind of allure, and she carries on Bettie's sensual tradition today. But she is not the innocent that Bettie Page was. Dita is a scholar of the history of cheesecake. She is a professor of pin-up. She has invented herself as an image in a quite *(concluded on page 170)*

Lili St.Cyr

Bettie Page

Manson does Dita: another portfolio from the high priests of performance art. "All my fetishes begin with me being laced tightly in a corset. I love the way a corset dramatically emphasizes my curves and the feel of stockings on my legs. Dressed this way, I feel like my lover's most treasured possession."

deliberate and refined way.

Bettie Page grew up in an age when women wore garter belts. Dita grew up in the age of pantyhose but rejected them. "When my girlfriends were buying their first pairs of pantyhose," she recalls, "I was on the hunt for stockings and garters. I started wearing them when I was 13."

Dita is a small-town girl from Michigan. She grew up watching old movies on TV and loved stars such as Marilyn Monroe. She got vintage clothes from her mom and snuck into her dad's stash of PLAYBOYS. And following her own instincts she created an erotic aesthetic that was against the grain of the times.

Miss von Teese certainly explores retro elements. She radiates an old Hollywood glamour. She reawakens the power of vintage lingerie. Her beauty philosophy is the opposite of the natural look; makeup is part of the fetish. But there's nothing old about von Teese. There is something progressive about what she's doing.

Dita's body posits a new ideal, neither a flashy Fifties Marilyn body nor a pumped Nineties Madonna body. It's a 21st century body: healthy, toned and realistic. Her breasts are naturalistically ample, not overkill. Her waist is small, while her pelvis has maternal potential. Her pudendum is currently coiffed. With her gifts and her exquisite grooming, she is a perfect collaboration between art and nature. Dita von Teese is the promise of a new world where sex is more than an athletic event that relieves tension; it is a complex and delicious cultural rite that inspires the soul and captivates and then releases the imagination.

With her raven hair, exciting body, engaging face and up-for-anything demeanor, Dita is a Bettie Page for our time. She is our all-purpose e-age pinup, a shape-shifter who can play the courtesan, the ecdysiast, the mistress and concubine at her most refined. Or she can be the vamp, the slut and the supervixen who drives us from our minds.

In an age of amateurs, Dita von Teese cultivates the highest level of erotic allure. If every picture tells a story, each of Dita's images incarnates a myth that resonates through time and space, from the subconscious to supernal, arousing our minds and engorging our . . . well, you know, root vegetables.

—GLENN O'BRIEN

SEE MORE OF MARILYN MANSON'S PICTURES OF DITA AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Greg Kinnear

(continued from page 161)

of the general interpretation of anybody from that part of the world. It was an extraordinary place. A short time after we arrived, the acting American ambassador was assassinated. A bullet in the head. He was found in a burlap bag washed up on the beach with his bodyguard. That started a series of kidnappings, including some Americans. Nobody had done that before. The fighting would start in the late afternoon. As soon as the sun went down you would hear the crackle of machine-gun fire. It would move into heavier artillery at night. We would close all the shutters in our house, gather around a candle and listen to the BBC. It sounds horrifying, but at that age, I was like the kid in *Hope and Glory*—"Wow. These are real bullets. This is kind of fun." I actually got shot at one day. There was a street fair every Saturday, with guys and their fruit carts. I was walking across the street to see a buddy of mine. By the time I got halfway across, there were apples all over the ground. At one end of the street there were a couple of guys coming with guns, and another group at the other end. Firing started. I saved a few people that day. Just kidding. I ran to the other side like the spineless coward I am, and then it passed and things were OK. It was intense.

6

PLAYBOY: Your father was a State Department trade rep. Spook, right?

KINNEAR: Yes. I will give you my stock answer, which is that my brothers and I get around the table every holiday and badger him endlessly about that. If he was a spook, I will say he was the greatest spook the country has ever had. His office was the regional trade and development office, which was set up to help promote imports and exports from Middle Eastern countries to the U.S. It was kind of a liaison office.

7

PLAYBOY: Some parents argue that travel is disruptive to children. Is this true?

KINNEAR: I guess it is. I know so many actors and people in this business who come from a similar background. I'm convinced that it's the need to fit in and redefine yourself quickly that causes a lot of people to end up in Hollywood, for better or for worse. For me, it was the greatest experience I've ever had. I am convinced I would be in prison by now if I had stayed in Indiana. I don't think I would have fit into the typical American high school experience. I was fortunate to have ended up in Greece for high school. It was phenomenal. All my best friends to this day are from there.

8

PLAYBOY: As a U.S. citizen who has lived abroad, are you less xenophobic?

KINNEAR: No question about it. The best part of that experience was that it gave me the ability to see America as part of the world, as opposed to the world. I am grateful for that because obviously on September 11 it changed for all of us, and a lot of people who ignored international affairs have opened their eyes. Not that I could have foreseen anything that has taken place, but certainly, with my upbringing, I was aware of a lot going on. I have been a CNN junkie since I was 17.

9

PLAYBOY: Druze women are among the most beautiful in the world. Were you old enough to appreciate them while you were in Lebanon?

KINNEAR: I was just trying to land a French kiss for the first few years there, so I don't know how much I was into beauty. You go to any of the Greek islands, particularly at that time, and you get to understand beautiful women very quickly. It was a good place for an adolescent red-blooded American boy to be. It was a good place to become aware, and I appreciated it. We moved there when I was 12 and left when I was 18, so that was my adolescence. Those are the years you get your training for women. I have good stories and bad stories like every other guy. OK, maybe a few more bad stories.

10

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for the explicit scenes in *Auto Focus*? Was there a Thighmaster in your trailer?

KINNEAR: There should have been, because I put on some weight to play Bob [Crane]. He was a little softer than I am around the face and the sides. Now I'm desperately in need of a Thighmaster. While I was doing the movie it was the opposite. No push-ups before scenes for me. It was basically hit the craft service table about 10 minutes before doing anything questionable.

11

PLAYBOY: You're known as being a nice guy in Hollywood. Have you disqualified yourself from playing a really dark character?

KINNEAR: I'm a prick. Sashimi-ing a guy's stomach? I can't do that. Your opportunities to do those types of roles depend on people's impressions—right or wrong—about you. As an actor, there are few places I'm not interested in exploring. How far audiences will let you go provides limitations. It is just a matter of finding the right thing. I'll give you an example: Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*. You see him in that movie and associate him with a super-dark character. I found his character oddly charming. You put down the ax, and the guy is somebody you want to have dinner with. I would welcome acting opportunities in that vein. A lot of times you see actors playing roles that feel like they are trying to say, "Look where I can go. Look how crazy I am." That is not interesting to me. What is interesting is creating real characters, human characters. I bring up Jack because that was a guy we believed. A really interesting dark character is, above all else, somebody you have to believe. There is just as much charm and inspiration behind a guy with a hatchet as there is in any other character. It's balance.

12

PLAYBOY: In *Auto Focus* you wear the jacket that was worn by Frank Sinatra in *Von Ryan's Express* and by Bob Crane in *Hogan's Heroes*. If that jacket could talk, would it say, "Ring-a-ding-ding" or "Colonel Klink"?

KINNEAR: After *Auto Focus*, it has a few other things it wants to say—some not fit for print. I have to go with Colonel Klink on that one. As you might understand, I am a little partial to the jacket. It fit like a glove and I'll be the first to bid on it when it's put up for auction on eBay. Give me 24 hours' notice.

13

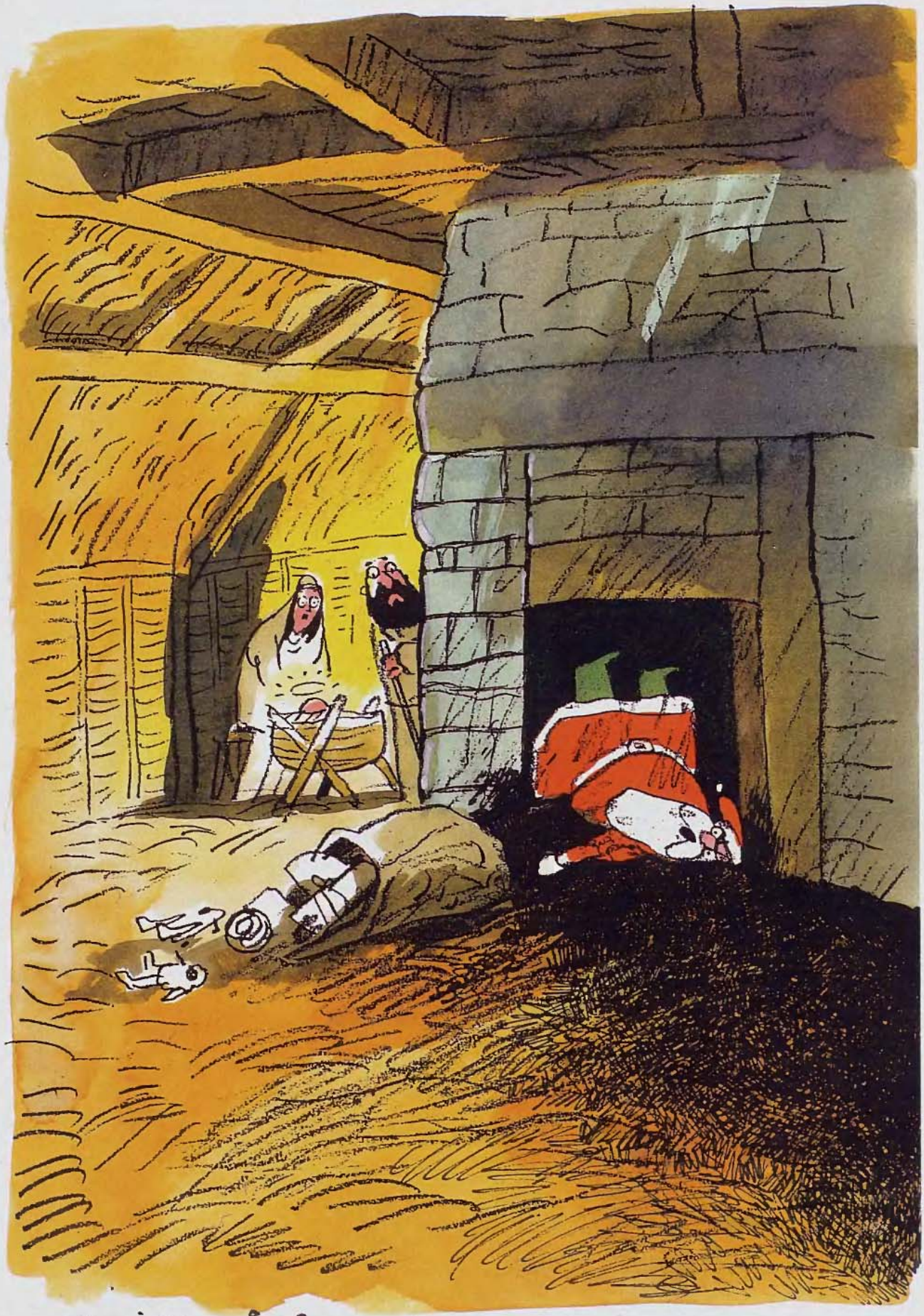
PLAYBOY: You worked with Garry Shandling in *What Planet Are You From?*, *Love Affair* and *Town and Country*. Should Shandling say no the next time Warren Beatty calls?

KINNEAR: Garry is a really good friend of mine. He is not only an incredible actor, but he's a good person, too. I find Garry to be one of the funniest SOBs—— Wait, I have to retract that; it's the wrong term for Garry. He is one of the funniest guys I have ever met. *What Planet Are You From, Part II*? We'll see. Stay tuned.

14

PLAYBOY: We recently declared Arizona State University the number one party school in the country. Care to defend University of Arizona's status?

KINNEAR: Until your PLAYBOY editors have lived in the Alpha Pi dorm for six months, I don't want to hear that shit



"Holy shit!"

again. I believe the debauchery going on 100 miles south of Tempe is just as impressive as what's happening in the middle of the state, if not more so. I still have the occasional hangover to prove it. Besides, there is a lot of animosity between U of A and ASU whenever you do those *Girls of* features. The women of U of A blow the doors off the parking-lot scene you have up north.

15

PLAYBOY: Please defend for us the rigorous and challenging broadcast-journalism department.

KINNEAR: Shortly after I graduated they closed it down. That's my legacy. Now they call it the communications department or something. When I was there it actually was not a bad school. The journalism department at U of A was one of the best in the country. The radio and television department was OK, though it didn't offer nearly as much help as a film school like USC or UCLA. It got you in and got you out for the hat.

16

PLAYBOY: Are roles denied to Greg that are offered to Gregory?

KINNEAR: If I went by Gregory I would have a different life today. I would be sipping champagne in a hot tub if I were Gregory. Unfortunately, I'm drinking tea, watching the birds fly by. It never even occurred to me to go with Gregory. That name sounds too loud for me. It sounds too imposing and I never was. Although I am legally Gregory, the only time I ever heard the name Gregory was when I was in huge trouble. It usually came from my mom, who would also insert my middle name, which is Buck, and throw in my last name, Kinnear, just so there was no question about who she was addressing.

17

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances does speaking Greek come in handy?

KINNEAR: When I travel to Greece, and when I go to a Greek restaurant. When I go to Taverna Tony's in Malibu it tends to procure a better table and you don't have to say a lot. Truthfully, I was never that great at it. I was going to take Greek while I was living there. We didn't know how long we were going to be there. My mom said, "You should take French. It is a beautiful language. It is an international language, a language of love." I was easily convinced, so you basically had a displaced American coming from Lebanon, living in Greece, studying French. How screwed was I? I never even had a chance. At the end of the day, I got six words from 14 different languages.

18

PLAYBOY: What can be said in all its fullness only in Greek—and to whom do you say it?

KINNEAR: There is a phrase you would say to someone you truly despise and are very angry with in a moment of passion. It is a nice little run of bad words. Truthfully I am not even sure what it means, but I know it will get you into a good fistfight. I know *malaka* means masturbator. I don't know beyond that.

19

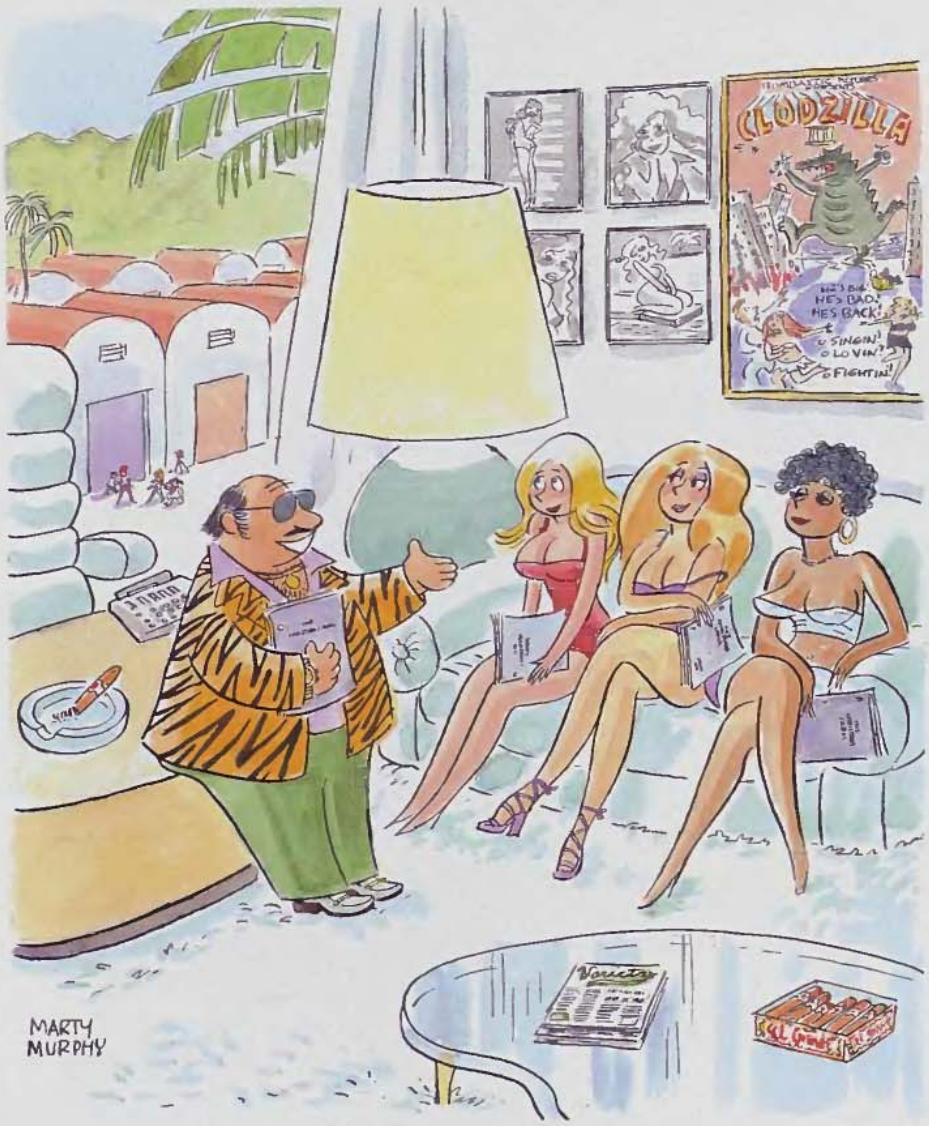
PLAYBOY: Describe the challenges of being a *Later* talk-show host.

KINNEAR: The frustrating part of it is there are nights when you hit it out of the park and it doesn't make a blip on the ratings screen. And on nights when you might as well run color bars, you get a bump in the ratings. By the time you get to 1:35 in the morning, as Tom Snyder put it, "You get your smokers and your tokers."

20

PLAYBOY: Which forms of music are not conducive to a romantic evening?

KINNEAR: I stay away from Twisted Sister if I'm trying to get down. Loverboy is something you want to stay away from if you're talking about romance: *Working for the Weekend* will kill you on a Friday night if you're trying to get hot and heavy. I saw Loverboy in concert in college. I don't know how I got roped into that. Let me go on record saying I did not buy tickets to a Loverboy concert. I got free tickets to a Journey concert—and Journey was happening. Loverboy opened for Journey. I thought those guys were going to be taken out and beaten senseless before they got through the first song. I don't know who booked this, but it was one of the great mistakes in the history of concerts.



"Actually, there isn't a nude scene in Dickens' Christmas Carol. But in our version, Scrooge and the ghost decide to visit a whorehouse."

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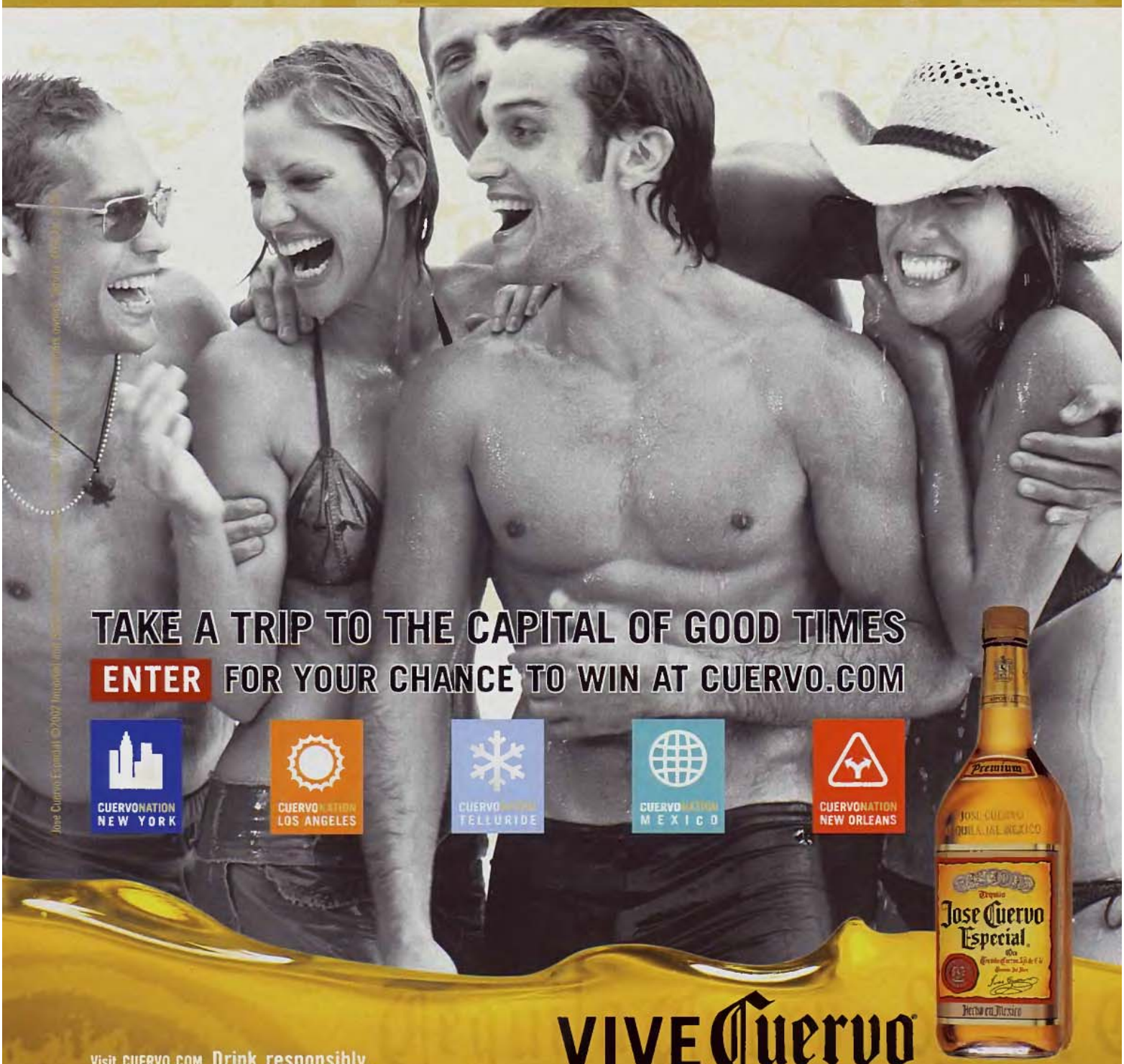

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Mysteries

(continued from page 108)

psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. But others have insisted that the Kennedys were somehow involved and that Robert had been seen at the house the day of Marilyn's death. Other theories say the Mafia killed her to punish the Kennedys for Bobby's crusade against organized crime. In 1985 a grand jury reexamined the available evidence and recommended against reopening the case.

TOO BIG TO TOUCH

Leading man: Producer Thomas Ince.

Untimely death: Indigestion or a heart attack, or a gunshot wound, November 1924.

Usual suspects: Either rich food or a rich man.

Back story: Silent-film pioneer Thomas Ince was the guest of honor during a weekend cruise on the *Oneida*, the yacht belonging to media mogul William Randolph Hearst. Most accounts place the producer on the boat, along with notorious womanizer Charlie Chaplin and Hearst's mistress, Marion Davies, whom gossip columns had linked romantically with Chaplin. Though Prohibition was in effect and Hearst frowned on drinking, there is little question that the *Oneida* was liberally stocked with bootleg liquor. At some point during the weekend, Ince took ill and left the yacht in San Diego.

Gory details: Ince may have overindulged in rich food and illegal alcohol, aggravating an ulcer and leading to a fatal heart attack a couple of days after he left the boat. No autopsy was performed, and the body was quickly cremated.

Whodunit: In *The Cat's Meow* an insanely jealous Hearst, convinced that Chaplin and Davies are having an affair, shoots Ince after aiming for the comedian. This story, and variations on it, has been a Hollywood rumor for decades, fueled by Ince's cremation and by a perfunctory district attorney's investigation that involved only one of the ship's guests, a physician who worked for Hearst. Suspicion intensified when Chaplin denied being on the boat and when Hearst's newspapers initially claimed that Ince had taken ill while at Hearst's estate in central California.

Others insisted that while a cover-up did take place, it was instigated to hide illegal boozing, not murder. Hollywood historian Marc Wanamaker, who was incensed by *The Cat's Meow*, says that Chaplin remained a popular guest onboard the *Oneida* and at Hearst's and Davies' gatherings. Still, the whispers were irresistible. "All you have to do to make Hearst turn white as a ghost is mention Ince's name," director D.W. Griffith was later quoted as saying. "There's plenty wrong there, but Hearst is too big to touch."

THE ONE-DOLLAR KNOCKOUT

Leading lady: Actress Thelma Todd.

Untimely death: Carbon monoxide poisoning in her garage, on or about December 15, 1935.

Usual suspects: Suicide, director Roland West, Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

Back story: The spirited star of numerous comedies, Thelma Todd loved expensive jewelry, fast cars and strong drink. She opened a popular beach cafe with one of her former lovers, director Roland West, and reportedly resisted the entreaties of another, Lucky Luciano, to use part of the establishment for illegal gambling. West and Todd lived in adjoining ocean-view apartments over the cafe, though their relationship grew strained over Todd's frequent absences.

On Saturday, December 14, Todd attended a party at the Trocadero. She and West argued before she left, and he reportedly said that if she wasn't back by two A.M., he'd lock her out. She returned home about four A.M.

Gory details: On Monday morning Todd's housekeeper found her body in the front seat of her Lincoln convertible in the garage attached to her apartment. Some reports suggest that Todd was bloody, but photos of the scene do not reveal a significant amount of blood.

Whodunit: After what *Hollywood's Greatest Mysteries* author John Austin termed "the most intentionally inept probe of a suspected murder in the history of Los Angeles," police deemed the death "accidental death from carbon monoxide poisoning." Members of a grand jury convened to look into the death were openly frustrated with witnesses connected to the film industry, many of whom they suspected of participating in a cover-up.

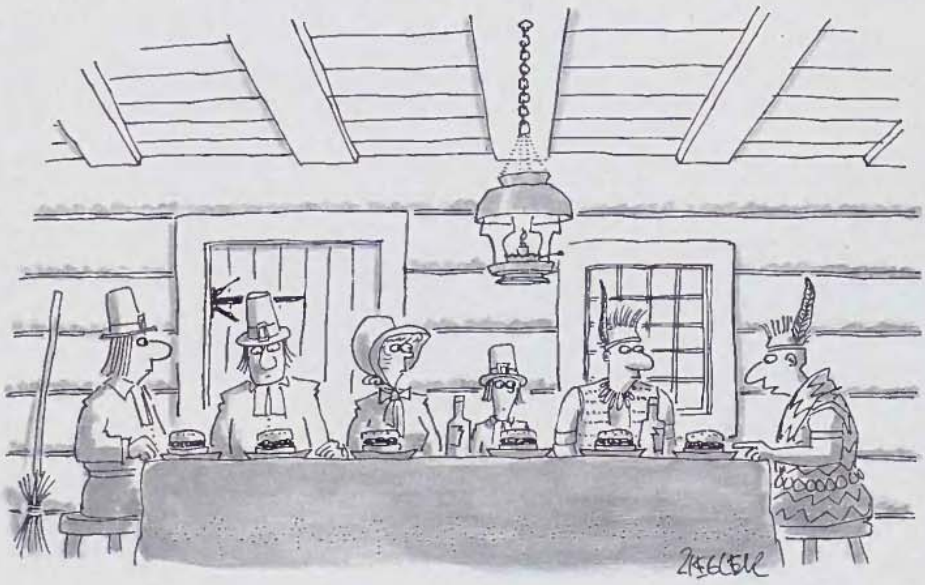
In her book *Hot Toddy: The True Story of Hollywood's Most Sensational Murder*, Andy Edmonds suggests that the death was a Mob hit ordered by Luciano. But that scenario has been dismissed as tabloid fiction by most observers. In *Fallen Angels*, Marvin Wolf and Katherine Mader advance the more accepted scenario that a jealous and possessive West locked Todd out of her apartment—and then inadvertently locked her in the garage, where she had started her car, either to keep herself warm or to drive somewhere else.

For years, a company that made religious TV shows owned Todd's old building and kept an original menu on the wall. One of the more expensive drinks on the menu (it cost a dollar) was the Thelma Todd Knockout.

•

There are, of course, lots of other curious Hollywood deaths and questions that have yet to receive satisfactory answers. If actor Nick Adams truly died of an overdose of a drug powerful enough to kill him instantly, why was no means of ingesting the drug found near his body? Did career criminal Lionel Williams kill Sal Mineo in a botched robbery, as he bragged to his Michigan cellmates but later recanted? What about a witness' description of a long-haired blond Caucasian male fleeing the scene? Did Lana Turner's 14-year-old daughter Cheryl Crane really stab her mother's abusive gangster boyfriend, or could Turner herself have been wielding the knife that killed Johnny Stompanato?

"Everybody has theories," says historian Wanamaker. "Everybody has new evidence of who killed who, everybody offers hearsay." Asked why, Wanamaker laughs. "Because it's fun," he says. "Simple as that: It's fun."



"So, all that turkey last year was just a one-shot deal?"

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

hot spot

the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband.

The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about *the ropes*, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or Mioplex.com. Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-a-day tablet has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

BEST DAMN JOB

(continued from page 130)

there, eyes bloodshot, God knows what he was on, idling like a top-fuel Funny Car waiting for the light to turn green.

Needless to say, he won. He lost 26 pounds in three weeks; me, only 19. Now I had to face the music, because real men honor their bets no matter how humiliating they are for them or their fiancées. Of course this would all be captured on film. Now I really felt sorry for Sully. But at least he never had his dignity amputated.

September 11 pushed the walk back a few weeks. I figured that America had suffered enough. This also gave me the time I needed to gain all the weight back and then some. Actually, I probably looked better. There's nothing uglier than a half-inflated Michelin. After thinking about Demi Moore naked (I do that sometimes, she is so hot) in a body-painted suit on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, I came up with the idea of having slenderizing black vertical stripes painted down my torso.

The big day came and Shelby, her mom and sister Melissa showed up for support. They wanted to be there. "To see history," Shelby said, "like when the *Hindenburg* exploded." Kruk, microphone in hand, waddled alongside me, mocking and drawing attention to my plight. It was a warm day, so my stripes melted and instead of a sleek basketball referee, I looked like your typical shirtless, dirty, crazy guy. If I'd been back in Iowa, I would have blended right in.

The first reviews for *The Best Damn Sports Show Period* were simple and to the point. They simply substituted *worst* for *best*. My favorite was the one from that grouchy old fart Howard Rosenberg of the *Los Angeles Times*. He said if they catch Osama bin Laden and really want to torture him, they'll make him watch our show over and over. Awesome.

Our network, Fox Sports Net, was thought up by two guys sitting in a pub. One of those guys, David Hill (president of Fox Sports), is an Australian. David noticed that America is the only country in the world that has huge fan support for college athletics. So he got Rupert Murdoch to buy up a bunch of regional television stations, each one supporting both the college and pro sports teams in their area. FSN is in about 100 million homes, and *The Best Damn Sports Show Period* is the glue that holds this mighty network together. That's the way I see it, anyway.

I love working for a guy who thinks up his best ideas in a pub. I've worked for other network presidents before, and this is the first time I've ever heard of one going to a pub *or* thinking up best ideas. David Hill is one of those old-school, honest, if-he-thinks-you-suck-he'll-tell-you kind of bosses. That is why I try to avoid him at all costs. Believe me, the man let John Madden go; he ain't afraid to pull the trigger on me.

I love doing the show because it gives me an open forum for my humor (dick, gay and fat jokes). I also have the opportunity to spend a little time with the greatest athletes in pro sports. The biggest surprise for me is the guys the media have labeled as troubled. Guys like Michael Irvin, Ray Lewis and Bobby Knight are actually intelligent, well-spoken, decent, if misunderstood, men. Men who played the game or coached the game the way we want it to be played or coached—to win.

I hear a lot of people complaining about salaries in sports, but trust me, after you've seen a bunch of 30- to 35-year-old guys (with families to support) who can barely walk, facing a lifetime of surgery because of hits taken playing a game that we all loved watching, you understand just some of the sacrifices these modern-day warriors have made.

So I am going to enjoy this job for as long as they'll have me (until contract time; then I'll have to play tough, of course). As "the voice of the fan," I don't have to be an expert on sports (thank God), but I gotta pay attention. And I have to get better at putting faces with names. At last year's Super Bowl, I, like everybody else outside of the city of Boston, thought the St. Louis Rams would crush the New England Patriots. I had to go down on the field after the game and interview the winners. So I memorized the Rams' lineup. About halfway through the fourth quarter, it dawned on me that perhaps it was time to grab a program and familiarize myself with the Patriots, since they were the ones doing the ass kicking.

Remember, though, there are 52 guys on the squad and they wear helmets and everything, so I panicked. Our producer told me not to worry, he knew the names, and he'd whisper them to me as the players passed by. I felt like Bob Hope ("That's President Truman, Bob"). This was important, my first time as a "real journalist," covering the biggest sporting event in the world. I could not screw up.

So when our producer whispered "Otis Smith," I whipped around and stuck my microphone in the face of the first big black guy I saw and yelled, "Otis, how does it feel?" (Great question, huh?)

He stopped, then looked at me and screamed, "I'm not Otis, damn it, I'm Bobby Hamilton, and I was just on your friggin' show last week, dumb-ass!" Bobby shoved me out of the way and the throng of real reporters gave me looks of both disgust and pity; then they nearly trampled me trying to catch a soundbite from Tom Brady or David Patten (see, I do know a couple).

One reporter remained. He stuck out his hand, finally a little support from a fellow broadcaster. "Don't worry about it, Tom."

"Thanks, man," I said.

"By the way, when are you gonna make *True Lies II*?"

"I thought I heard a seal fart."

SNL

(continued from page 112)

didn't disappoint her public. She was funny *and* nice. She was funny when she didn't have to be. She was funny when she got cancer. She was funny about cancer. But she was no saint. She could be crabby and she liked to smoke and drink and have sex—a lot. Michael O'Donoghue and I were having dinner with her one night in the Oyster Bar in Grand Central, before she was famous, and she got up and went around to complete strangers' tables and asked them if she could try their desserts. Not only did they let her, they loved her. That's what Gilda was like.

1977

Bill Murray. One of Bill's first breakout sketches was Shower Mike, where he joined Gilda in the shower and then crooned into the soap-on-a-rope microphone, accusing her of cheating with the next-door neighbor, in a preview of his famous lounge-singer character, Nick. The role of Todd opposite Gilda in the Nerds sketches that Rosie Shuster and I wrote went to Bill by happy accident, when Belushi refused to play a nerd. I especially loved Bill as Nicos in the Greek Restaurant sketches, where he rarely spoke, just nodded for "no" and shook his head for "yes," while being abused by Belushi as his bullying cousin. There was a sweetness and charm about that character that Bill didn't often let shine through. Later, after *Ghostbusters* made him a big star, Bill generously agreed to make a guest appearance as a substitute teacher in my struggling sitcom, *Square Pegs*. At three A.M. the night before Bill was due on the set, the phone rang. It was Bill, claiming to be stuck in Tijuana. When my heart started beating again, I realized he was joking.

The original cast, minus Chevy, plus Bill, continued for the next two seasons.

1979–1980

SNL continued without Belushi and Aykroyd, a.k.a. Jake and Elwood Blues.

Harry Shearer. Harry was never happy at *SNL* and made no secret of it. But that didn't stop him from returning for half a season in 1984. Harry went on to make a lasting mark on pop culture as the voice of several characters on *The Simpsons*. He once told me he had always dreamed of a career in radio and now, with his own *Le Show* on public radio, I guess his dream has come true.

1980–1981

NBC replaced Lorne Michaels (who resigned) with his associate producer, Jean Doumanian. All the original writers and cast members left with Lorne. Imagine if every ballplayer in the Yankees' starting lineup was traded and the rest of the team had to begin the season from scratch. Oh, and they lost Joe Torre, too. That's something like what happened at SNL in 1980.

Denny Dillon. Denny is the only performer to have appeared in the casts of both *Saturday Night Live* and *Saturday Night Fever* (she played Doreen).

Brian Doyle-Murray. Bill Murray's older brother played Bill's scary mean butcher dad in *Scrooged*. He co-wrote *Caddyshack*, based on his own experiences as a caddy. I have zero memory of his work on *SNL*, and I suspect I am not alone. Since then, Brian has appeared in both *Waiting for Guffman* and David Letterman's favorite in-joke, *Cabin Boy*. He's also done voice work on *SpongeBob SquarePants*, which makes him cool for life.

Gilbert Gottfried. Like the parrot that he played in Disney's *Aladdin* (and all the straight-to-video sequels), Gilbert has no problem repeating himself. Thus his recurring role in *Problem Child*, *Problem Child 2*, *Problem Child 3* and the TV series of the same name. Gottfried once said of *SNL*, it's like a restaurant with a good location—it doesn't have to be good.

Gail Matthius. To Gail fell the chore of taking over the Update desk. In 1997 she appeared as Lisanne in a TV movie about silicone implants, *Breast Men*. She also starred in *Spider-Man*—the animated TV version.

Eddie Murphy. Eddie was a pistol pointed straight at Hollywood. Post-Eddie, every *SNL* hire said, "I want a career like Eddie's." Big as Eddie got, he was never funnier than as Buckwheat, Gumby, Mr. Robinson or Tyrone Green, the convict poet who intoned "C-I-L-L my landlord."

Joe Piscopo. Supposedly the Chairman of the Board himself saw Joe's Sinatra impression and gave it the nod, which explains why Piscopo has never been roughed up by any of Frank's friends on the nightclub circuit, where he continues to do Frank.

Ann Risley. In addition to her yearlong *SNL* stint, Risley appeared as "UFO follower" in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*. Her most recent credit was Sister Margaret in *Jericho Fever*, a 1993 TV movie about a terrorist group bombing peace negotiations. Influenced by her deep commitment to this role, she left showbiz and is now involved in the deaccessioning of chemical weapons in Bosnia, where—sorry, I'm making this up. The truth is, I don't know. If you do, or if you *are* Ann Risley, write to me care of PLAYBOY. The world is waiting for an answer.

Charles Rocket. Nothing about Charlie Rocket's stint on *SNL* was as memorable as his leaving. He was fired when he uttered "fuck" live from behind the Weekend Update desk on February 21, 1981. Since then he has appeared without profanity on other TV shows, including *Third Rock*, *X-Files* and *Star Trek: Voyager*.

1981

Jean Doumanian was out. Veteran TV producer Dick Ebersol was in. His job: to save the floundering franchise.

Robin Duke. Recruited from *SCTV*, Robin's best- and least-loved character on *SNL* was Wendy Whiner, which was enough to earn her a permanent place on AmIAnnoying.com.

Tim Kazurinsky. Among other characters, Tim was featured on *SNL* as Ozzy Osbourne, an impression he might want to take out of mothballs. He is familiar to fans of *Police Academy* (versions two

"Boy, what a day! I could go for a cold frosty one right now!"

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through four) as Sweetchuck. He also appeared in *Shakes the Clown*, described as "the *Citizen Kane* of alcoholic-clown movies."

Tony Rosato. Another *SCTV* alumnus. Tony's first film role was as "person standing outside the bank door being unlocked" in the Canadian film *The Silent Partner*. In 1995, he played Charles Colson, special counsel to the president, in the TV movie *Kissinger and Nixon*. So there's progress right there. On *SNL*, his characters included Yasir Arafat.

1981–1982

Christine Ebersole. Christine played Princess Di, Britt Ekland and Cheryl Tiegs for one season. When she left 30 Rock for Broadway, she won a Tony.

Mary Gross. Mary played characters as diverse as Pee-wee Herman and Brooke Shields. For Dr. Ruth, she had a special chair with fake legs coming out of it to make her look tiny. Her hipness quotient is preserved by a recent guest shot as "floral instructor" on *Six Feet Under*.

1982–1983

Brad Hall. According to some *SNL*-fan-based websites, Hall's performance on *SNL* was so inoffensive that it offended people. These days Brad is best known as the guy who created *Watching Ellie*, starring his wife, Julia Louis-Dreyfus. I was sorry when they took it off the air because I found the clock useful while cooking dinner. Now it's coming back, minus the clock. Typical network move!

Gary Kroeger. Some say Gary's Yasir Arafat was the definitive version. I preferred his Alan Alda. His filmography includes the intriguing *Tajna Manastirske Rakije*, or *Secret Ingredient*, a film shot in Yugoslavia in 1989 in English and Serbian. It may contain lessons for us today, if we could only understand them.

Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Although unable to fulfill her comedic potential on *SNL*, she said that criticizing it is like attacking the rich uncle who put you through college. The TV-watching universe adores her as *Seinfeld*'s Elaine and may come to love her as *Ellie*.

1983–1984

Jim Belushi. The worst thing about Jim Belushi is that he's not John, which is also the best thing about him. He's been the butt of more jokes than any human being should have to bear, no matter what he may have done to deserve them. Jim has an affinity for dog pictures like *K-9* and *Dog's Best Friend*. But then there is his hilarious cameo as himself, making an appeal to the Albanian people, in *Wag the Dog*, which redeems him. Now he has his own hit TV show, which should make him happy, no matter what jokes they make about it (and they do).

1984–1985

Big changes again. Eddie was out. Billy, Chris and Marty were in. Harry was back for half a season. This time the new cast members were far from unknowns.

Billy Crystal. In his one season on *SNL* he impersonated both Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali more convincingly than Jon Voight and Will Smith. And his Sammy Davis Jr. was scary. Blame his Fernando for the "You look mahvelous" catchphrase of the Eighties singles-bar scene.

Christopher Guest. I met Chris when he was in *Lemmings*. He could do every version of Bob Dylan's voice, modulating midsentence from *Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* to *Blonde on Blonde*. He could be spit-take funny. As Nigel Tufnel in *Spinal Tap*, Chris redefined the number 11 for a generation. If you haven't seen *Waiting for Guffman* or *Best in Show*, rent them immediately.

Rich Hall. A veteran of the skit shows *Fridays* and *Not Necessarily the News* when he came to *SNL*, Rich is best known as the father of Sniglets, words that are not in the dictionary but should be. His *SNL* impersonations included annoying Eighties icons Charles Osgood, Doug Flutie, Doug Henning, Paul Harvey, Bernard Goetz, Vince McMahon, Mark Goodman and Caspar Weinberger.

Martin Short. Marty brought his repertoire of characters from Second City to *SNL*. His Ed Grimley, Jackie Rogers Jr., Irving Cohen and Katharine Hepburn each have their devotees, but my favorite is Nathan Thurm, the paranoid's paranoid. Recently, Marty was trapped in a real talk show, where his acting chops didn't extend to feigning interest in his guests. Luckily for us, he turned once again to parody as Jiminy Glick on Comedy Central's hilarious *Primetime Glick*.

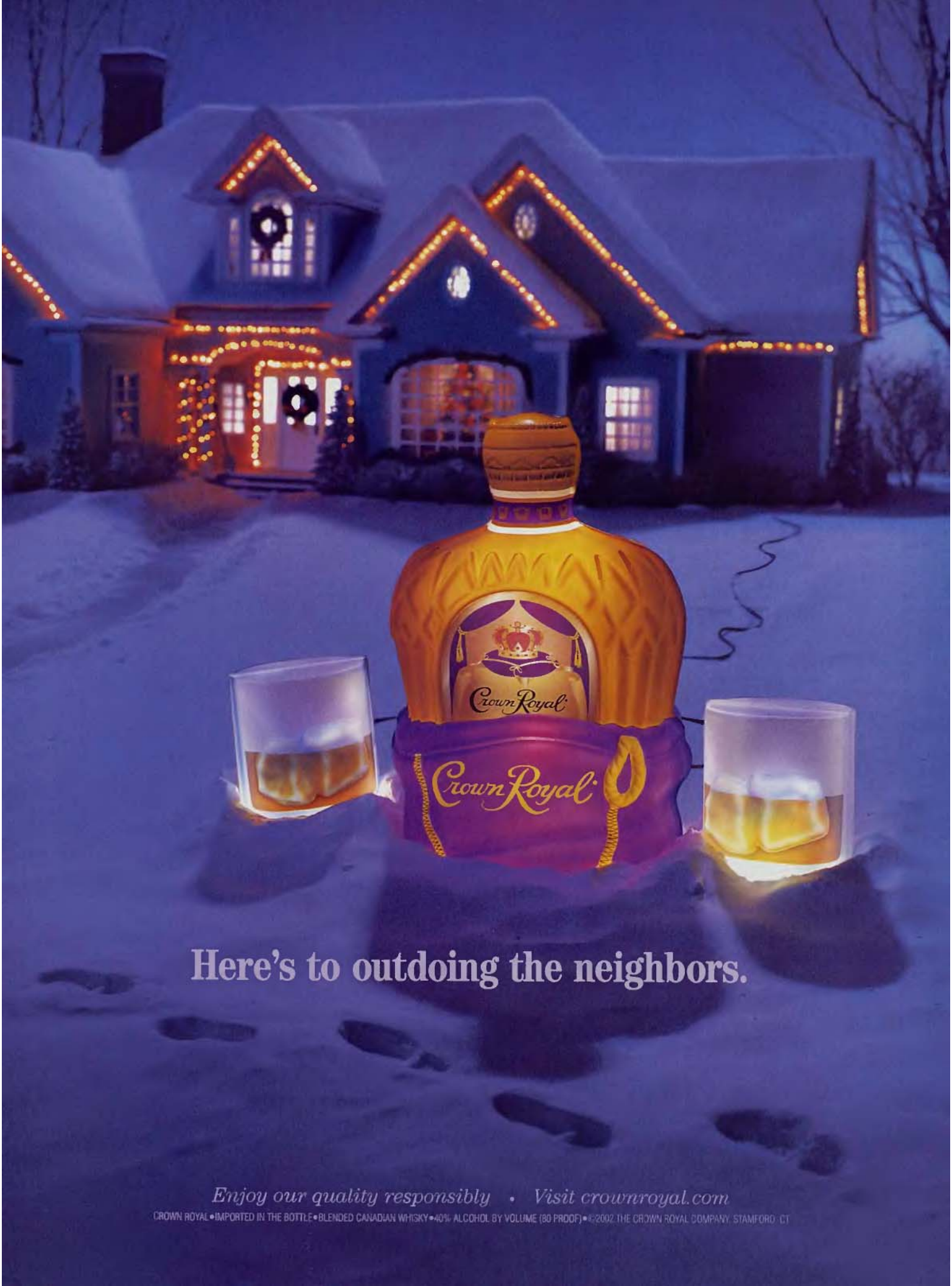
Pamela Stephenson. Pamela's year on *SNL* was a pit stop on the road to her career goal of clinical psychologist. Maybe cross-dressing as Billy Idol and Prince on late-night TV makes her more understanding of her patients' neuroses; maybe not. Dr. Pam had three children with Scottish comedian Billy Connelly before marrying him on Fiji in 1989.

1985–1986

The return of the king. Lorne Michaels came back to take over the reins of Saturday Night Live—and hired one of the oddest comedy troupes ever assembled. The following cast list reads like the answer to the question: "Which of these things are not like the others?"

Joan Cusack. Another talented comedian who never found her niche on *SNL*, Joan endeared herself to a mass audience as Kevin Kline's jilted bride in *In and Out*. Since her TV series was canceled, I will resist the urge to ask, "What about Joan?"

Robert Downey Jr. He was nominated for an Academy Award, won a British Academy Award and won the London Film Critics' Circle Award for *Chaplin*. He won a Golden Globe, a SAG Award and was nominated for an Emmy for guest-starring on *Ally McBeal*. He's made a ton of movies, most recently *The Singing Detective* with Mel Gibson. He never stops working except when incarcerated.



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Can you imagine what this guy could have accomplished if he'd never taken up drugs?

Nora Dunn. Once you have seen her character Pat Stevens, it's hard to forget her. Most people also remember that Nora persuaded Sinead O'Connor to join her in boycotting *SNL* when Andrew Dice Clay hosted the show, and she was fired shortly afterward. Wonder what she thinks of *Dog Eat Dog* and *Looking for Love: Bachelorettes in Alaska*.

Anthony Michael Hall. Already a veteran of John Hughes' *Sixteen Candles* and *The Breakfast Club* at 17, he was the youngest cast member ever. He left the show after a year. Clean and sober since 1990, he transformed himself into supernerd Bill Gates for the TV movie *Pirates of Silicon Valley*. He's now re-creating Christopher Walken's role as Johnny Smith in USA's new series *The Dead Zone*.

Jon Lovitz. In his five seasons, Lovitz embodied a long list of characters, from Andrew Dice Clay to the ever-popular Yasir Arafat. My top three picks: Master Thespian, Hanukkah Harry and Tommy "the Liar" Flanagan. When his Michael Dukakis quipped, "I can't believe I'm losing to this guy" in a debate with Dana Carvey as Bush, it was one for the time capsule.

Dennis Miller. Dennis took the Weekend Update desk the same way that Nazi storm troopers took the Sudetenland, sucking up the spotlight like a Bush daughter sucking up a pitcher of maitais, and faster than you could say Koyaanisqatsi, a star was born.

Randy Quaid. Quaid seemed like the bemused uncle who is trying to be a good sport at the kids' party. He tackled characters as diverse as Ed McMahon and Roy Orbison. Still, I would rather rent *The Last Picture Show*.

Terry Sweeney. Of all the male cast members who appeared in drag, Terry was the only one openly gay. His Nancy Reagan was faa-aabulous. He went on to work on *Mad TV*.

Danitra Vance. The first female African American cast member, and the only Obie winner, she was best known for her outspoken ghetto chick Cabrini Green Jackson, and her witty take on Marlo Thomas, *That Black Girl*. Danitra succumbed to breast cancer at the age of 35.

1986–1987

Only Nora Dunn, Jon Lovitz and Dennis Miller made the cut. But most of the new faces of this season stayed on for the long haul.

Dana Carvey. Dana transformed himself into more than 60 characters in his seven years on the show, including two Davids (Duke and Lee Roth), two Jimmys (Stewart and Carter), two Princes (Albert and Charles), two Teds (Bundy and Koppel), two Johns and a Johnny (McLaughlin, Travolta and Carson), Paul McCartney, Pol Pot and five Georges (Burns, Bush, Will, Michael and Plimpton). As Bush, he debated himself as Ross Perot. And, of course, I can't leave out the Church Lady. Not gonna do it. Wouldn't be prudent.

Phil Hartman. Like Aykroyd, Phil specialized in beefy blusterers, sleazy pitchmen and normal types with an undercurrent of dementia. Lorne Michaels called him the "utility guy" because Phil was the anchor of any sketch he was in. He made the interesting choice of playing Reagan as a Machiavellian intellect hiding behind bumbling folksiness. His unexpected death was a shock to everyone who cared about him.

Jan Hooks. The first breakout female star since the early days. Hooks' characters teetered on the brink of insanity. Her Tammy Faye Bakker tested the limits of waterproof mascara. And her Candy Sweeney, with Nora Dunn as Liz Sweeney, tested the audience's tolerance for off-key warbling and lounge-act chutzpah. Today she can be seen as Dixie Glick on *Primetime Glick*.

Victoria Jackson. Victoria auditioned for *SNL* by reciting poetry in a Betty-Boop-on-helium voice while doing gymnastics, a feat she later reprised on Update. She recently appeared on Comedy Central's *Strip Mall* opposite Julie Brown. She is a devout Christian.

1987–1988

Kevin Nealon. Mr. Subliminal joined the cast in 1987 and took over the Update desk in 1991. Thanks to Franz, the bodybuilder he played alongside Dana Carvey's Hans, "Ve vant to pump you up!" echoed throughout fitness classes across the nation. Kevin currently hosts *The Conspiracy Zone* on TNN.

1989–1990

Mike Myers. Would it be fair to blame Mike Myers for the *SNL* curse? The one that goes, "Good character, bad movie?" Without *Wayne's World*, there would be no *A Night at the Roxbury*, no *Superstar*, no *Ladies Man*. Except *Wayne's World* was a good movie. Mike went on to make *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* and *Goldmember*. Must remember to thank him for not making the Linda Richman movie.

1991–1992

Chris Farley. What can you say about a funny fat guy who dies? Too bad he didn't pick a different role model than his idol John Belushi. John was funnier, Farley was fatter and needier. Chris would do anything to get a laugh. The inept motivational speaker Matt Foley was Farley's funniest and most truthful character.

Chris Rock. No question Rock is funnier on *The Chris Rock Show* than he was on *SNL*, but then, he's funnier on *SNL* than he is in *Bad Company* opposite Anthony Hopkins. As his angry black character Nat X, host of *The Dark Side*, might have said, "You gotta watch out for the man or he'll co-opt you." Let's hope that Chris doesn't end up like Eddie, farting in a fat suit.

Julia Sweeney. Julia's most famous character was also her most infamous one: The movie version of *It's Pat!* closed before it opened. No longer on *SNL*, separated from her husband, she was diagnosed with cancer after moving to Los Angeles, then her brother got cancer and her parents moved in with her to take care of him. She turned her experiences into a one-woman show, *God Said Ha!*, to critical and audience raves. Ha, indeed.

1992–1993

Rob Schneider. Rob's specialty was playing annoying characters like the Orgasm Guy, the Sensitive Naked Man and the Copy Guy, Richard Laymer a.k.a. the Richmeister. His short-lived TV series was

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called *Men Behaving Badly*. Rob starred in *Deuce Bigelow: Male Gigolo*, which was not based on a *SNL* character, though it was bad enough to have been.

1993–1994

Just as the cast seemed stabilized, contracts expired, people left and featured players quickly moved up into the rep company.

Ellen Cleghorne. Ellen assumed the mantle of feisty black woman with her character Queen Shenequa. She also played every black woman known to the media, and one black man, Dr. Dre. Her short-lived TV series was called *Cleghorne*. The name *Ellen* was already taken.

Melanie Hutsell. Melanie's best-known impression was Jan Brady, but her repertoire also included Anne Murray, Charo, Monica Seles, Ricki Lake, Tammy Wynette, Tonya Harding, Tori Spelling and Wynonna Judd.

Michael McKean. Already well known as Lenny Kosnowski of *Laverne and Shirley*, David St. Hubbins of *Spinal Tap* and Gibby Fiske of *Dream On*, Michael impersonated Howard Stern, Vincent Price and Jeffrey Dahmer during his season-and-a-half *SNL* stint. He can now be seen as Adrien Van Voorhees, the harpist-sidekick on *Primetime Glick*, who may be an acquaintance or even a relative of Stefan Vanderhoof from *Best in Show*.

Tim Meadows. During his nine-plus seasons, Tim rang every variation on people of color, from Clarence Thomas to Erykah Badu. Though he never played Yasir Arafat, he did essay Anwar Sadat. His prime character, Leon Phelps, wound up with his own *SNL* movie, *The Ladies Man*. 'Nuff said.

Adam Sandler. The role model of slackers everywhere, Adam may disappoint his core audience by actually acting opposite indie darling Emily Watson in the Cannes favorite *Punch-Drunk Love*, directed by Paul Thomas Anderson. His breakout characters on *SNL* were Opera Man and Cajun Man. His *Hanukkah Song* gets airplay every Christmas.

David Spade. Spade's "Hollywood Minute" was a popular Update feature. He also created Christy the Gap Girl. He and Chris Farley teamed up in *Tommy Boy* and *Black Sheep*. David currently plays Finch on *Just Shoot Me*. In a Hollywood Minute–worthy story of his own, he was assaulted by his assistant, Skippy.

1994–1995

Morwenna Banks. The fact that Morwenna was an *SNL* cast member has been erased from many people's mental hard drives. She starred in her own series in England and appeared as Angel in the 2001 TV movie *Model, Actress, Whatever*.

Chris Elliott. The "guy from under the seats" on the original David Letterman show, Chris also starred in his own series, *Get a Life*, in 1990, and in *Cabin Boy* in 1994. On *SNL*, he joined the ever-growing ranks of those who played Yasir Arafat.

Janeane Garofalo. Before joining *SNL*,

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Janeane was a cult favorite as the talent booker Paula on *The Larry Sanders Show*, and as a regular on *The Ben Stiller Show*. She showed up with attitude and left the same way. Since then, she has appeared in numerous features, including *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. She played action superheroine the Bowler in *Mystery Men*. Not surprisingly, she had nothing good to say about it.

Norm Macdonald. Norm took over the Update desk when Kevin left, then was fired in March 1998, rumor had it because network honcho Don Ohlmeyer didn't find the barbs he directed at Don's pal O.J. Simpson amusing. In his ABC sitcom, *Norm*, he played Norm Henderson, an amoral drinker, smoker, gambler and womanizer. Norm's revenge came in October 1999 when he was invited back to *SNL* as a host.

Mark McKinney. *Kids in the Hall* vet McKinney played a long list of characters as diverse as Ellen DeGeneres, Lance Ito and Slobodan Milosevic (but not Yasir Arafat). Like his fellow Kids, he was not averse to donning a dress, although he's not the gay one.

1995–1996

Jim Breuer. Always and forever Goat Boy. No Yasir Arafat, but he did play Fidel Castro. His Joe Pesci and Colin Quinn's De Niro lured the actual Pesci and De Niro to do cameos in an on-air confrontation.

Will Ferrell. Janet Reno's Dance Party. The song stylings of Marty Culp and Bobbi Mohan-Culp. Alex Trebek in *Celebrity Jeopardy*. Professor Roger Klarvin and his "lovah," Virginia. And the definitive George W. Bush. Who can forget his shock when he learned he had to act presidentiary for four whole years? This year Will left *SNL* for features. First starring vehicle: *Elf*.

Darrell Hammond. His many impressions surfed the political wave from Bill Clinton to Al Gore to Dick Cheney. His Clinton was good enough to get him invited to Washington—twice, by both Clinton and Bush. He's also played Lamar Alexander, John Ashcroft, Tom Brokaw, Jimmy Carter, Walter Cronkite, Al D'Amato, Sam Donaldson, Jerry Falwell, Richard Gephardt, Newt Gingrich, Rudy Giuliani, Jesse Helms, Jesse Jackson, Peter Jennings, Ted Koppel, Trent Lott, Chris Matthews, Dan Rather, Tom Ridge, Charlie Rose and Donald Rumsfeld.

David Koechner. In his one season, he played Burt Reynolds, Charlie Sheen, Pat Buchanan and David Kaczynski, brother of the Unabomber. He has gone on to work in TV and movies, including *Wag the Dog* and *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*.

Cheri Oteri. Cheri's perky Spartan cheerleader was the revenge fantasy of every shy, uncoordinated teen. And she captured the bitchy hauteur and not just the accent of TV grande dame Barbara

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Walters. Since leaving *SNL* in 2000, she's appeared in *Scary Movie*.

Molly Shannon. Shannon's characters range from weirdly uninhibited (the exuberant Sally O'Malley, scissor-kicking joyologist Helen Madden, Circe Nightshade on "Goth Talk,") to weirdly repressed (Terry Rialto on "Delicious Dish"). Or both, like her armpit-sniffing, tree-licking Catholic schoolgirl, Mary Catherine Gallagher, star of the prematurely named feature *Superstar*. Molly was one reason why critics stopped writing "Saturday Night Dead" articles and said the show was worth watching again.

Nancy Walls. Nancy doesn't raise a blip on the radar screens of most *SNL* fans. But you can get her in your sights these days on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, where she banters with hubby Steve Carell, reports from Wall Street as the Money Bunny and investigates such cultural phenomena as a man who masturbates elephants for a living.

1996–1997

Ana Gasteyer. Another reason why people started to say, "Hey, those women on *SNL* are good." Martha Stewart and Celine Dion like her impressions of them so much, they asked her to appear in shows with them. Are they seeing what I'm seeing? If so, they must be gluttons for punishment. This fall Ana left *SNL* for her new role as a real-life mom, breaking the hearts of nerds who hoped to hear more "Delicious Dish" about "Schweddy Balls" next time Alec Baldwin hosts.

Chris Kattan. Chris has worked both sides of the street on *SNL*, playing Anne Heche, Christiane Amanpour, Farrah Fawcett and Scary Spice as well as Antonio Banderas, Ricky Martin and, yes, Yasir Arafat. His Mr. Peepers is pure id unleashed. And everyone loves Mango.

Tracy Morgan. The first black cast member who hasn't seemed like "the black cast member." I like him best doing backstage chat as himself, asking the guest host inappropriate questions as Rachel Dratch tries to cover for him. When Jon Stewart seemed not to know what Tracy meant by asking if he liked to "get lifted," Rachel explained that when she didn't know what Tracy was talking about, it usually involved drugs.

1997–1998

Colin Quinn. A wonderful stand-up who found himself behind the Weekend Update desk without a paddle in the wake of Norm Macdonald's precipitous departure. After Colin left *SNL*, Lorne Michaels backed his one-man play *An Irish Wake* and also produced *The Colin Quinn Show*, a three-episode comedy-variety show of which Quinn himself said, "It's got ill-fated written all over it." What does Colin have on Lorne?

1999–2000

Jimmy Fallon. I feel about Jimmy Fallon the same way Maya Rudolph's Megan in

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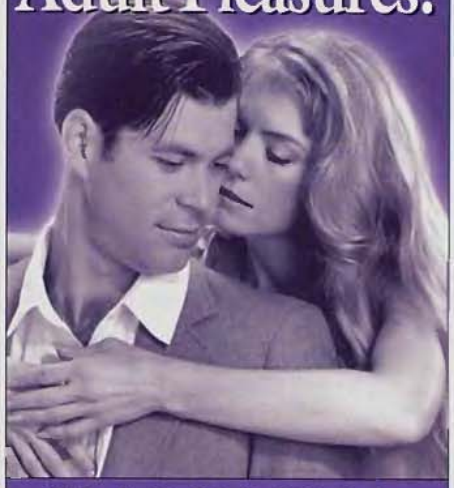
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"Wake Up, Wakefield!" feels about Randy Goldman. What's not to like? He's cute, he's funny, he can sing and he's really, really nice. His Seinfeld cracked Seinfeld up. He played the young Mick Jagger with Mick in a mirror! Now he's in Woody's next movie. Awesome. And I don't even mind that he giggles during Weekend Update.

Chris Parnell. Somebody had to play Tom Brokaw and Jim Lehrer in the 2000 presidential debates, and Chris Parnell did a darn good job of it. He's Sean DeMarco, dancer wannabe and devoted brother to Chris Kattan's Kyle DeMarco, and Wayne Bloder, brother to Jimmy Fallon's swinging single Kip Bloder. I'd say he's bucking for "utility guy."

Horatio Sanz. *SNL*'s first Latino cast member is more than just "the funny fat guy." His Gene Shalit could fool Gene himself. I like his stoner sidekick Gobi on "Jarrett's Room." People like that used to hang out at the old *SNL*. Watch for his Ozzy to get more of a workout.

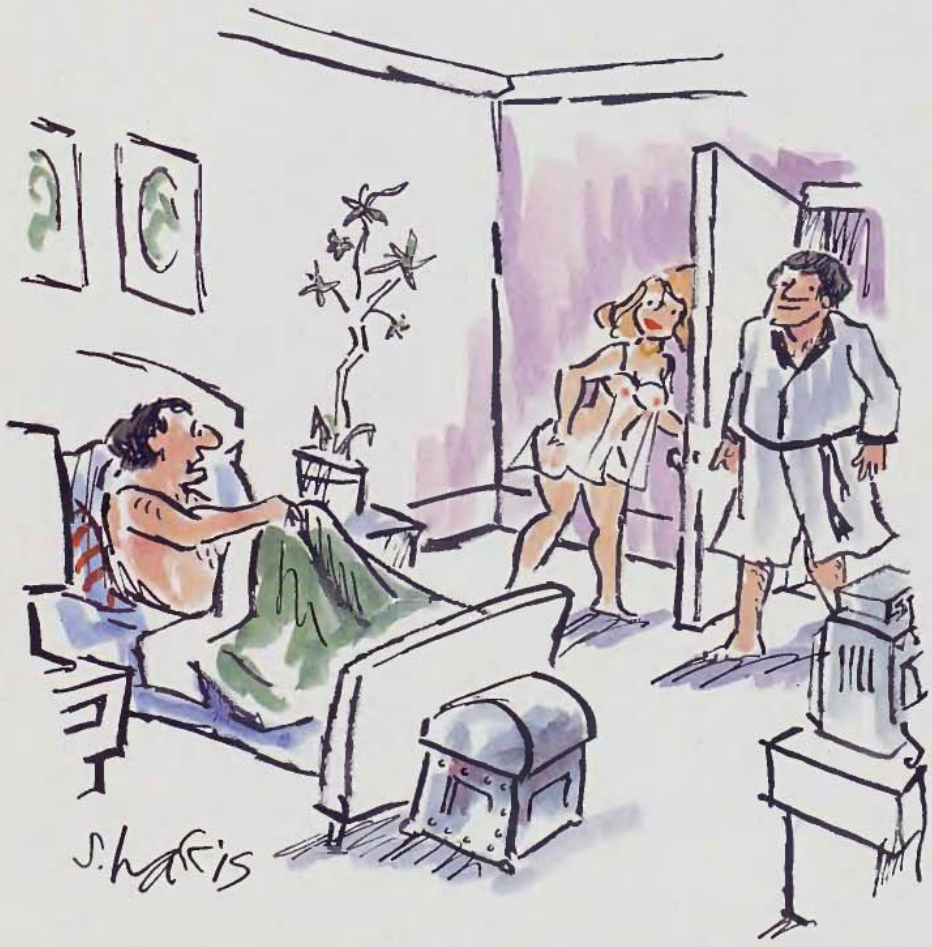
2001–2002

Rachel Dratch. Rachel has a rubber face. Compare and contrast her big-eyed sex-obsessed "lovah" Virginia Klarvin with her buttoned-up Sheldon, host of "Wake Up, Wakefield." Her slutty Boston teen Denise has turned "Sully!" into a catchphrase. And did you know she plays the cello?

Tina Fey. When Tina started doing Weekend Update, I told her to lose the glasses. Now she's "the thinking man's sex symbol." How wrong can you be? But I knew she would be a hit. Lorne Michaels has compared Jimmy and Tina to Astaire and Rogers, saying, "She gives him sex and he gives her class." Or is it the other way around?

Amy Poehler. Soon, *SNL* rep company members will be young enough to have been conceived during the original *SNL*. Conan O'Brien's fans may remember Amy as Stacey, Andy Richter's little sister. Now she's in a fancy-schmancy movie with Alec Baldwin and Anthony Hopkins, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. She does "angry and twisted" great—witness her Tonya Harding.

Maya Rudolph. Her character Britanica in "Gemini's Twin" comes by her musical chops honestly: She is the daughter of the late vocalist Minnie Riperton. Her band opened for Alanis Morissette, the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Garbage. She plays black, white and Asian, as both Lucy Liu and Lisa Ling. I love her in-your-face airport security checker–postal worker Jackie.



"Wait a minute—the threesome was supposed to be a gift for me!"

DENZEL WASHINGTON

(continued from page 86)

PLAYBOY: You have played boxers. Is that a particularly brutal workout regimen?

WASHINGTON: I'm working out now because the fat man was chasing me down. Gravity works day and night. I have gotten in really good shape for some of my movies. The last time I was pretty fit was for *Training Day*, but I let it all go when I started directing, sitting on the set all day. I didn't do anything for a year or so. Since I decided to get back in shape, I feel bad when I don't exercise. I need to get in a workout, at least cardio. It helps me get through the day. I was dog-tired this morning, but after an hour of cardio I've got energy. After cardio I hit the weights.

PLAYBOY: Were you in the best shape when you played Hurricane Carter in *The Hurricane*?

WASHINGTON: I was in great shape boxing all day long. Boxing will do it.

PLAYBOY: In the film you have a six-pack stomach.

WASHINGTON: Which soon after became a three-pack. I drank the other three. Then I had a keg, which is why I needed to start working out again.

PLAYBOY: What was the training schedule for *The Hurricane*?

WASHINGTON: I would run six miles, have breakfast, train two hours lifting and then work with the stunt guys for three or four more hours. I'd stay in the ring all day doing choreography with them. I was doing it five days a week. I was strong and went down to 176 pounds. When I started working out before this new film, I was at 225. Right now I'm carrying 190, which seems to be a good weight for me. I'm in pretty good shape for 47 years old.

PLAYBOY: Does it take less time for you to get back in shape because you're a former athlete?

WASHINGTON: It takes as long to get back into shape as it does to get out of shape. I didn't work out for a year. After a year off, I started training again about two weeks before this year's Academy Awards. I said, "All right. You've got to get into a suit." I started hitting it and I haven't stopped since.

PLAYBOY: On TV it looked as if you fit into your tux pretty well.

WASHINGTON: It was a big tux. Smoke and mirrors, big time. What's the guy's name? Armani? He's saying, "The tuxedo must be small to look good." Fine, but I got my guy to take three inches out of the back. Everyone is watching the Academy Awards to see who's going to win, and I'm there squirming. I'm squirming not because I'm worried about the award but because the suit doesn't fit.

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SAVE YOUR ASS

(continued from page 78)

in a court of law, but he was hung by Connie Chung.

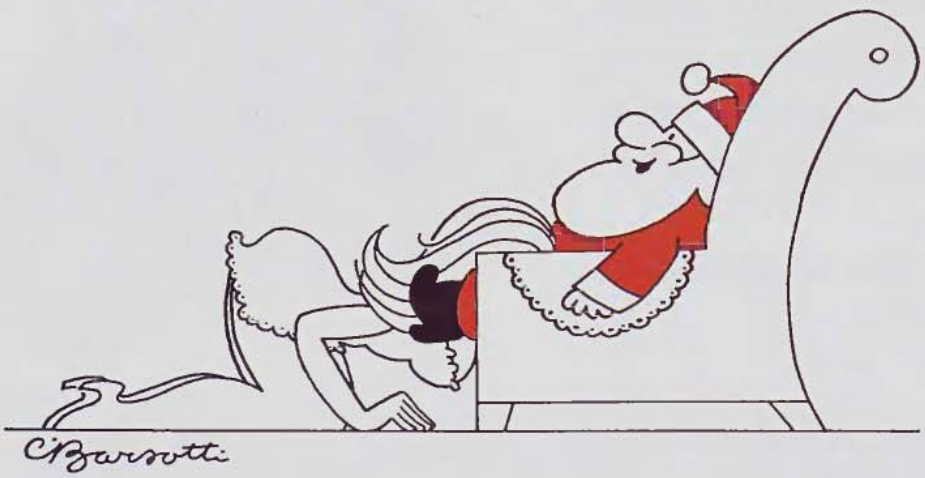
Rule 7: Go on the offensive. Scandals are usually won with defense, but a good offense throws the attackers off balance and pressures them into mistakes. Some of the best ways to go on the offensive are: **Create a sideshow.** (Both Nixon and Clinton raised questions of executive privilege, to which Clinton added questions about Secret Service privilege, as well as choosing to lob cruise missiles at Osama bin Laden at the time of his grand jury testimony and at Saddam Hussein in the middle of House impeachment proceedings.) **Blame the victim.** (When Merrill Lynch was accused of giving positive recommendations for companies that its analysts thought were dogs while simultaneously pocketing fees for selling their stocks, the Sunday morning apologists said, in effect, "Why would anybody in their right mind trust what a salesman says?") **Attack the accusers.** (Microsoft says those who accuse it of monopolistic practices are just jealous, whiny losers.) **Muddy the waters.** (Jim Cramer's response to accusations that he engaged in some shady practices to get an edge was to say, "I was the kind of scummer who does everything legal he can to make money.")

Rule 8: Make people afraid of you. Nobody in American history has been better at damage control than J. Edgar Hoover. He had the files, and he made it clear he could use them. He was so effective that it wasn't until he was dead that most of his transgressions were revealed. Even then, a loyal secretary spent days after his death destroying files—see Rule 2—so we'll never know just how much he got away with.

Corollary to Rule 8: Remind people why they like you. Call in your chits. If you have lived a pretty good life, they might be enough to save you. If not, remind Arthur Andersen that you've paid them $52 million. But never overestimate your influence in high places—particularly your pull with politicians. George W. hung Ken Lay out to dry and never shed a tear.

Rule 9: Invoke mumbo jumbo. Cardinal Law didn't quite pull it off, but he was on the right track. If you can invoke with some assurance a little scientific or scholarly or legal mumbo jumbo to explain or excuse what you've done, you have a decent chance of getting away. For years, people in Silicon Valley would tell you about Microsoft's predatory business practices. In court, Microsoft was able to get everybody talking about browsers and code and a lot of other technical hoo-ha; now they've essentially beaten the rap. And O.J. Simpson got off the hook as soon as his lawyers got everybody wandering into the murky world of DNA-speak.

Rule 10: Keep your eye on the ball. It's important not to lose track of what you should most be afraid of. Gary Condit never acted like a man trying to get away with murder. He acted like a man who was trying to get away with having an affair, and later, like a man who wanted to preserve his political life. So instead of making himself look innocent of something he probably really was innocent of, he tried, not very capably, to make himself look innocent of things he really did. It cost him big-time. In the same way, if you've contained the scandal, keep it contained. Lawyers for the Catholic Church paid off victims and got them to sign nondisclosure agreements. It's the sort of thuggish things lawyers do, and it didn't do much for the victims' psychological well-being. But from the Church's point of view, it contained the problem. Then the bishops went and reassigned the creepy priests to other parishes, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. It's a scandal.



"Some holiday traditions never get old."

PINK

(continued from page 147)

could be doing all kinds of crazy shit, but it's not tempting at all.

Q: Have you tried everything?

A: Almost. When I was 15, a good friend died of a heroin overdose. I would never go there.

Q: In school, you wrote several papers about legalizing marijuana. Is it true you haven't done drugs since 1995?

A: I don't consider pot a drug. It's a plant. It comes from the earth. George Washington smoked it.

Q: Do you still smoke it?

A: I quit six months ago. I always said I'd be a grandma who grew weed in her attic and taught her kids to roll joints. But I quit. I don't like how it makes me feel.

Q: Any other vices?

A: I love gambling. I make everybody gamble with me on the bus. Blackjack, spades, dice, Monopoly. We play on per diem so you can only lose about $200. I always win. But then I buy everyone dinner.

Q: Do you cheat?

A: Sometimes.

Q: You met your boyfriend, motocross star Carey Hart, at the 2001 X Games. Was it love at first sight?

A: I shook his hand and five minutes later he broke 14 bones. I had a big effect on him.

Q: Are you able to be a normal couple?

A: Neither of us is normal. We can be party animals. We can make it a Blockbuster night.

Q: Aren't you banned from Blockbuster for stealing a copy of *Showgirls*?

A: I am! I use his membership. I rack up his bill. Not long ago I was home in Philly and my mom was like, "Let's go get a movie." So we went to the Blockbuster where I was arrested, and I'm like, "I can't go in there." She's like, "They won't remember you." But they did.

Q: Do you regret dropping out of school?

A: Not for a second. Education is important, but it doesn't necessarily cater to artistic people.

Q: Have you always been a girl who doesn't care what people think?

A: I'm sensitive. My feelings get hurt easily. I decided at a young age not to let people take advantage of me. Kids can be cruel. I was made fun of a lot. I was eccentric. I wore high heels in first grade. I got tripped off the bus. I got all the jokes. But I love a good fight.

Q: When was the last time you brawled?

A: It's been a while. Wanted to and have been is a big difference. If I weren't worried about lawsuits, there would be two guys from last night still unconscious on the floor. We went to a bar in Boston and this drunk guy was running his fingers through my hair. Then he stole my beer. Long story short, he goes, "In my country——" And I go, "In my country it's OK to beat people over the head with your pool stick." Guy groupies are crazy.

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They like me to sign their asses. But now, all guys want to talk to me about is my boyfriend. I'm like, "Fuck!" But I get more female groupies.

Q: Have you ever been with a woman?

A: When I was 13, I kissed a girl I had a big crush on. It was fun. I was on ecstasy. She left me for my brother. I've stayed away from girls ever since.

Q: After meeting Carey, how long did you wait to have sex?

A: I haven't had sex with him yet. Just kidding! I do like to wait. My body is special. You only get as much respect as you command. But it depends. Impulses are impulses. I'm in constant conflict.

Q: Because of your sexual image, do guys expect you to get freaky in bed?

A: I was watching a VH1 ranking of the 25 sexiest rock stars. I was number seven. The guy goes, "Pink looks tough, like she'll slap you around all night." Carey and I were in bed, about to go to sleep. I was like, "We can't go to sleep. I have to slap you around all night." We just laughed, rolled over and went to sleep.

Q: Are you sexually adventurous?

A: I want to be. I live vicariously through my gay friends. Tying up would be fun. And I think all guys should definitely know penetration. It's only fair.

Q: Are you a giver or a receiver?

A: I'm a receiver. I will receive anytime.

Q: Do you get recognized everywhere?

A: Yeah. The moles on my face give me away. They were my favorite body part until I got drunk, passed out and my friends played connect the dots. I could not get the permanent marker off.

Q: You have several tattoos, including one that says WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND on your wrist. How many in all?

A: I think I'm up to 11. Carey and I got matching true-love tattoos. Since his last name is Hart, I got a red heart with LOVE written behind it. He got PINK on his ass.

Q: How was winning a Grammy at 22?

A: Weird. I didn't feel like it was mine. Growing up, I was into independent sports. I was a gymnast. If I didn't get first place, I wouldn't clap for anybody else. I was a total bitch brat. I haven't grown out of that yet. When I won the Grammy I was happy and my parents were proud, but I felt like I was winning it for the team. I'm waiting for my own.

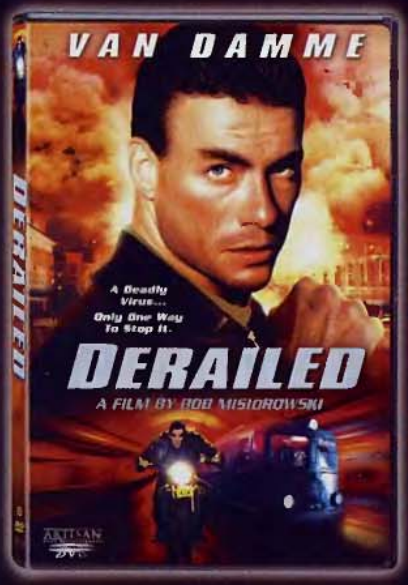
Q: Anything to tell us about *Lady Marmalade* collaborators Mya, Lil' Kim and Christina Aguilera?

A: I can't say anything bad. I don't hang out with them. Mya is awesome. Lil' Kim is vulgar but sweet. Christina is Christina. We'll leave it at that.

Q: Speaking of divas, didn't Beyoncé freak out when you introduced her to your dog, Fucker, at the MTV Awards?

A: Oh, yeah. She's a church girl. She wasn't ready for that. She was like, "He's precious! What's his name?" I'm like, "Fucker." She's like, "Back to you, Kurt."

A VAN DAMME GOOD THRILL RIDE!



VAN DAMME

DERAILED

A FILM BY BOB MISIOROWSKI

The Detective

(continued from page 96)

while examining the scene. Greer was going to run the case as a task force, receiving all reports himself. That would sound impressive to the reporters, but Larry knew the result would be six detective teams bumping into each other, covering the same leads and missing others. A week from now, Greer, for all his good intentions, would have to start dealing with everything else piling up on his desk, and the dicks, like cats, would wander away.

Larry tried to make his face plaster when Greer announced he was teamed with Wilma Amos. Wilma was your basic affirmative-action item whose highest and best use was probably as a hat rack. Worse, it meant Larry wasn't getting anywhere near the lead on this case. Instead, Wilma and he were delegated to background on the female vic, Luisa Remardi.

"Guided tour," Greer said and walked out through the kitchen. He was an impressive guy to most people, a good-size, well-spoken black man, calm and orderly. Larry didn't mind Greer—he was less of a politician than most of the ranking officers on the force, and he was able, one in the small cadre of officers Larry thought of as being as smart as he was.

The techs had taped off a path and Greer instructed the dicks to go single file and keep their hands in their pockets. Somebody with a degree in criminology would say Greer was a lunatic for taking a dozen extra people through a crime scene. It risked contamination, and even if everybody wore toe shoes, a defense lawyer would make the viewing sound like Hannibal's trip over the Alps with elephants. But Greer knew no investigator would feel like he owned a case unless he had surveyed the scene. Even bloodhounds had to have the real scent.

"Working theories," he said. Greer was standing behind the cash register, which rested on a plate-glass case with angled shelves that held stale cigars and candy bars. On the exterior, bright purple fingerprint lifts stood out like decorations. "Theory number one, which is pretty solid: This is an armed robbery gone bad. The cash register is empty, the bag for the bank deposit is gone and each victim has no watch, wallet or jewelry.

"Second theory: Today I'm saying a single perpetrator. That's soft," Greer said, "but I'm liking it more and more. The bullets we've recovered all look like .38 rounds, same bunter marks. One shooter, almost for sure. Could be accomplices, but it doesn't seem to play that way.

"Gus was killed right here, behind the register, going for the phone, from the looks of it. One shot to the left rear of the cranium. Based on a preliminary exam, police pathologist Painless Kumagi is saying three to six feet, which means the triggerman was right near the cash register. Armed robbery gone bad," Greer repeated. From his inside pocket, he removed a sleek silver pen and pointed out the blood, a large pool dried on the dirty linoleum and spatters on the green wall phone. Then he continued.

"Once our shooter takes down Gus, he has a serious problem because there are two customers in the restaurant. This is where we go from a felony murder to brutal and heinous." The words were terms of art—"brutal and heinous" murders qualified, in this state, for capital punishment. "Instead of running for the door like your average punk, our guy decides to go after the witnesses. Ms. Remardi is killed right here, single shot through the abdomen."

Greer had stepped down 20 feet to a booth opposite the front door in the original section of the restaurant. When Gus bought the place, long before he

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GO AHEAD, TOUCH IT IF YOU LIKE.
I THINK YOU'RE FEELING A LITTLE TOO MERRY THIS YEAR.

expanded into the storefronts to the east and west, it must have had a medieval theme. Two rows of booths, composed of heavy dark planks lumpy from layers of urethane, were joined at the center panel. At each corner, a square coat stand rose like a turret.

"Looks a lot like Ms. Remardi decided her best chance was to go for the gun. We have bruises on her arms and hands, one finger is broken. But that didn't work out for her. The fabric on her uniform around the wound is burned and the tissue is stippled, so the shot is point-blank. Judging from the exit wound, Painless is saying prelim that the bullet passed through her liver and aorta, so she's dead in a few minutes."

The slug had been removed by the techs from the center panel. An uneven ring of dried blood showed up where the wood had shattered, exposing the raw pine underneath. That meant Luisa had died sitting up. A coffee cup, with a bright half-moon of her lipstick, still rested on the table along with an ashtray full of butts.

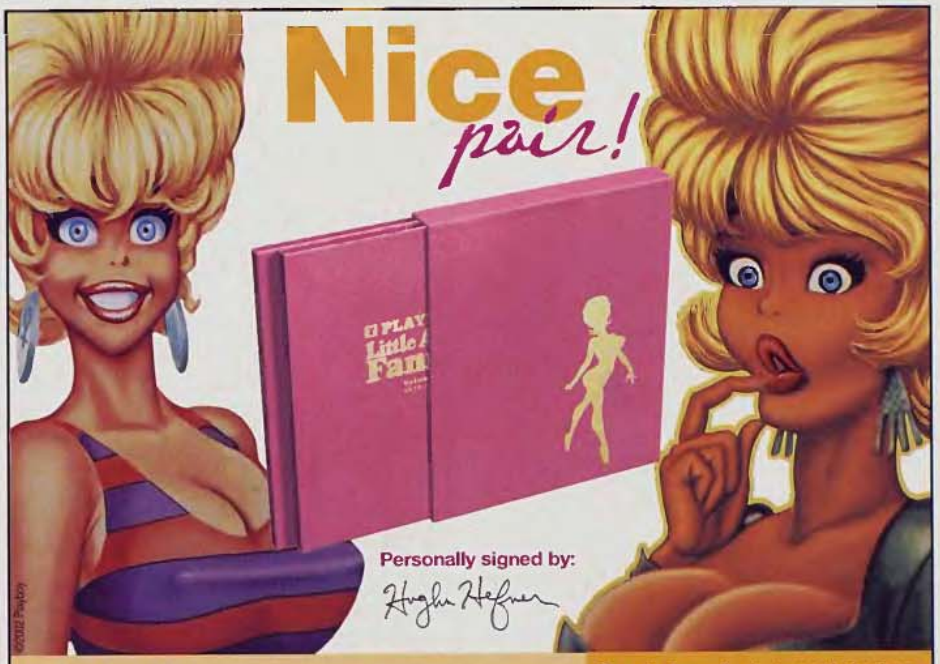
"If she's looking at an accomplice, it doesn't make much sense that she's fighting. So that's another reason we're figuring this was a one-man show." Under the table, where Greer pointed, a dinner plate streaked with steak sauce had shattered in the struggle. An inch of beef lay amid the fragments of crockery, as well as half a pack of cigarettes and a disposable lighter.

"Mr. Judson was eating back in the corner by the window. Rafael cleaned up a plate, a glass and a Seven-Up can from that table this morning. On the right side of Mr. Judson's suit there's a line of dust, suggesting he was probably under the table, maybe hiding from the gunfire. But the shooter found him.

"Judging from the shoe prints in the blood and the drag pattern, and the distribution of the postmortem lividity on Gus and Luisa's corpses, Mr. Judson was forced at gunpoint to haul both bodies into the freezer in the basement."

Greer led his detectives, like a grade school class, past the counter and through a narrow doorway. The stairway was lit by a single bulb, beneath which the group clumped down the wooden stairs. In the brick cellar, they found a significant encampment. Three-wheeled stretchers awaited the bodies, which had not yet been removed because they were frozen. Painless had several tests and measurements to perform before he would allow the corpses to thaw. As the group approached, Larry could hear Painless' sharp, accented voice issuing commands to his staff.

Using the pen, Greer opened the food locker wide. Judson's body was right there, one leg in the doorway. Greer pointed out his shoes, both soles brown with blood. The tread patterns matched the prints in the trails upstairs. In their



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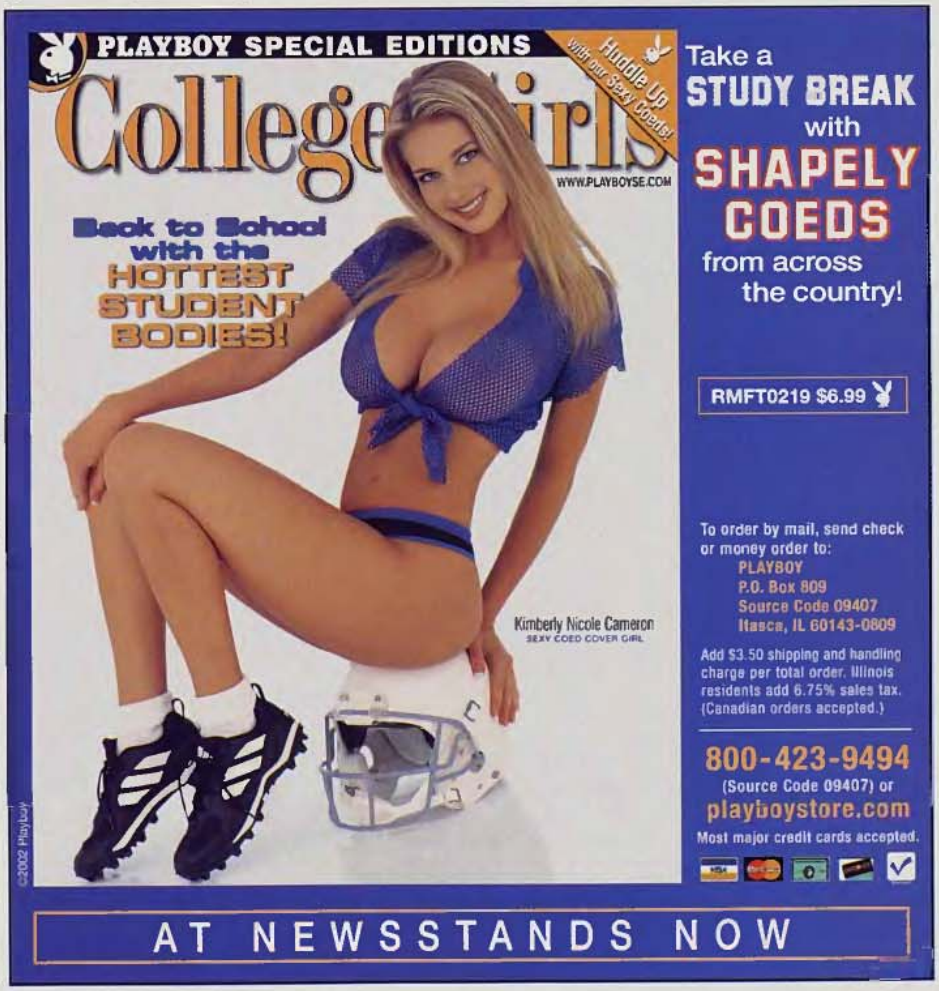

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

rubber gloves, Painless and his team were working on the far side of the freezer.

"After Mr. Judson pulled the bodies into the food locker, he was bound with an electrical cord, gagged with a dish towel and shot execution-style in the back of the head." Harold's silver pen glided through the air like a missile, indicating each point of interest. The force of the shot had driven Judson over on his side.

"And then, I guess to celebrate, our hero sodomized Ms. Remardi's body." One of the pathologists moved aside, fully revealing Luisa Remardi's remains. Following the preliminary exam, they'd repositioned her as she'd been found, bent facedown over a stack of 50-pound bags of frozen french fries. Above the waist, she was clad in Trans-National's rust-colored uniform. The exit wound in her back had made a neat little tear in the fabric, almost as if she'd merely snagged the vest, and the halo of blood Larry had seen vaguely imprinted on the side of the booth upstairs was enlarged there, darkening the fabric like tie-dye. Her matching skirt and her red panties had been jacked down to her ankles and, beneath the starched tails of her white blouse, the melonish rounds of her buttocks were hiked in the air, penetrated by the dark ellipses of her anal sphincter, which had been distended at the time of her death. Somebody had worked her over—there was redness, meaning, if Harold was correct, this had occurred right after her death, while a vital reaction was still possible.

"Rape kit is negative, but you find the top of a condom wrapper here in her drawers, and what appears to be a lubricant track around the anus." At Greer's instruction, a younger pathologist directed a flashlight to illustrate the last point. The gel had failed to evaporate in the cold. Rapists these days worried about AIDS—and had heard of DNA. There was no accomplice here, Larry thought. Not if that was the story. Necrophiliacs and backdoor boys don't perform for an audience. Even creeps have shame.

Greer covered a few procedural orders, then headed upstairs. Larry remained in the freezer and asked Painless if he could look around.

"Don't touch," the doctor told him. Painless had worked on the force for two decades and knew to a moral certainty that the next cop was dumber than the one before.

•

Larry was the first to say he was a little witchy about the entire process of investigation, but he wasn't alone. Half the murder dicks he knew confessed, after a couple of whiskeys, to occasionally feeling the guiding presence of ghosts. He couldn't claim to understand it, but evil on this scale seemed to offset some kind of cosmic discord. For whatever it was worth, he often started with an instant of solemn communion with the victims.

He stood over Gus for a minute. Not counting gangbangers, who were suspects one day and murdered the next, it was rare for Larry to be acquainted with a vic. He hadn't known Gus well, except for enjoying his wild immigrant routine and the omelettes, always on the house. But Gus had that gift, like a good teacher or priest—he could connect. You felt him. I'm right here with you, compadre, Larry thought.

The gunshot had penetrated the occipital plane at the back of Gus' skull, blowing away tissue and bone. Positioned as he'd been found, Gus' face was laid out on a box of beef patties, his mouth open. Dead fish. They all looked like dead fish.

As always, at this moment, Larry was intensely aware of himself. This was his profession. Murder. Like everybody else, he thought about buying a new garden hose and the line on tomorrow's hockey match and how he could get to both boys' soccer games. But at some point every day, he snuck into the mossy cave of murder, to the moist thrilling darkness of the idea.

He had nothing to apologize for. Murder was part of the human condition. And society existed to restrain it. To Larry, the only job more important than his was a mother's. Read some anthropology, he always told civilians who asked. All those skeletons unearthed with the stone ax still right in the hole? You think this just started? Everyone has murder in him. Larry had killed. In Nam. One day, during his brief time on patrol, he'd tossed a grenade down a tunnel and watched the ground give way and two bodies go flying through the air, one screaming, the other probably out cold, with an expression you could only call profound. So this is it, the guy was thinking—he might as well have held up a sign. Larry still saw that look all the time. He beheld it on Gus' face now, the largest thing in life—death—and it filled

"The crowds! All those bodies pressed together. Everyone in a mad scramble to finish first. I just love those Christmas orgies!"

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Larry on each occasion with the exacting, breathless emotion of one of those perfect realist paintings you'd see in a museum—Hopper or Wyeth. That thing: This is it.

That was the end for the victims, the instant of surrender. But few gave up willingly. With death so imminent and unexpected, every human being was reduced to terror and desire—the desire to continue and the inexpressible anguish that she or he would not. No one, Larry believed, could die with dignity in these circumstances. Paul Judson, heaped by the doorway, surely hadn't. He was your vanilla suburbanite, a mild-looking guy just starting to lose his blond hair, which was as fine as corn silk. He was probably the kind never to show much emotion. But he had now. On his knees, Larry could see salt tracks in the corner of his eyes. Paul had died, as Larry would, crying for his life.

Finally, Larry went to Luisa Remardi, who, as his responsibility, required the greatest attention. Her blood had stained the huge bags on which her body was heaped, but she'd died upstairs. Ripped apart by the bullet like a building in a bomb blast, the devastated arteries and organs had spurted out the blood the stupid heart had kept pumping.

When the pathologists OK'd it, Larry climbed over the levee of bags to see her face. Luisa was pretty, soft under the chin but with lovely, high cheekbones. Bright highlights were streaked into her dark hair, and even though she worked the midnight shift, she'd applied lots of makeup, doing an elaborate job around her large brown eyes. She was one of those Italian chicks—Larry had known plenty—spreading out as she reached her early 30s, but not yet ready to stop thinking of herself as hot stuff.

You're my girl now, Luisa, Larry thought. I'm gonna take care of you.

Upstairs, he stopped at a table where an evidence tech, a kid named Brown, was inventorying the discarded contents of Luisa's purse, which had been spread on the floor near the door.

"Anything?" he asked.

"Address book." With his gloves, Brown turned the pages for Larry.

"Beautiful handwriting," Larry noted. The rest was the usual mess—house keys, receipts, some mints. Under Luisa's checkbook cover, Brown pointed out two lubricated condoms in the same maroon wrapper as the one in her panties. What did that mean, Larry wondered, besides the fact that Luisa got around? Maybe the guy found these as he was looking through her handbag for her wallet, and he got turned on.

But no one would ever reconstruct the events exactly. Larry had learned that. The past was the past, always eluding the full grasp of memory or the best forensic techniques. And it didn't matter. The essential information had reached the present: Three people had died. Without dignity. In terror. And some cruel fuck had exulted in his power each time he pulled the trigger.

Standing by the spot where Luisa had been murdered, Larry closed his eyes to transmit one more time. He was certain that somewhere, probably not far away, a man had just experienced a painful twitch in his heart.

I'm coming for you, motherfucker, Larry told him.

"Ahh, there's nothing like animated Christmas windows to get you in the mood."

BASKETBALL

(continued from page 140)

expected. With Troy Bell returning in the backcourt, they hope to do better this season. Bell will have help at the guard spot from Ryan Sidney, while the muscle up front will be provided by Uka Agbai and Nate Doornekamp. Toss in a solid recruiting class and there's no reason the Eagles shouldn't soar.

(9) ALABAMA

The Crimson Tide have a chance to step into the nation's elite if coach Mark Gottfried can blend a skilled recruiting class with returning veteran talent. Alabama is led by 6'8" Erwin Dudley, who can safely be described as a behemoth under the basket, as well as guards Mo Williams and Terrance Meade, both of whom have outstanding range and quickness on the perimeter. Center Kenny Walker adds veteran leadership in the low post. Bama would have been a Final Four contender had forward Rod Grizzard not left for the NBA.

(10) KENTUCKY

Perennially one of the top programs in the nation, the Wildcats under coach Tubby Smith will battle for another SEC championship and more. The focus of attention will be on Keith Bogans, former national high school player of the year. Bogans won't have to go it alone. The Wildcats are deep with talents such as Gerald Fitch, Marquis Estill and Jules Camara.

(11) XAVIER

Two-time Playboy All-America David West gave the Musketeers a leg up on the season when he decided to stay in school for his senior season. West is that rare combination of finesse, power and size that has NBA scouts drooling. He will team with forward Dave Young and guards Romain Sato and Lionel Chalmers to give coach Thad Matta's team a legitimate chance to land in the Sweet 16 or better.

(12) GEORGIA

Coach Jim Harrick brought home a national championship to UCLA before a flap over his expense account led to his dismissal. Instead of disappearing into the shadows, Harrick took over at Rhode Island and showed he could still recruit and coach. Now he's the top Dawg at Georgia, and he's quickly built them into one of the better teams in the SEC. Jarvis Hayes and Ezra Williams form the nucleus of Georgia's attack. North Carolina State transfer Damien Wilkins is a threat both inside and outside.

(13) UCLA

The Bruins are loaded with talent. Now coach Steve Lavin has to find a way to get them to play to their potential.

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PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

COACH OF THE YEAR—KELVIN SAMPSON, University of Oklohoma. In eight years as head coach of the Sooners, Sampson has compiled a record of 187 wins against 74 losses. His teams have averaged 25 wins each of the past five seasons (28 victories over the past three). This past season, Sampson led OU to a 31–5 record and the Sooners won their second consecutive Big 12 Tournament before advancing to their fourth-ever Final Four. Prior to taking over in Norman, Sampson was head coach at Washington State for seven years.

DAVID WEST—Center, 6'9", 240, senior, Xavier University (Hargrave Military, Garner, North Carolina). A two-time Playboy All-America, David was once again at the top of the Atlantic 10 Conference in rebounding with a 9.8 rpg average. He averaged 18.3 points per game and recorded 16 double-doubles. He was Atlantic 10 Conference Player of the Year for the past two seasons.

MIKE SWEETNEY—Center, 6'8", 260, junior, Georgetown University (Oxon Hill High, Oxon Hill, Maryland). He was the U.S. Basketball Writers District II Player of the Year last season and a first team Big East selection. He led the Hoyas in scoring and rebounding, averaging a double-double (19.4 points and 10 rebounds). This is the second time he has been selected to the Playboy All-America team.

LUKE WALTON—Forward, 6'8", 245, senior, University of Arizona (University High, San Diego). He led all frontcourt players in the nation last year in assists with an average of 6.3 per game. He also averaged 15.7 points and 7.3 rebounds per game. Named to four all-American teams at the end of last season. Joined his father, Bill, in 2001 as one of only three father-son combinations to play in the Final Four.

MATT BONNER—Forward, 6'10", 240, senior, University of Florida (Concord High, Concord, New Hampshire). He ranked second on his team last season in scoring (15.6 ppg), rebounding (7.2 rpg), blocked shots (22) and free throw percentage (.796). He was the national Academic All-American of the Year in 2002, the first Gator basketball player to achieve that honor, and the only junior on the five-man Verizon Academic All-American first team.

RICK RICKERT—Forward, 6'11", 216, sophomore, University of Minnesota (Duluth East High, Duluth, Minnesota). He was his school's first-ever Big Ten Freshman of the Year as he scored the most points by a freshman (441) in a season in Minnesota basketball history. He finished fourth in the conference with 15.5 ppg, was sixth in the Big Ten in field goal percentage (.556) and was eighth in blocked shots.

NICK COLLISON—Forward, 6'9", 255, senior, University of Kansas (Iowa Falls High, Iowa Falls). He averaged 15.6 points and 8.3 rebounds per game last season while shooting .592 from the floor. He's already 17th on the Jayhawks all-time scoring list, 11th in rebounds and fifth in blocked shots.

HOLLIS PRICE—Guard, 6'1", 170, senior, University of Oklahoma (St. Augustine High, New Orleans). A first-team All–Big 12 selection by both the coaches and the media last season, Price was also selected as a third-team All-American by *The Sporting News*. He averaged a team-high 16.5 points and 1.7 steals per game. He also had a .382 shooting percentage from behind the three-point line. Price was voted the Big 12 Tournament MVP and the NCAA Tournament West Regional MVP.

BRANDIN KNIGHT—Guard, 6', 183, senior, University of Pittsburgh (Seton Hall, East Orange, New Jersey). Selected as a third-team all-American at the end of last season by the Associated Press, he was named the 2002 Big East co–Player of the Year. He averaged a team-high 15.6 points, ranked second in assists in the Big East with 7.2 per game and broke Pitt's single-season assist record with 251.

T.J. FORD—Guard, 5'10", 165, sophomore, University of Texas (Willowridge High, Houston). Last year he became the first freshman in NCAA history to lead the nation in assists (8.27 per game). He was chosen National Freshman of the Year by the U.S. Basketball Writers Association. He had 33 starts in his first season, missing only one game with a sprained ankle. Ford ranked third on his team in scoring with a 10.8 ppg average and led UT in steals with a total of 72.

KIRK HINRICH—Guard, 6'3", 190, senior, University of Kansas (Sioux City West High, Sioux City, Iowa). An all-around performer who flourished on the wing after playing point for two seasons, he shot an impressive 54.1 percent from the floor and a conference-best 47.8 percent from behind the three-point line. Hinrich led Kansas in free throw shooting (80.8 percent) and averaged 14.8 points and five assists per game.

Senior Jason Kapono has led the team in scoring for the past three seasons. And yet, Kapono hasn't been able to dominate opponents in critical situations. He'll get help this year from point guard Cedric Bozeman plus big men T.J. Cummings, Dijon Thompson and Andre Patterson. If Lavin can find the chemistry, the Bruins could be very good. If not, Lavin may find himself looking for a new job.

(14) MISSISSIPPI STATE

Looking for a dark horse champion? How about the Mississippi State Bulldogs, led by standout forward Mario Austin? Guard Derrick Zimmerman is a complete backcourt player and the engine that makes the Bulldogs roll. As good as these two players are, however, forward Michal Ignerski may be the key to this team's chances for success.

(15) OREGON

One of the best players in the nation you may have never heard of is Oregon Duck Luke Ridnour, a cerebral point guard who knows how to score as well as control the tempo of the game. Luke Jackson will attempt to pick up the void created by the departure of Fred Jones and Chris Christoffersen.

(16) FLORIDA

Last season was a major disappointment for the Gators and coach Billy Donovan. It all started with the dismissal of guard Teddy Dupay amid allegations of gambling. Guard Brett Nelson failed to play up to expectations and Florida's chemistry went from bad to worse. Donovan is convinced his team will rebound this year. Playboy All-America Matt Bonner takes on the mantle of team leader and Donovan says that Nelson is ready to blossom.

(17) VILLANOVA

Coach Jay Wright counts on two newcomers, Jason Fraser and Curtis Sumpter, both high school All-Americans, to push his four returning starters for playing time and turn Nova into a Big East power. Look for senior guard Gary Buchanan to lead the Cats in scoring.

(18) CONNECTICUT

The Huskies have a huge hole to fill with the early departure of Caron Butler, who split for the NBA when he saw a chance to be a lottery pick. Still, coach Jim Calhoun has tons of talent left. Taliek Brown, Tony Robertson and Ben Gordon, who combined to average 33 points per game last season, are all back and should be better. Inside, Emeka Okafor needs to come up with some offense to complement his great defensive skills.

(19) GONZAGA

How did these guys get to be so good, year after year? Last season Dan Dickau lead the way. This season there are four

players ready to step up. And they are all players with size—Cory Violette and Zach Gourde, each at 6'8", Ronny Turiaf at 6'9" and Richard Fox at 6'11". Coach Mark Few also has a better than average backcourt combo in Winston Brooks and Blake Stepp.

(20) MARQUETTE

Superstar swingman Dwyane Wade made coach Tom Crean happy when he decided to hang around Milwaukee an-

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Steve Blake (Maryland), Jason Gardner (Arizona), Luke Ridnour (Oregon), Troy Bell (Boston College), Brett Nelson (Florida), Dwyane Wade (Marquette), Keith Bogans (Kentucky), Chris Duhon, Dohntay Jones (Duke), Reece Gaines (Louisville), Chris Thomos (Notre Dome).
FORWARDS: Jason Kapono (UCLA), Jarvis Hayes (Georgia), Mario Austin (Mississippi State), Erwin Dudley (Alabama), Ronald Dupree (LSU), Darius Rice (Miami), James White (Florida), Doug Wrenn (Washington), Luke Jackson (Oregon), Rickey Poulding (Missouri), Ebi Ere (Oklahoma).
CENTERS: Chris Marcus (Western Kentucky), Emeka Okafor (Connecticut), James Thomas (Texas).

other year instead of going for the NBA bucks. Wade can carry the Golden Eagles a long way, but they'll get even further if Scott Merritt and Mississippi State transfer Robert Jackson put points on the board. Crean must replace graduated floor leader Cordell Henry.

(21) MARYLAND

With Dixon, Wilcox, Baxter and Mouton all gone, don't expect the Terps to repeat as national champions, or even make the Final Four this season. Coach Gary Williams will rely on guard Steve Blake to pick up some of the scoring load. Tahj Holden should be a solid contributor as well. But Terrapin fans may want to keep the highlight tape of last year's championship handy.

(22) TEXAS TECH

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controversial Bob Knight can still coach basketball. Showing more shrewdness than fire, Knight took a team in one season from mediocrity to 23 wins and an NCAA tournament berth. Bob, what can you do for an encore? He has four starters back from last year, including dynamic duo Andre Emmett and Kasib Powell. Chances are the Red Raiders will do even better.

(23) MINNESOTA

The emergence of Playboy All-America Rick Rickert marked the arrival of the Golden Gophers as a contender for the Big 10 title. Rickert is simply that good. Strong perimeter shooting from senior Kevin Burleson and Northwestern transfer Ben Johnson should make Rickert even more effective this season. Coach Dan Monson is depending on his talented forward Jerry Holman to crash the boards.

(24) WESTERN KENTUCKY

Last year the Hilltoppers expected to ride seven-footer Chris Marcus, perhaps the most highly regarded big man in college basketball, to a championship season. Unfortunately, Marcus injured his foot and was able to play in only 15 games. Western Kentucky surprised everybody by winning without their big man. In fact, WKU has won 49 of its last 57 games. Marcus is back after off-season surgery, but it remains to be seen how effective he will be. In the meantime, David Boyden and Patrick Sparks will carry the load.

(25) ILLINOIS

Coach Bill Self has a rebuilding job on his hands after last year's team suffered substantial losses to graduation. The Illini's standout player is 6'10" Brian Cook, a hard-nosed forward with a chance to be the best player in the conference. Keep an eye on him. Guard Luther Head and senior Sean Harrington are two other players with the potential to push the Illini through another tough Big 10 schedule.

•

And don't overlook:

Missouri—The Tigers lost Kareem Rush to the NBA, but coach Quin Snyder has enough talent to give their Big 12 opponents fits. Arthur Johnson and Travon Bryant are the big guys up front. Ricky Clemons will run the show from the point and Rickey Paulding will light it up from the wing.

Wake Forest—Josh Howard could wind up as the best player in the ACC. He is equally adept at either guard or small forward.

Tulsa—Losing only two players off a roster of players that won 27 games last year, Tulsa uses defense to beat opponents mentally and then physically. Antonio Reed and Dante Swanson are the important guys who tighten the screws on the Hurricane's smothering full-court press.

Notre Dame—The Irish will be better in the backcourt this season with guards Matt Carroll and Chris Thomas. The question for coach Mike Brey is whether freshman forward Torin Francis can fill the hole left by the departure of Ryan Humphrey.

Wyoming—The Cowboys won the regular season Mountain West title last year but it took their NCAA tournament upset of Gonzaga to put them on the basketball map in a big way. Forward Marcus Bailey is the multidimensional player who makes Wyoming a formidable threat this year.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. A donation of $5000 has been made by PLAYBOY to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Greg Babcock from the University of Wisconsin–Green Bay. A 6'10", 235-pound senior, Babcock led his conference in field goal percentage (.663) and already ranks fifth all-time in school history for blocked shots. He made first-team academic all-conference as a sophomore and junior. A member of the Phi Kappa Phi honor society, he majors in public administration. His overall grade point average is 3.72 on a scale of 4.0.

Honorable mentions: Brent Cummings (Montana), Chris Hill (Michigan State), Brent Jolly (Tennessee Tech), Adam Hess (William and Mary), James Jones (Miami), Bryan Bedford (Kent State), Jake Muhleisen (Nebraska), Dan Blankenship (Bucknell), Jake Sullivan (Iowa State), Brian Dux (Canisius), Brian Greene (Colorado State), Jake Yancey (Arkansas–Little Rock).

Meaty Myths
CHESTNUTS ROASTING BY AN OPEN FIRE
OOH! SANTA! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS!
YAAH!.. AAH! AAHHFALALA LALA!!
NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A HOLIDAY ORGASM!
YEOW! THAT'S NOT AN ORGASM! I GOT MY BALLS TOO CLOSE TO THE FIRE!

PLAYMATE NEWS

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HEF'S

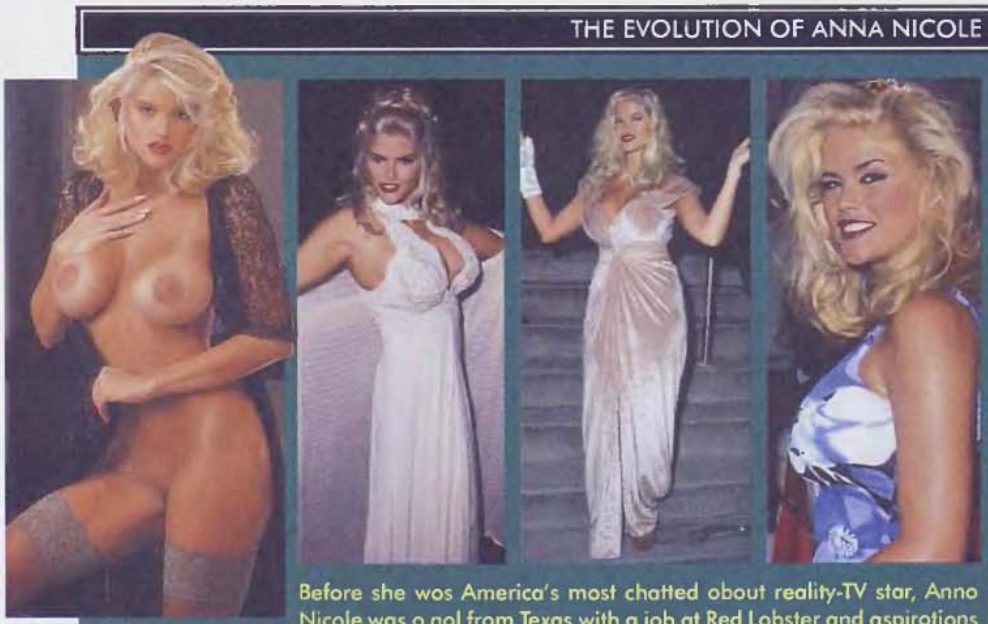
On MTV's *Cribs*, camera crews invade celebrities' abodes, raid their fridges and zero in on the ridiculous extravagance most of us only dream about. So far on the series we have seen Pamela Anderson's outdoor bathtub, Outkast's stripper pole, Dale Earnhardt Jr.'s basement nightclub, Tommy Lee's in-house Starbucks, Snoop Dogg's basketball court and various rappers' "boom-boom rooms." Kick-ass, yes, but no lair can compare with Hef's, where Pepe and Coco (a pair of spider monkeys) munch on grapes in the zoo, a Prohibition-era panel door hides a secret wine cellar, a screening room shows new releases and, of course, Playmates chill on the sprawling grounds. "I love to do backbends when I'm dancing," says Angel Boris, who stopped by for the taping and was caught in a rump-shaking contest with Jennifer Walcott (several other bikini-clad Centerfolds, shown here, judged). An entire *Cribs* episode is devoted to the Mansion—an honor bestowed only once before. The superstar? Mariah Carey.

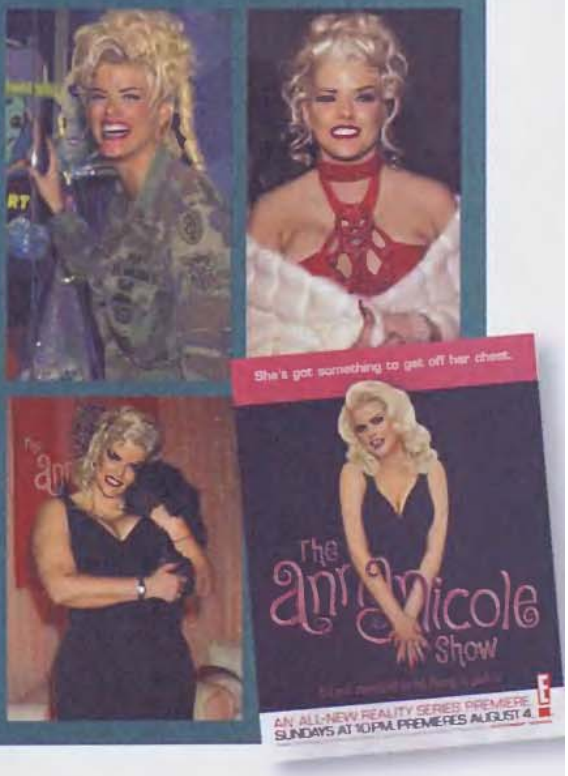
40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

June Cochron.

June Cochran debuted as Miss December in 1962, a time when less was more and sheer black shortie nightgowns were all our readers needed to make them melt. Nicknamed Baby June, the former Bunny and the model for the creators of the *Little Annie Fanny* comic strip went on to become Playmate of the Year 1963. Years later, she confessed that relaxing in front of the camera was harder than she made it look. "I was so petrified it took Mario Casilli three weeks to get my Centerfold," she says. "To stop my shaking, he had me hold a Christmas ornament in my hand. I was still nervous when Pompeo Posar shot me as PMOY. I was seven and a half months pregnant."

THE EVOLUTION OF ANNA NICOLE




She's got something to get off her chest.
The Anna Nicole Show
AN ALL-NEW REALITY SERIES PREMIERE
SUNDAYS AT 10PM PREMIERES AUGUST 4

Before she was America's most chatted about reality-TV star, Anna Nicole was a gal from Texas with a job at Red Lobster and aspirations to become the next Marilyn Monroe. In 1993 we named her Playmate of the Year, which led to a blooming career as a model and actress. With all that life experience—and a self-effacing attitude—no wonder she's a blast to watch. Clockwise from left: As Miss May 1992 Vickie Smith; at the premiere of *Ready to Wear* in 1994; at the *Jury Duty* premiere in 1995; at an August 1998 press conference; in August 2000 at a Lane Bryant promotion; at the Night of 100 Stars party in March; ad for the show; with Sugar Pie.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Samantha Mathis

I know Peter Bogdanovich, so I'd have to say my favorite Playmate is Dorothy Stratten. I've been to his house and seen her photographs. She was a spectacularly beautiful woman.

Miss August 1979.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

December 8: Miss March 1987
Marina Baker
December 13: Miss October 1982
Marianne Gravatte
December 13: Miss March 1990
Deborah Driggs
December 20: Miss March 1968
Michelle Hamilton
December 31: Miss October 1974
Ester Cordet

BRIDE BEBE

Bebe Buell is a balls-out rock star, the best-selling author of *Rebel Heart* and now a blushing bride. Who's the lucky guy? Jim Wallerstein, from the up-and-coming band Vacationland. "Our wedding took place on August 25 in Portland, Maine," Bebe says. "It was a church wedding with a huge reception. My daughter Liv attended with her fiancé, Royston Langdon. My maid of honor was my best friend, Missie Walter. My mother, Dorothea Johnson, walked me down the aisle. Lots of people came from New York City. And, of course, there were some rock-and-roll surprises!" Sounds amazing. Best wishes to Bebe and Jim.

CRAIG KILBORN:
"E has been deboting whether to show footage of Anna Nicole Smith unsnapping her bra. They finolly decided not to out of respect for the cameroman who was killed."

ANNA NICOLE SMITH:
"I was like, 'Oh my God! I look stoned out of my mind.' I have this lazy talk, this Texas slang thing. As long as ratings stay high, they can laugh all they want."

CARRIE'S BABY LOVE

How did Carrie Stevens decide on her son's name, Jaxon? "I like unusual names, but not so unusual that he'll get teased. Jaxon is masculine, but the spelling is fit for a star. His daddy is director Stephen Herek, who I met while filming *Rock Star* in 2000. Since both of his parents are in the business, maybe he will be inspired to see his name in lights. He has star quality." Carrie proves that mothers can be sexy, too, on the caver of *Gene Simmons Tangue*.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The Anna Nicole Show, which has given E its highest ratings ever, has spawned an *Entertainment Weekly* drinking game. A few of the rules: Every time **Anna Nicole** talks about masturbation, take a sip of blush wine. Every time that she's seen without her attorney, Howard, take a drink. Every time that she bickers with her assistant, Kim, punch the shoulder of the person on your right. . . .

On August 5, the 40th anniversary of **Marilyn Monroe's** death, more than 200 people attended a memorial service held in Los Angeles' Westwood Village Memorial Park. . . . Nearly 13 million people tuned in to the NBC game show *Dog Eat Dog* to watch the **Playboy X-Treme Team**. . . . *Lifestyles* magazine did a profile of **Lindsey Vuolo** (pictured). . . . What's up with **Stephanie Heinrich**, who used to be a Mansion fixture? "I'm back in Cincinnati," she says. "I have a great boyfriend who is going through the sheriffs' academy. I'm returning to school in January to major in criminal justice or communications." . . . **Elke Jeinsen** (below) shows up on Playboy TV's *Lost Angels*. . . . **Shauna Sand** and **Peggy McIntaggart** have roles in *The Reckoning*, a Western with **Gary Busey**. . . . Are you a fan of *High Times*? If so, you'll find **Heather Carolin** in the November issue. . . . **Shallan Meiers** says she used to be a geek: "My first kiss wasn't until my sophomore year of high school."

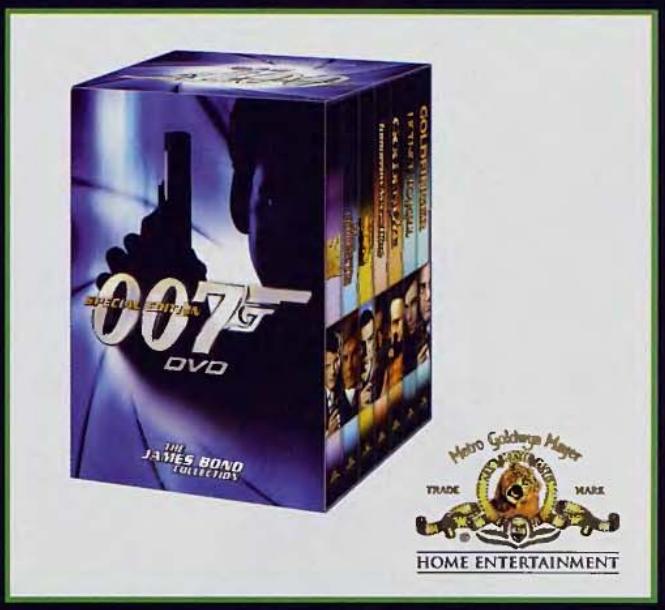
Lindsey's lifestyle.

Elke does Playboy TV.

PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

Log on to playboy.com/holidaygiftguide or the following websites for more information

www.jamesbond.com **www.youcansave.com**
www.xmradio.com/gift



James Bond Special Edition DVD

This holiday season, the world's greatest secret agent is back with the ultimate gift—the James Bond Collection on Special Edition DVD! Get ready for the action, thrills and the danger only 007 can deliver. It's the must-own collection of the year.

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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

CODE BLUE

Instead of the usual red and green, try blue this Christmas. Devices equipped with a Bluetooth chip can communicate wirelessly via radio waves and automatically detect other Bluetooth-powered gadgets in the vicinity. Bluetooth technology enables Sony Ericsson's T68i mobile phone to communicate wirelessly with Plantronics' M1500 headset, allowing you to keep the phone in your briefcase and command it via voice dialing. When attached to Sony's optional Communicam accessory, the phone can snap digital photos and send them via e-mail directly from the phone or beam them instantly to a nearby Bluetooth device. Use it to transfer those naughty pictures from the office holiday party to IBM's Thinkpad X24 (equipped with a Bluetooth PC card) or Compaq's iPAQ Pocket PC with built-in Bluetooth connectivity. Desktop computers are also going cordless this season. Microsoft's Bluetooth transceiver attaches to a USB port and can communicate wirelessly with the company's keyboard and mouse set—as well as up to five additional Bluetooth-enabled devices—giving you freedom to sit by the fire and finish your holiday shopping online. Print all those wish lists wirelessly on Epson's Stylus C82. By using the company's Bluetooth adapters, several users within a 30-foot area can connect to it wirelessly and print files from computers, Palm Pilots, Pocket PCs and, in the future, even cell phones. The adapter attaches easily to a printer's parallel port connection and is compatible with several Epson printers. —JASON BUHRMESTER

RICHARD IZUI

Left: If you're giving yourself computer gear this year, go Bluetooth. The technology eliminates cords, simplifying your home office setup. Microsoft's Bluetooth keyboard and mouse communicate wirelessly with a USB-attached transceiver, allowing them to operate up to 30 feet from your computer (about $160).

Above: Print wirelessly to Epson's Stylus C82 ($150) with Bluetooth adapter ($130). Next to it is IBM's Thinkpad X24, a 3.6-pound laptop with Bluetooth card (about $2400). Left: Sony Ericsson's T68i ($200) with optional Communicam ($100) can capture and store up to 208 images. It can also be used with Plantronics' M1500 wireless Bluetooth headset ($200). Beam shopping lists, photos and other files to Compaq's iPAQ Pocket PC with built-in Bluetooth connectivity (about $650).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

Grapevine

Three of a Kind

With these little black dresses, we toast our good luck. LARA FLYNN BOYLE (right), JENNIFER GARNER (left) and BROOKE SHIELDS (below) are our exhibits A, B and C. Boyle, who gets as much tabloid attention for her social life as she does for *The Practice*, played off Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones in *Men in Black II*. Garner, a CIA operative in *Alias*, can be seen on the big screen in *Daredevil* next year. Recent Broadway baby Shields had a starring role in last summer's television miniseries *Widows*. We're glad they didn't play cover-up.

© CELEBRITY PHOTO AGENCY

© CELEBRITY PHOTO AGENCY

Cindy Shows Some Skin

You've seen CINDY KIPP on CBS' *The Agency*. Here, thankfully, she's not undercover. For another peek at Cindy's assets, check her out on E's *Wild On*.

© STEVE TOMPKINS

Wet and Wild

Swimsuit model MAILE YOSHIDA cools off after appearing in music videos for 'N Sync and the Goo Goo Dolls and dodging Hannibal Lecter in *Red Dragon*.

Down in the Delta

You can still catch the NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS tour and you should. Have you heard *Shake Hands With Shorty* or *51 Phantom*? Front man Luther Dickinson says, "When white kids play black music, it turns into rock and roll." Amen to that.

She's a Handful

KELLY KOLE was a Bada Bing girl on the *Sopranos* and on the pages of our magazine. She played a waitress on *Sex and the City*. Kelly can bring us a drink anytime.

The Down Low on Cee-Lo

Are you hip to CEE-LO? He's a founding member of the Goodie Mob and part of the Dungeon Family, and his CD and Smokin' Grooves tour are, well, smokin'.

Potpourri

NEED HELP WITH THE SAUCE?

It's now more interesting to lend a hand in the kitchen. The Delicious Catering Co. sells bib-style aprons that are sure to heat up libidos. Santa's Helper (left) is cute, but we're partial to Pretty Woman (a black garter belt and half-bra) and one of a female body wearing two tomato slices and a sprig of basil. Aprons featuring guys' bodies are also available, along with G-rated ones for prudes—Vine Lovers (bottles of Italian wine) and Health Nut (a pile of fruit). Price: $20 each, from 877-379-9319 or go to dallasdeliciouscatering.com.

OH, LIGHTEN UP

Vessel Inc.'s rechargeable Candela Lights are the perfect portable illumination for indoors or frolicking in the snow. Special circuitry turns a Candela on when it's lifted from a recharging platform, providing a candlelight glow for five hours. The price for four Candelas and the charger is $70, from 877-805-1801, Hammacher Schlemmer and Sharper Image stores or go to vesselinc.com for a list of retailers and for more information.

AMANDA DUFFY

THE SPOTLIGHT'S BACK ON FRANK

It took Reprise/Turner Classic Movies Music more than seven years to create *Sinatra in Hollywood (1940–1964)*, a six-disc set that features 160 tracks, many available for the first time on CD. Co-producer Charles Granata says, "We located the original film versions of these songs and digitally remastered them for the best possible sound." Cinematic performances, promos and interviews are part of the package, which even includes Sinatra's Academy Award acceptance speech for his role in *From Here to Eternity*. A 120-page hardcover containing film stills and other memorabilia is included with the CDs. (PLAYBOY's film reviewer, Leonard Maltin, wrote the preface.) Price: $120, in record stores.

THE SEVENTIES YEAR ITCH

If you can remember which Marlon Brando movie featured a sex scene involving butter or can sing the opening lyrics of *Free Bird*, order the Seventies Game. It's the second board game created by Intellinitiative, whose previous offering was—surprise—the Eighties Game. More than 2000 trivia questions on the Me Decade will leave you either reminiscing or glad that era's over. Price: $32.95, from 866-752-9807 or go to the70sgame.com.

MATTHEW STRAUSS

TAG! YOU'RE IT

To distinguish your black bag on the airport carousel, order an Artag luggage tag, which features vintage travel labels and posters. The images are encased in a plastic similar to the material used in bullet-proof glass. Your name and address is encased inside. Tags pictured here are just a sample of what Artag offers. There's also a selection of American tags featuring the Statue of Liberty, Mount Rushmore and the American flag. Price: about $10 each. Call 800-200-7468 or go to artag.com.

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

Just in time for Christmas and New Year's comes *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Holidays*. Want to know how to fend off a charging reindeer, silence a group of carolers or rescue someone stuck in a chimney? Authors Joshua Piven and David Borgenicht tell you how. Plus there are tips on dealing with holiday stress and surviving a crowd of shoppers. Yo, ho, ho. Something for us all. Price: $14.95.

JOHN SCHAELZER

NEW ISSUE OF BONDS

"The definitive history of 40 years of 007 style, inspiration and influence" is how Abrams Publishing describes *James Bond: The Legacy*, by John Cork and Bruce Scivally. Along with approximately 550 photos, this book contains interviews with the stars, directors, designers and other crew members, storyboards, anecdotes and more (including information on the latest Bond flick, *Die Another Day*). Price: $49.95. Check bookstores.

BETTIE IS BACK

Back in January 1955, Bettie Page was Playmate of the Month, photographed next to a Christmas tree. Now Bettie is back, cuter than ever, in this 16-inch-tall porcelain re-creation of her original pose. The ornaments are glass, the lights blink and details have been painted by hand. Each piece is numbered and Bettie's signature is embossed on a plaque. Talk about an instant collector's item. Price: $199, including a certificate of authenticity, from Playboy Store.com or 800-423-9494.

TALE OF THE KOMET

Das Komet, a new vanilla liqueur from Canada, is a pleasant white spirit for the holidays. Try it on the rocks, as a shot or blended with soft drinks. Mixed with Coca-Cola it tastes like a classic vanilla Coke. (Feng shui practitioners think the perfect smell for romance is vanilla.) Plus, its 70-proof strength is in keeping with the liquor industry's admonition to "always drink responsibly." Price: About $15 for a 750 ml bottle. Go to daskomet.com for recipes, lore about comets and more product information.

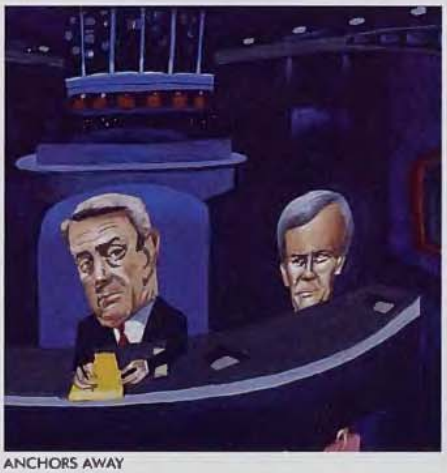
DAVE CALVER

Next Month

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

TORRID TIA

CHRISTMAS BURGLAR



ANCHORS AWAY

PLAYMATE REVIEW

TIA CARRERE—HAWAII'S MOST FAMOUS ACTRESS ONCE SAID, "THE KIDS KNOW ME FROM *WAYNE'S WORLD*. THE GROWN-UPS KNOW ME FROM *TRUE LIES*." A VOLCANIC ALL-NUDE PICTORIAL

W—CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD. PLUS: HOW HE GOT HIS MONEY (BAMBOOZLED CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON, THAT'S HOW). AN INTIMATE PROFILE BY **MIKE SHROPSHIRE**

SANTA, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER—THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER. UP NORTH, THE FAT MAN FEARS INDICTMENT FOR SHADY FINANCES AND THIRD-WORLD LABOR. NO WONDER RUDOLPH IS RED-NOSED. BY **ARIANNA HUFFINGTON**

THE DEATH OF NETWORK NEWS—WHY TOM, DAN AND PETER ARE LOSING THE NEWS WAR TO CABLE. BY **BILL O'REILLY**

HALLE BERRY—THE FIRST BLACK WOMAN TO WIN A BEST ACTOR OSCAR, HALLE HAS SEEN SOME ROUGH TIMES. HERE: THE TRUTH ABOUT ABUSIVE MEN AND HER HIT-AND-RUN DEBACLE. THEN THERE'S THE GOOD STUFF: STARRING WITH 007 AND IN THE NEXT *X-MEN*. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

PLAYBOY'S OFFICE SEX SURVEY—EVER FLASH A COLLEAGUE? DONE IT IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM? USED TOYS WITH THE BOSS' WIFE? THE SURPRISING RESULTS OF OUR FIRST ONLINE OFFICE SURVEY. BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN** AND **MALINA LEE**

RON INSANA—CNBC'S *BUSINESS CENTER* ANCHOR SETS US STRAIGHT ON INSIDER TRADING, WHY FEMALE FINANCIAL JOURNALISTS FEEL THE NEED FOR BOTOX, THE MONEY BEHIND AL QAEDA AND WHY ENRON REALLY COLLAPSED. 200 BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

BIRTH OF THE MOB—MARTIN SCORSESE'S 25-YEAR STRUGGLE TO MAKE *THE GANGS OF NEW YORK* IS OVER. HIS EPIC STORY ABOUT ORGANIZED CRIME IN MANHATTAN IS ABOUT TO OPEN. BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

CHRISTMAS EVEN—DECK THE HALLS—THERE'S ONE LESS BURGLAR IN THE WORLD. DETECTIVE BOSCH INVESTIGATES A PAWNSHOP THEFT. FICTION BY BEST-SELLING AUTHOR **MICHAEL CONNELLY**

THE YEAR IN SEX—NUDE PROTESTS, THRONGS OF THONGS, A *SOPRANOS* STAR'S LOVE SCANDAL, THE *OZPORNS*, ANNA NICOLE, BILLY BOB AND ANGELINA, AND SEX IN THE CATHEDRAL. IT WAS A RAUNCHY 2002

AGE OF THE ASS—BREASTS ARE GREAT—BUTT SERIOUSLY, ISN'T IT ALL ABOUT THE BOOTY? AN ODE TO THE TOP POSTERIORS, FROM **ANNA KOURNIKOVA** TO **SHAKIRA**

PLUS: A CELESTIAL TREASURE FROM **SHEL SILVERSTEIN,** A LUSTY BUSTY PLAYMATE REVIEW, COOKING WITH CHOCOLATE, SUPERSIZE SUVS, SCOOTERS THAT FLY, LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS-GIFT IDEAS AND CENTERFOLD **ALEXANDRIA KARLSEN** ON SEX